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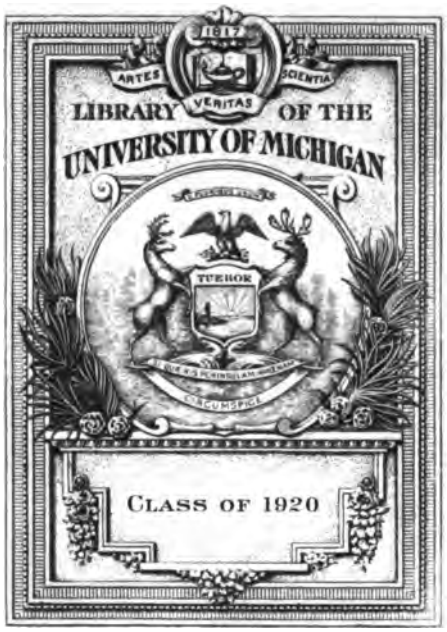
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FROM KASTAMUNI TO KEDOS

ARMS·of·the·KUT·CAPTIVES·of·KASTMUNI.

Ye·Kynge·of·Arms·hath, of·hys·Wysdom, drawn·a·Veil·sable·of·Crêpe·athwart·ye·Quarter, for·it·pourtrayeth·a·great·Douleur·and·Agonie: On·a·Field·very·sanguine, ye·Lyon·of·Englende, enchained·but·undaunted: Azure·ye·Sun·arysing·in·hys··· Splendour, being·ye·Dawne·of·Goode·Hope:

Sylver, ye·Crosse·and·Crescent·of·goules·conjoined·in·Charitie:

·*Dexter*: Overladen·of·Leaves·and·divers·other·Fare, a·Bizarre·Party·of·Fiele·Rank, habited·nutté·de·Stambule·gratis, suffrant·pro·Bebe·publico, *Sinister*: An·Ascar·mylde, statant-regardant·azur·armed·and·equipped·early·Vic: Crest: Rising superior·to·a·Seat·of·Fashyon·de·dernier·Cri, ye··· goode·St·Bruno·graspeth·with·ye·sinister·Hande·an·Olive·Braunch·and·with·ye·dexter·enjoyneth·Patience: Motto: Hope·Brothers:

15·IX·16 RYBOT.

Frontispiece.

UNIV. OF MICH.

FROM KASTAMUNI TO KEDOS

BEING A RECORD OF EXPERIENCES OF PRISONERS OF WAR IN TURKEY, 1916–1918

WRITTEN BY MANY HANDS AND EDITED BY

C. L. WOOLLEY

CAPT. R.F.A.

"Hæc olim meminisse iuvabit."

OXFORD

BASIL BLACKWELL

1921

THE ROADMAKERS

A SONG OF THE DEAD MEN OF KUT

THE Jews they toiled for Pharaoh,
  And groaned beneath his rod,
For Pharaoh's hand was heavy,
  Till the people called on God,
And God showed signs and wonders,
  To set His chosen free,
And broke the rod of Pharaoh,
And smote the land of Pharaoh,
And slew with plagues his firstborn,
  His armies with the sea.

Five to our one, you fled from us on many a stricken field,
  We fought you all the sweltering seasons through,
And when you hemmed us in at last and we were forced to yield
  We struck our flag to hunger, not to you;
You lied to us with courteous speech, and we believed you then,
  To learn too soon your honour's little worth;
To-day but few are left alive to tell the tale to men,
  But our blood cries out against you from the earth.

Famished and spent, across the waste beast-like you drove us on,
  And clubbed to death the stragglers by the way;
Our sick men in the lazar-huts you left to die alone,
  And you robbed the very dying as they lay.
Naked and starved, we built your roads and tunnelled through your hills,
  And you flogged us when we fainted at our work;
Fevered beneath the sun we toiled, wracked with the winter chills,
  Till death released us, kindlier than the Turk.

The wastes where through you herded us, the barren ways we came,
  When the weak fell out to die beside the track—
The remnants of your armies shall be hunted through the same,
  With the swords of our avengers at their back;
Your dole of bread shall fail you then, and thirst shall thin your ranks,
  You shall faint beneath the burden of the suns,
And the carrion-scenting Arabs shall be hovering on your flanks,
  To snatch the dwindling salvage of our guns.

The kin of us you murdered shall be masters of your lands,
  They shall batter down the bulwarks of your trust,
The city of your Sultans shall be wrested from your hands,
  Your glory shall be trampled in the dust,
And the tunnels that we drove for you, the roads that we have made,
  Shall be highways for the armies of your foe;
We shall mock you from our graves that in what we did as slaves
  We helped, we too, to work your overthrow!

Heart-broken and forsaken
  Our Calvary we trod,
Yet with our faith unshaken
  We turned from you to God,
And God has surely taught us
  To count our losses gain,
Since we who fought for England
Here, too, took thought for England,
In bondage wrought for England,
  And have not died in vain.

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INTRODUCTION

THIS is merely a record of our prison camps. The story of the long trek from Kut el Amara to Kastamuni has appeared elsewhere, and there is no reason for retelling it here; the less so as not all the Kedos prisoners took part therein, and to recount the adventures by the way of every party that from various fronts came to rest at last in Kedos would make this volume disproportionately long. So we cut out all that, and begin with the arrival of the first Kut party at Kastamuni. Again, we do not deal with all the prison camps in Turkey, but only with those which some seventy of us learnt, only too well, to know: not all who were at Kastamuni came to Kedos, and not all at Kedos had seen Kastamuni; but enough of us kept together through all shifts and changes to give a continuity to the record which would be lost were any other camps included in it. Lastly, the story is couched in the lighter vein. We chafed beneath the whims of individual commandants, we suffered from the inefficiency and the lack of organisation which characterises everything in Turkey, and at times we had, some of us at least, more serious charges to bring against our captors; but the Turks were not out to inflict on us systematic bad treatment, and from the time we reached camp and could more or less run our own show we, as officers, were not so badly off. At the time, indeed, our complaints were loud and not unjustified, but much that grievously irked us then seems in retrospect more laughable than tragic. There was tragedy enough in Turkey, but it was rather for the men than for the officers. The Turk, who cares little for his own men, cared nothing for ours, and from sickness and neglect, hunger and brutality, three-quarters of them miserably died. Knowing what they endured, it is not for us to make much of our own grievances.

04-29-30 Ap

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"NAPOLEON," OUR INTERPRETER
AT KASTAMUNI.

UNIV. OF

FROM KASTAMUNI TO KEDOS

CHAPTER I

KASTAMUNI

THE KASTAMUNI ALPHABET

A is for Askar, a taciturn folk
Who limit their language to Yessak and Yok.

B 's for Bimbashi (you'll all understand
Why I do not insist that it's also for Band).

C 's for Contractors, whom, oddly enough,
One associates mostly with pay and pilaf.

D is for Dulness. Most officers say
That mastik (or *Mastik*) will drive it away.

E stands for Ekmek, the Turkish for bread—
Most ostriches slightly prefer it to lead.

F is for Fenner—I think you'll agree
That fenner describes Tewfik Bey to a T.

G 's Gelior, meaning things coming, not come;
Peace, last month's pay, and next Christmas are some.

H is Hawadis, which shows you once more
That pens are more potent than swords in the war.

I 's for Interpreters, genial Greeks,
Heavily perfumed with garlic and leeks.

J is Jiu-jitsu, an art from the East;
I don't like jiu-jitsu myself in the least.

K 's Kastamuni, an odorous town.
We arrived here done up, but we've since been done down.

L is the League, in which Haig—but the rest
Of this verse we omit at the Padre's request.

M is for *Mastik*, a harmless refection—
The following letter will show the connection,

N is for Nobby, whose birthdays—ahem!
If you care to know more I refer you to M.

O are the Orphans who murder a tune;
They'll be learning to murder Armenians soon.

P 's for Parole and for Puzzled—but stay,
I can't treat Parole in a frivolous way.

Q are the Questions we commonly put
Re parcels and pay and the capture of Kut.

R stands for Rumour, which breeds like a rabbit;
What once was a pose is becoming a habit.

S is for Sherif who badgers the guard
And runs the lamented G. Washington hard.

T is for Trombone. I'm thankful to say
That the band hasn't got any trombones to play.

U is for Usnu who plays with the light
And drinks seven okas of mastik a night.

V 's for Vexations and Virtues (if any)—
Our virtues are few, our vexations are many.

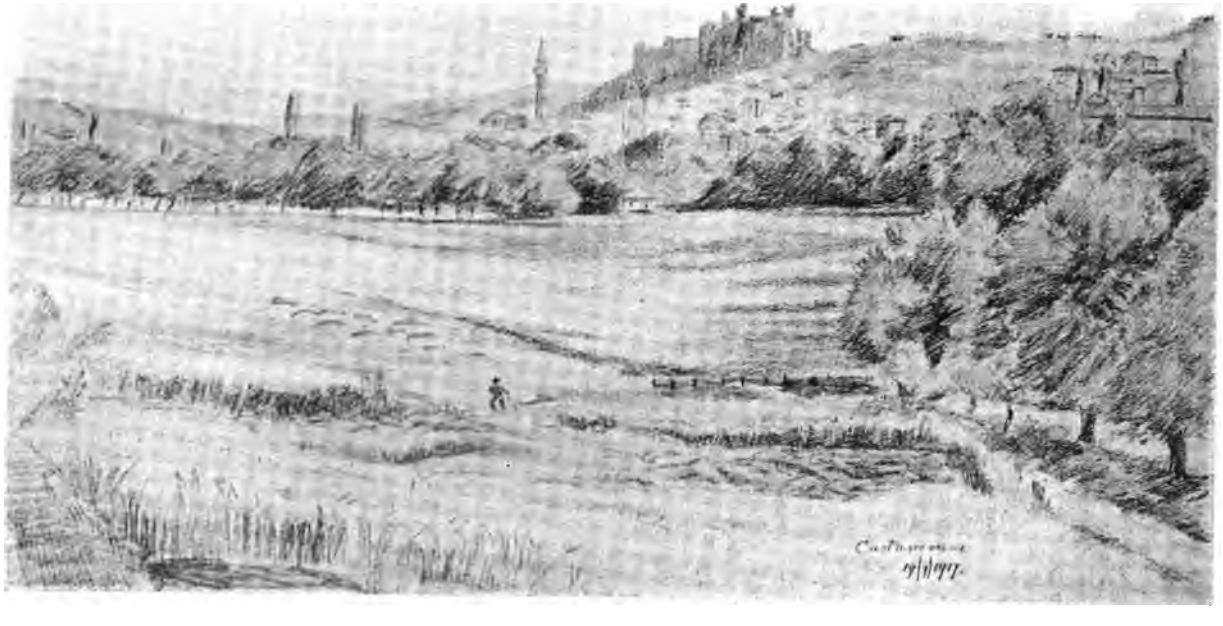
Will you bet on the length of the War ? Then I'll trouble you
To mention your odds and I'll probably W.

X as Xhausting applies to our treks—
Silly, but what can you do with an X ?

Y is for Yessak—a curious word
Employed by the Arab, the Turk, and the Kurd.

Z is for Zero, or what will be seen
Of Turkey-in-Europe in 1919.

ON July 4, 1916, after fifty-six days spent on the road from SHUMRAN CAMP, during which time we had covered a distance of 1,200 miles, 640 of them on foot or riding, we were halted at about twelve noon outside the town of Kastamuni. We were met by a guard of honour of the local gendarmerie in brand-new uniforms. After a lot of parleying between our staff and the local dignitaries we were divided into two parties: the 30th Brigade and S. and T. were ordered to go to the Greek school on the hill, while the remainder were told to occupy a group of houses lower down in the town. We then moved through the town protected on either hand by numerous gendarmes, along streets thronged with a curious but most orderly population. The lower houses faced on a dingy street, and the accommodation in them varied greatly, some officers being much better off than others; but with half the number of occupants they might have been made quite comfortable. The school-house was large and clean, but here too the bedrooms were very crowded, as many as eight or nine officers being put in the larger dormitories. All rooms were furnished to a certain extent, each officer having a bed with a thick straw mattress laid on planks, a sheet, pillow, and cotton eider-down, a share of a chair, table, and basin. It was scarcely luxury, but



To face p 2.

seemed very splendid at first, and all we wanted for the time being was to get into the clean beds and sleep. The furniture had been supplied by a quartet of contractors who were also running a restaurant for both houses. On arrival at our quarters it was with great surprise and delight that we found a meal prepared for us, tables nicely laid with clean napery and clean-looking Greek boys dressed as waiters. Beer was to be had at a moderate sum and was greatly appreciated. Our new Commandant—a moth-eaten dugout Kaimakam—had told us through the interpreter, a miserable-looking Greek, that he hoped we would be happy and that he would provide all kinds of games. The games turned out to consist of a very ancient French billiard table, the surface of which closely resembled the hilly country through which we had just come, and a tric-trac (backgammon) board which proved to be invariably in use either by the Turkish officers or interpreters. Disillusionment set in early. On the first day the Commandant explained to us through the interpreters that our pay would be 7 liras a month, that the contractors would feed us for 6 liras a month, and that (contrary to the Geneva Convention) we were to pay 3 liras a month for hire of furniture. Thus our obligatory expenses were already 2 liras more than our pay, without allowing for wages to our soldier servants, washing, tobacco, or extras! On our objecting to our Commandant about the high charges, his only answer was, if we didn't like it we could go into the barracks and lump it. Our march up country and experience at Angora had already taught us that anything was preferable to a Turkish barracks, so we agreed to stay, and wrote to the American Ambassador at the earliest opportunity requesting him to forward us a monthly sum to meet our extra expenses, which sum would be recovered eventually from our pay through the British Government.

Tewfik Bey, our Commandant, was, as has been said, a dugout, and moth-eaten at that. At normal times he probably meant well, but he was ignorant and suspicious, with a violent temper and no ideas of business method or military discipline—he was as dowdy in dress as he was dirty in person (not without reason did Colonel Zia Bey, the inspector, say that he was not fit to sit at table with British officers); he was also pettily dishonest and a drunkard. He was always ready to support the contractors against us, because he and his staff and friends ate and drank at their—that is, our—expense. He had an annoying way of giving orders to the *postas* without informing us, or of granting us a concession without informing the *postas*, which of course led to constant friction; luckily, when he once screwed himself up to give an order, he seldom had the energy left to see that it was enforced for long, and his rules could generally be disregarded; when he discovered this there would be a row and a fresh set of rules, and the same thing would go on again.

His second-in-command was Nouri Effendi, a Bimbashi in the gunners,

who for general uncleanliness was a worthy companion of the Commandant. Perhaps the worst that can be said of him was that he was one of the contractors who exploited us for their benefit and that he cheated his partners as systematically as he did us; and the best, that he had a pretty daughter, a schoolmistress, whose morning walk past the upper houses was one of the few excitements that relieved the tedium of our days. Then there was the Paymaster, a big, fat, idle Turk who, except on pay-days, only turned up to play cards or tric-trac and drink raki at our expense. On September 4 there arrived Sherif Bey, the Captain of the Guard, and the Turkish staff was complete. Sherif Bey, who had been with us on the march from Angora, was a puzzling type. A cavalry officer of twenty years' service, he quite looked the part: a handsome, well-dressed man, with a military figure and a real idea of discipline—it was a great sight to see him smacking the face of some wretched sentry while the man stood at attention and saluted after each smack. He professed to be violently pro-English, and had certainly done all he could for our comfort on the march; indeed, when he was in command he was excellent, but as a subordinate he was for ever intriguing against his superior officers, and he was the biggest liar we met in Turkey. In broken French he would start to tell us the greatest secrets of state or promise anything we might desire, breaking off to whisper mysteriously, " Après quelques jours . . . je vous dirai une chose," or to lament that we did not trust him—" mon cœur est brisé à cause de mes camarades." He sometimes stumbled on the truth, but how could one believe a man who assured us that he had, through the keyhole, photographed the whole of a secret conversation in which he was being discussed? Perhaps the fault was partly ours. Sherif could at times behave so well that we looked upon him as a European, and when we found that he was really a Turk, we judged him more harshly than he deserved. He deliberately promoted friction between the prisoners and Tewfik Bey in order to get the latter into bad repute, and could hardly complain when we set that off against the good services which he undoubtedly rendered us when, on the trek, he was in sole command.

A word must be said about the *postas*. Middle-aged or elderly men, for the most part, comfortable citizens who had been called away from their shops or farms to be dressed up in tattered blue uniforms and put on a hard and almost unpaid job as reservists, they were really not a bad lot. As soon as their first suspicions of us wore off they were friendly enough, and openly said they only wished they were under British officers. As long as we did not work them too hard they let us do much as we liked, and though there were some surly brutes amongst them with whom we had trouble, the majority were all right. Most of our troubles with them arose out of the vagueness of the orders given by the Commandant—orders which, of course, we and they interpreted

in opposite senses according to our respective interests—and to their proneness to invent orders to suit themselves where none had been given, and to our proneness to disobey orders which we had learnt were not likely to be enforced. The beastly words " Yessak " and " Yok " were for ever being dinned into our ears, and got on our nerves as badly as " Haidi " and " Yallah " had done during the march up; but on the whole we got our own way by degrees, and can feel little rancour against our *postas*.

We were not permitted to leave the buildings for some days, and after our strenuous two months' trekking were beginning to feel quite ill from lack of exercise. Thanks to the advice of the Turkish doctor, the Commandant began to allow us out for an hour in the evening just in front of the buildings, with a cordon of posters. By dint of taking an ell for an inch we were gradually allowed afternoon walks under escort, and eventually daily games or walks, as well as shopping in the town in the mornings. A typical day in the early months was as follows: cold wash in a bucket of water, followed at 8.30 by a meagre breakfast consisting of two eggs, a small piece of bread, and one small cup of milk; extra bread or milk, as well as butter or honey, had to be paid for. From breakfast to lunch, bridge, patience, and a few books which had survived the trek, and endless smoking of local cigarettes, with difficulty filled up the time. Lunch at one, consisting of soup, meat, vegetables, and fruit, all except the latter very greasy. From lunch till tea was spent in sleeping, bridge, or reading (if you were lucky enough to have a book). Tea had to be entirely provided for by ourselves, and in consequence varied considerably. At 5.30, walk or games when allowed, otherwise the period till dinner and after was spent in bridge and conversation. Dinner about 7.45 consisted of soup, meat, rice pilaf or macaroni, fruit, and coffee on payment.

The food was not bad, but dreadfully monotonous and cooked in Turkish fashion, so that everything was served swimming in yellow grease —joints were unknown and the dishes, though filling, were not satisfying; the ration too was a limited one and second helpings were extra, so that our bills rose steadily above the general limit contracted for. After the semi-starvation of Kut and the trek, people's appetites were enormous, and food occupied no small part in our thoughts, but the seldom-varied round of eggs, stuffed vegetables, rice, and macaroni, so far from relieving the dullness of our general life, soon became but an aggravation of it.

Every morn we have for brekker
  Eggs they poach or fry or boil,
Eggs that may have come from Mecca
  Or some other distant soil.
Then for lunch they give us rissoles
  Badly cooked and steeped in oil;

And as long as my toes are toes,
And as long as I can laugh,
I shall dream of stuffed tomatoes,
Macaroni, and pilaf.

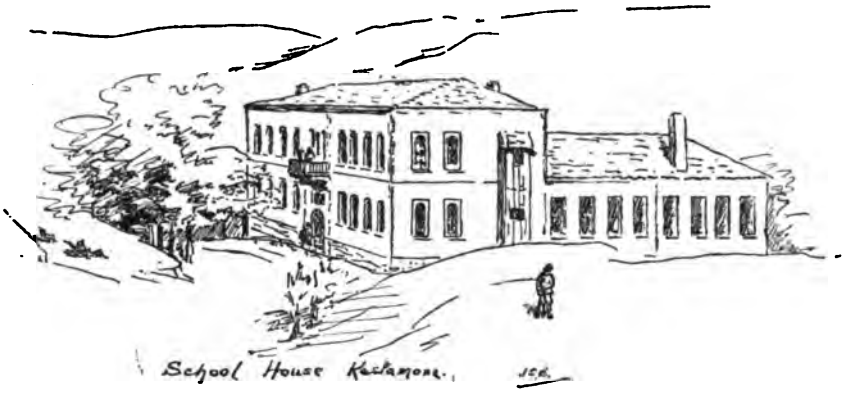
XMAS GAFF.

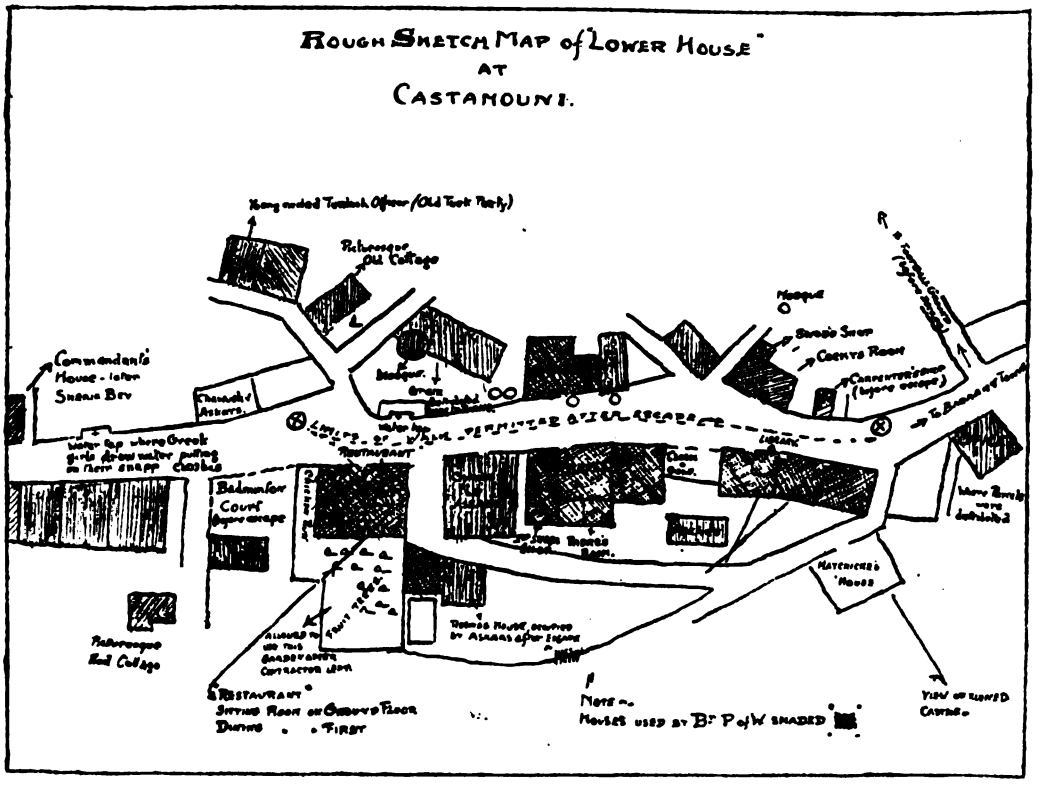
At first we were only allowed to write four postcards and two letters a month, all of four lines, and at first p.c.'s were only obtainable by buying them from a rascally interpreter. This rule held good till September 15, when two monthly letters of two pages each were allowed. We found a few letters awaiting us on arrival, but the first decent mail did not come in till July 27, when some were received dated as late as June 28 (whereas at present—November, 1918—we have very few letters as late as July, and are still receiving those of March and earlier).

On July 20, Lieutenant Reynolds, 103rd M.L.I., died in hospital. Urgent representations were made to the authorities that a British medical officer should be sent here. On the following day our first funeral took place. A rough coffin was all that could be obtained; this was placed in an " araba " (springless country cart) and was followed by all the British officers and men, as well as the Turkish Commandant and a squad of Turkish soldiers, up the rough winding track to the Greek cemetery in a quiet valley a mile above the town. On July 28 forty-two officers arrived with a complement of orderlies who had been left behind sick at various places on the road, from Shumran. Colonel Pocock's mess were assigned a row of three empty houses close to the castle, but took their meals in the school-house restaurant. On August 8 Lieutenant Lock died, and eight more officers, including a medical officer and chaplain, arrived.

On August 13 the first consignment of private parcels was received in the camp. All parcels were inspected in the presence of the recipient by the Commandant, and his complete staff were generally in attendance, probably rather to watch him than through a sense of duty. In the early days the inspection was very thorough, and on occasions even cakes were cut open in the hunt for forbidden articles. The curiosity of these little-educated dugouts was thoroughly Asiatic, and at times childish; safety razors and their blades, batteries for electric lamps, tinned foods, etc., filled them with astonishment; they would pass them from one to another with ejaculations of " Allah ! Allah !" and it was sometimes only after long arguments that they could be persuaded that these were articles of every-day use. Only one officer's parcels were inspected at a time, so some were kept waiting hours, to receive, perhaps, at the end of it only one parcel of bully-beef, or of books, which latter he was not allowed to keep, as all had to be sent back to Constantinople for censorship—they were seldom returned under a year, if indeed at all.

Pay-day, especially in the time of Tewfik Bey, was a truly remarkable


School House Kastamoni.


Rough Sketch Map of Lower House
at
Castamouni.
Commandant's House - later Sheikh Bey
Chemists Assists.
Mosque
Bazaar
Green
Restaurant
Balmuler Court
Picturesque Old Cottage
Picturesque Red Cottage
Matchicher's House
Note -
Houses used by Br P of W shaded

affair. Five Turkish officers had to be present to guarantee each other's honesty, and these sat along a table gloating over the piles of paper money and parting reluctantly with each note. They were flanked and supported by the contractors, who, armed with monthly bills, were prepared to seize the money as soon as it was handed over. We had to go up to the table one by one, and to the running accompaniment of uproar from one's brother-officers grouped round the doorway; each in turn expostulated with the row of seated harpies, desperately attempting to save a few paras from their grasp. The Turks would get more and more angry and more and more slow as the day went on—it generally took half a day to get through what might have been done in an hour—bills had to be discussed in detail, innumerable signatures written, under violent protest from prisoners who were turned away nearly or quite empty-handed, and stamps were fixed, and paid for by us, more or less at the caprice of the Paymaster but always at illegal rates. On the first occasion a few officers gifted with more than ordinary powers of blarney managed to secure their full pay and make off with it, with the result that a notice was posted up the next day saying that "Officers who had not payed their bills will get no food to-morrow," and they had after all to disburse half of what they had received. (N.B.—Our War Office deducted 4s. 6d. daily from the pay of senior ranks and 4s. from that of Captains and Subalterns. The Turks, out of their wisdom, paid Colonels 15 liras a month, Lieut.-Colonels 10 liras, Majors 8, and the remainder 7. In the same way the contractors supplied the same furniture to all ranks, but for its hire charged Field-Officers 15, Captains 10, and Subalterns 8½ piastres *per diem*.) Private remittances, when they arrived, were dealt with in the same way; the bulk was seized by the contractors without regard to the wishes of the owner. Thus one officers's diary records as follows: "Quite an exciting day; money order notice arrived about 11 a.m. for 27 liras; we were taken down after lunch and marched about from house to house and office to office collecting the various Turkish officers, interpreters, and contractors, and after an hour or more of this eventually got our money—in the Commandant's office, strange to relate. I had to pay off 10 liras to the contractors, after much haggling got 6 for myself, and received a scribbled receipt for the remainder, which was kept for me in the Turkish treasury." Later on the Commandant issued the following notice: "The first time all of you came here we encountered many difficulties to find a contractor to provide you food and lodging for your comfort. We could persuade the contractors to undertake this business only by giving them assurance on our honour. They, on their part, ran into large debts to provide all the furniture that is necessary for a hotel and restaurant and tried to make them comfortable for you as much as possible. In return to this good-will of the contractors they complain that some among the officers put forth every sort of excuses

not to pay their bills and some even forget altogether that they have to pay money to the contractors. At the beginning of each month the amounts that you owe to the contractors will be deducted from your monthly pay or consignments and will be given to them against their signature. Your appreciation of our way of treating you will be understood from your way of acting in a sphere of politeness as the laws of humanity require." In October, however, Tewfik Bey thought better of things, and made his recantation in another notice. "Last month," it ran, "owing to the many complaints and requests of the contractors the amount corresponding to your debt was cut from your pay and given to the contractors. It was natural that you would be affected, as this measure was somewhat improper. This month, in order that the contractors may have nothing to complain of, it is better for you to arrange your bills personally with them." So we get our pay, in theory, but in practice the contractors still sat at the pay table and the Commandant handed over the bulk of our cash.

UP-TO-DATE RHYMES

Smoking your pipe on the tumulus and fighting a fit of the blues,
As you walk in your old gift trousers, a-wearing your old gift shoes,
Remember, my brothers, though weary you be of contractors and fibs,
That it's only the pick of the dagoes that handle the Englishman's dibs.

For you all love the dagoes,
The dagoes they all love you;
So when all the cash and the pay goes
You know what they want you to do.
Just hand them your cheque and give over,
It's worse if you struggles and shirks,
You can go when you will, you can shin up the hill,
But you can't get away from the Turks.

There are hands that will welcome my tin,
There are lips talking rot for dear life,
There are eight eyes that shine when the pay that is mine
Has been snaffled before I've said knife.
Far ahead is a bluebottle tall
Who looks discontented at best;
From his dark brooding air he's as cross as a bear
With a bit of stray bone in his chest.

Mastik.

At the time of our arrival at Kastamuni prices were very low, especially the local foodstuffs, and though nowadays 6 liras sounds ridiculous for a whole month's messing, in those days the contractors were making just on 50 per cent. profit on their restaurant business alone, to say nothing of the rent, furniture, and bar profits. When we had recovered

from the first pleasurable shock of finding a restaurant at all, we protested against the overcharge, but the Commandant, while admitting the figures, upheld the contractors, saying that prices would rise in the winter and thus they must make their profits in the cheap months—he guaranteed us thus against any rise in the contractors' charges. In spite of this some officers in the lower house left the restaurant and formed themselves into small messes, arranging for their cooking to be done by their orderlies. At the outset the Commandant had announced that a French cook was coming to act as chef for us: but on his arrival he was collared by the Civil Governor and we were left to the mercy of the Turks and Greeks. The food grew steadily worse—at the end of September Tewfik announced: " It has been given order to the contractor to give a just and sufficient amount to each " (this did away with some of the " extras "); but when the quality also suffered, complaints were constant and the whole of the school-house threatened to leave the restaurant. This brought the contractors to their senses, and two officers—Major Syer and Woolley—were appointed to run the messing, giving their orders to the cooks and looking after kitchen methods. The attitude of the cooks was characteristic; " Every time the officers have complained," they said, " we put more grease into the dishes—what else can they ask ?" but they were not ill-pleased to learn, and with the introduction of new dishes and more English cooking complaints about messing grew much fewer on our side, and the contractors actually profited by the reforms.

But the contractors were always a source of trouble. At the end of August they persuaded Tewfik to make an order that we should go to bed at 9.30 instead of at 11 p.m., in order to save the lamp oil they had to provide for the restaurant; of course we protested, and a compromise was made for 10 o'clock, but later on they carried their point and lights went out at 9.30. Then there was the ridiculous charge for furniture. It must be remembered that money was more than scarce in those days; remittances came from home seldom—the first money (3 liras each) sent through the American Consul only arrived on October 25; nearly everyone was in debt to the contractor, with little probability of getting out of it; there were no arrangements for cashing cheques; and money was absolutely required for washing, for the purchase of small necessities, and for the pay of our soldier orderlies, who only drew Turkish rations, which were not enough to live on. Consequently we had always to be thinking of money, and these exactions, which else might have been accepted with a grouse, were a source of really serious worries. The contractors, anxious for their cash, were for ever urging the Commandant to stop our buying things in the town. They kept at each restaurant a storeroom at which foodstuffs and cigarettes could be bought at about 50 per cent. above bazaar rates, and all sorts of difficulties were put in our way in spite of the official regulations laid down by the Government. We were only

allowed to purchase through our orderlies, some of the best shops were put out of bounds for them, and an attempt was made to form a ring to keep up prices. At last, the increased output of the carpenters' shops making the step possible, a number of officers struck, and gave warning to the contractors that after a certain date they would not require their furniture and requested them to remove it. No notice was taken of this, so on January 22 Majors Saunders and Stewart installed their own household goods and deposited the contractors' stuff in the passage outside their rooms. In the upper house Sweet and Channer did the same. Tewfik arrived with the contractors and became quite incoherent with rage, shaking his fist in Major Saunders's face and threatening to have him flogged. He went away, only to return twice with the same threats and oaths. Finally his method of punishment was to send the two Majors up to Colonel Pocock's house and to banish Channer and Sweet from the Gurkha mess to the lower house. When Channer asked what their offence was Tewfik replied, "Every officer knows his own fault." On being pressed for an explanation he gave the following priceless and typical reply: "At the beginning of the war you stole two of our battleships" (Channer —"I didn't"), "and now you have seized most of Egypt, and lately you have been cold to me and have not asked me to dinner or to have drinks with you, and therefore I will break up your home!" Waiving his other wrongs, he told them they might return to their own mess when the British Government returned the two battleships, but they got back shortly afterwards without the condition being fulfilled. Probably it was this incident that caused the Commandant to be more than usually suspicious of the officers making anything for themselves; at any rate it was at this time that he tore down some original sketches off Floyd's wall and stamped on them, saying conclusively, "You think I am not wise, but I am." Maps had for him all the terrors of the unknown. We were not supposed to possess anything of the sort, and even a sketch map of Asia Minor in the second millennium B.C., drawn out to illustrate a lecture on the Hittite Empire, was confiscated as having a direct bearing on the present war.

The above incidents occurred in January, 1917. Driven to it by Colonel Annesley, Tewfik had confessed that it was illegal to charge for rent, and declared that what we paid to the contractors was hire for furniture only: when we pointed out that the rate was absurd, the contractors offered to reduce it as follows: for messes feeding themselves, Field-Officers to pay 10 piastres and the rest 7½ a day; in messes using the restaurants, to 14 and 9 piastres respectively (in the latter case the subalterns would be worse off than before); and at the same time they proposed to raise the messing from 20 to 23 piastres a day. In the school-house Colonel Pocock's mess refused to pay extra for messing and started to cook their own meals, and in the lower houses there were further

defections from the restaurant: the remainder agreed to the rise, but retaliated by boycotting the restaurant bar, so that the contractors lost considerably more than they gained. As regards the furniture, it was proposed at a mess meeting to buy the contractors out; the latter, however, submitted the most ludicrous estimates for the value of their property (that in the school-house alone was assessed at 964 liras), and when we asked to meet them for a conference we learnt that it was impossible, for the characteristic reasons that of the four of them—firstly, Nouri Bey, as an officer of the garrison, had to remain anonymous; secondly, Murad was sick; thirdly, Hussein was drunk; and lastly, the cook was in quad for assaulting Nouri. Matters came thus to a deadlock, which continued until Zia Bey's visit brought on a general reform.

On September 4 Colonel Annesley had taken on the duties of senior officer, with Atkins as his staff officer. It was just after this that the School-House first and then the Lower Houses obtained permission to go for walks under escort, a promise being given to the Turks that we would not take advantage of these outings to make our escape. The limits laid down for us were narrow and ill defined, and there were constant rows with the *postas* when, feeling tired, they tried to insist on our turning back homewards on the strength of some suddenly imagined order; but gradually things got more slack and we managed to go some distance afield. At length we obtained permission for one long walk a week of four miles each way; on the first of these we were accompanied by Sherif Bey, who professed to love the exercise and to rejoice in the chance of it; but one experience was enough to damp his ardour, and henceforth the only interest he took in the long walks was to countermand them at the moment of starting whenever the fancy took him to do so.

On September 6 a consignment of clothing arrived from the Red Crescent. Summer suits of white striped cotton cut very tight, and floppy khaki hats with mauve or pale green linings, were distributed to the officers, and the mess-rooms that evening gave the impression of a colossal Christy Minstrel show. However, everyone was glad to get something to wear, regardless of style, and in spite of the fact that with winter quickly approaching cotton clothes were hardly in season. As a matter of fact, in the latter part of September there was a cold snap with frost and snow which made things very uncomfortable. It was during this that four officers from H.M.Y. *Zaida* arrived, one of whom, Commander Crabtree, died the same evening from the hardships of his trek.

The arrival of these inmates still further congested the school-house: officers were living eight and nine in a room, and conditions were most uncomfortable. Early in November the Gurkha mess got leave to move into a small but convenient house next door. Even so the main building remained overcrowded, as Zia Bey on his visit admitted, though he took no steps to remedy it; as time went on everyone there grew more and more

tired of existence in big dormitories and jealous of the comparative privacy enjoyed by the more lucky officers who were in private houses, but it was not until June, 1917, that the school-house members of the S. and T. Corps obtained permission to move out into a small house in the street just behind, and then the march of events did not leave them long in their coveted independence.

The Turks were, not unreasonably, much afraid of outbreaks of fire, and many were the notices warning us against carelessness—thus: "Everybody is obliged neither to cook food nor to have any sort of fire in the rooms where they live and lie, as a very slight carelessness as regards fire, cleanliness, and neatness may be the cause of great dangers; it is desirable to act always with precaution and care. It is rather good to consider the heaviness of the legal penalty that may impend for a damage caused by a lack of precaution and care."

Once when a small fire started in a building not far from the lower houses the local fire brigade turned out with their handpumps and the Greek waiter from the restaurant carrying a carafe of water to supplement the supply. To anyone who has seen a Turkish fire brigade it will not seem unnatural that Major Stewart should have laughed at it, but Tewfik was furious and condemned the Major to fifteen days' C.B. for ridiculing the Ottoman Empire: it was only when the prisoner wrote a letter appealing to Enver Pasha and demanding "to be sent to Stamboul in the company of one *posta*, Ginger for preference," that he was hastily released.

On October 16, 180 parcels of warm clothing arrived from the American Embassy: they were indeed welcome, as now we could face what the local inhabitants said would be a severe winter with equanimity. It was already too cold to sit indoors in the evening without a greatcoat, and the contractors would not start stoves in our rooms until November had set in. Most officers had long before had parcels of clothes sent off from home, but they were slow in arriving, in spite of rumours to the effect that they had reached Angora, rumours which the Commandant of Angora, Fevzi Bey, strenuously and probably untruthfully denied. An appeal to the Red Crescent only met with the answer that they were doing their best, but owing to war conditions transport between Constantinople and Kastamuni must needs be a matter of months: this answer was posted up by the Commandant with the consoling comment: "The excuse put forward in the contents is naturally acceptable. The best cure against it consists in your appreciation of the importance and delicacy of the situation."

Every time we ask for parcels
  People treat it as a joke.
I'd translate their answer "arsenic,"
  In a foreign tongue it's "Yok."
After many weeks of waiting
  Comes one sack upon a moke.

Every time we ask for letters
Each excuse is very thin,
Then our elders, not our betters,
Murmur doubtfully "Yarin."

XMAS GAFF.

Many of the things which, regarded from this distance of time, seem merely laughable or trifling, assumed then the proportions of veritable grievances. We were cooped up, with little to occupy our time, entirely subject to the whims of irrational people, and everything grated on nerves very much on edge. To be rebuked by Turks for uncleanliness in that our clothes were "left lying about our rooms instead of being put in the cupboards provided for the purpose" was made more galling by the fact that no cupboards had been provided: one's sense of discipline and method chafed against the constant and capricious change of regulations which were seldom committed to writing but only sprung upon us after they had been broken. When the rules were written they were, thanks to the ignorance of our interpreters, often comical reading. Thus one reads:

"TO THE PRISONERS OF WAR AT KASTAMUNI:

"1. The officers allowed to sit on the trenches that are founded near the door of the school and in the higher place that is opposite the school upon the fountain.

"2. If any officers are not obeying the centeries the century will have the permission to strike with his steak and with his rifles."

This latter order made us all very angry at the time, and on Colonel Annesley's remonstrating with the Commandant as to allowing his men to strike officers he apologised and the notice was removed.

As is the custom of Englishmen all the world over, we had made pets of a few puppies: after these had been with us some months without any objection being raised against them the following quaint notice appeared:

"NOTICE

"1. You are required to keep your rooms tidy and clean both inside and outside. [This was the duty of the contractor and his servants: did he expect us to wash down the walls and passages ?]

"2. The chief causes of the uncleanliness are the dogs which many of you have procured from the bazaar or from somewhere else. There is no article in the regulations permitting dogs to be kept by prisoners. Moreover, these dogs show no capacity of receiving any training, because they are wild and ill-natured dogs, and only they are filthy to look at with the uncleanliness they cause.

"3. It is required to do away with these dogs beginning with to-day."

We did banish the dogs from the inside of the houses, which really was a good thing, but they continued to follow us on our walks and were fed from our kitchens. Several messes kept fowls, including game-cocks, which afforded sport of a rather tame description. Two choughs were great favourites of the Lower Houses. The School-House goat and a baby Anatolian bear were rather troublesome pets and not much regretted when they came to an untimely end.

Another quaintly worded order ran thus:

> " 1. Some officer when they sleep are locking the doors of their rooms in the night. Please do not do this because it is difficult for the officer in guard who is looking for absent to know how many officers are present.
>
> " 2. Please have your hat always in your head when you go to the market or to the game.
>
> " 3. When you go to the market please go by together."

One of the best sets of rules was called forth by a somewhat uproarious celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of Ctesiphon:

> " NOTICE !
>
> " 1. As some officers drink more than is necessary they pour liquors throughout the windows down to the street upon the people and disturb the neighbours, making great shindy by the effects of much drink. In this way these officers cause complaints to be made by everybody.
>
> " 2. It is forbidden to keep more than is essential.
>
> " 3. Liquors will be drunk sufficiently and soberness will be kept.
>
> " 4. It will not be made for great noise as far as spoiling the others, and good manners and quiet will be maintained."
>
> " (*Signed*) . TEWFIK,
> *" The Commandant."*

A later order, for which Tewfik's successor was responsible, shows in a way which we hardly appreciated at the time what their own habits and customs lead the Turks to expect from British officers. After announcing that pay would be issued on the following morning it ran on thus: " Officers must come to the Commandant's office with their official hats on, and in future while they come to the office they must not have cigarettes or pipes, and while walking in or out of the office they must keep the place clean and must not throw pieces of paper or matches on the floor, or spit." *Mastik* published a metrical version of the order couched as follows:

AN INVITATION

The Commandant would be so glad
  To see you at his private house,
And also he would like to add
  He's given orders to the " choush."

He has for you a great surprise;
  To-morrow you will get your pay!
Permit him to apologise
  For nearly twenty days' delay.

The invitation goes on then
  To say it is expected that
You will present yourself at ten,
  And wearing your official hat.

You must not smoke; your low-down ways
  You now must leave behind you; it
Is necessary, too, he says,
  To warn you strictly not to spit!

If you should wait an hour or more
  Unpaid upon the office landing,
You may recline upon the floor,
  Or stand erect if you like standing.

His staff will do their best to pay
  All officers, but, if they can't,
The rest must come another day.
  (Signed) Fateh Bey, the Commandant.

Early in December, 1916, much excitement was caused by rumours of Russian landings on the Black Sea coast. Refugees were flocking in to Kastamuni from Inebole and other seaside towns close by, and spreading the wildest reports, and we all began to look forward to a raid which might bring about our release. Christmas Day was ushered in by a tremendous uproar in the town and the firing of guns—bullets were whistling overhead and striking the walls of our houses. One of our Colonels leapt out of bed with the heartfelt exclamation, " Thank God! the day has come at last!" but alas! it was only a fire in the lower part of the town, the alarm for which was being given in the usual Turkish fashion. On another occasion a like excitement was caused by an eclipse of the moon—askars and civilians alike were blazing away with any firearm they could lay hands on in the hope of frightening off the Shaitan who was devouring our satellite, and they were much delighted when the passing of the eclipse justified their efforts. And this calls itself a civilised country!

Christmas Day was celebrated as well as circumstances permitted. The chapel services were spoiled by a notice saying that " As our officers

and men have not been allowed to come together in one place for worship on our feasts of Bairam, the Headquarters General orders accordingly that prisoner officers and privates interned in our country will not be allowed to come together in the same place for the services which are to be held on Christmas Day." Padre Spooner had therefore to arrange separate services throughout the day. The dinners held in the various messes were quite a success; the conventional turkey was much in evidence, and Christmas puddings had been extemporised out of such material as offered—marmalade was called in as a substitute for candied peel—and even mince-pies were produced. After all, to spend Christmas as a prisoner of the Turk was in itself an experience, and one which none of us thought we should have to repeat, so that many were the toasts in honour of " Next Christmas at home."

A Christmas in captivity,
Oh, what a sorry travesty!
A song to sing in a minor key
Of things that are and should not be;
Yet still I have to comfort me
The Christmas of my memory.

Mastik.

But however *Mastik* might sentimentalise the evening was spent merrily enough. Dinner was followed by a variety show got up by Colonel Taylor, and the night was very far advanced before a jovial crowd of officers sought, not always with success, their respective bedrooms.

It was early in 1917 that the band—the K.O.S.—was started, and thenceforth did a great deal to relieve our monotony. The library too now contained a fair number of books, and games—Soccer and Rugger—were regularly organised. But meanwhile the growing irksomeness of our longer captivity more than compensated for these small diversions, and from the time when one unwillingly got out of bed till the hour when we ceased to yawn over the inevitable " bridge " or " snake patience " it was one long dull round to be got through as best one could, a round which was scarcely relieved by the routine of walks (now confined to the town limits) and games, a routine and therefore itself monotonous—and interrupted only by false rumours or petty annoyances. The news we received was always belated and generally untrustworthy, and in any case had lost much of its interest by the time it filtered through to us. Thus it was hard to enthuse even over the Ctesiphon honours list when it came to us at the end of November and Ctesiphon was already ancient history. Our spirits were not raised by hearing (in December) that of all the British troops who surrendered at Kut only about 600 remained alive, and that, of the 41 orderlies whom we had brought with us as far as Angora and had there had to leave behind, 23 were already dead. In

spite of all rumours of Russian advances and probable revolutions in Turkey, peace seemed as far off as ever, and the worries, small perhaps in themselves, for which our captors were continually responsible were unduly magnified by our general depression.

The contractors grew more restive as prices rose in the town. On January 11 they put in a formal complaint to the Vali that for six months they had had to feed the five Turkish officers of our camp staff free of charge and could not afford to do so any more. The Vali ordered the officers in question to pay their bills, but it is unlikely that this was ever done. Anyhow, the contractors threatened once more to raise the price of our messing, and this brought about a crisis—all the officers who had patronised the restaurant hitherto now agreed to buy out the contractors and run their own mess. The financial problem involved was a difficult one, as the prices put upon the furniture were still high (though it must be admitted not unreasonably so), and a great deal had necessarily to be bought seeing that we had nothing of our own. Kitchen stock and restaurant furniture, etc., was purchased *en bloc* by a specially appointed committee; bedroom furniture was assessed separately and taken over or left on the contractors' hands by individual officers according to their requirements and means—fortunately the contractors agreed to take part of the purchase money in cheques. The profits which had been made at our expense can be shown by the following facts. The furniture of a two-bedded room was for purposes of valuation stated by the contractors to have cost when new 1,600 pts., made up thus:

2 wooden beds ..	160 pts.	Brought forward ..	1,220 pts.
2 straw palliasses ..	160 ,,	1 tin lamp	15 ,,
2 mattresses	400 ,,	1 stove	200 ,,
2 sheets..	120 ,,	1 carafe and glass ..	25 ,,
2 quilts	300 ,,	2 tables	60 ,,
2 pillows	80 ,,	2 chairs	80 ,,
	1,220 pts.	Total	1,600 pts.

Between July 2 and January 19 the two officers paid for their room 5,760 pts., of which 520 pts. represented the houseboy's wages for the period and 60 pts. the cost of firewood during the two months for which it was supplied (at the rate of four sticks daily); thus in five and a half months 5,180 pts. had been paid as rent for furniture costing originally (as was said) 1,600 pts. and now to be bought in for about 1,500 pts. The bargaining between the purchasing committee and the contractors was a long and weary business, but on the whole the latter were prepared to meet us half-way and seldom charged more than the original cost price of the various articles in spite of the great rise in values due to the war. On our side we were heartily thankful to be rid of the source of so much friction, and were quite prepared to run things for ourselves, though fully aware that we were not likely to effect any great economy in so doing.

KASTAMUNI: HOUSES NEAR THE SCHOOL, ON CEMETERY ROAD.

We were very short of orderlies, and the Commandant steadily refused to allow us to keep on the Greek houseboys and waiters employed by the contractors, so officers had to be responsible for the cleaning, etc., of their own bedrooms, and the orderlies took on kitchen and mess duties. The school-house was the largest mess, having thirty-one officers to be fed by Private Weller, the head cook, and what had been the lower house restaurant mustered nineteen—other messes varied in numbers from six to a dozen members. Fortunately the allowance made to us through the American Embassy was raised to 5 liras a month for each officer, but even so, when on January 29 we took over from the contractors, the settling up was a difficult matter, and most officers found themselves pretty heavily in debt. One result of the change of system was that the orderlies, who had far more work to do than formerly, had either to be paid extra or to be fed by us—the allowance made to them by the Turks was ludicrously inadequate (for the men employed elsewhere on railway work, etc., this inadequacy was only too serious), and so now their government rations were pooled in the general mess and they had the same food as the officers. This arrangement added considerably to our money difficulties, but seemed the fairest solution of the problem. At the same time we put in a demand for extra orderlies to be sent to the camp.

The two restaurant messes not only fed themselves but also ran bars on the co-operative system. In the school-house Laing was responsible for a bar at which cigarettes and tobacco, cognac, mastik, and later on cherry brandy were dispensed, while in the lower house Brickman and Baird ran a more ambitious institution and compounded cocktails of many colours and wonderful flavours, which were frequently appreciated and at the worst lent variety to life.

It was while this change was still in progress that the Government Inspector, Colonel Yusuf Zia Bey, first visited Kastamuni. He was an educated man, French-speaking, and possessing a knowledge of the world outside Turkey, and he soon made it clear that he did not consider our conditions satisfactory. What amused us immensely was the reign of intrigue which at once began; every Turkish officer on the staff, each interpreter, even the ạskars, were in turn closeted with him and made furious accusations against each other, and from their mutual recriminations Zia Bey must have obtained a fairly lurid picture of the camp. He also visited all the British officers, gave interviews to whoever wished to see him, and went into all matters thoroughly with Colonel Annesley. The result was that a new list of regulations was drawn up, which, had all its points been carried out, would have done more than it did to improve our position: like so many laws made in Turkey, this was admirable on paper, but, as is usual too, half of its provisos were never put into practice. However, we did in future enjoy greater liberties as regards walks and games, the question of our marketing was put on a more satisfactory

basis, and, what was perhaps most important, the long-standing grievance against the contractors was abolished.

Colonel Zia Bey insisted on the contractors hurrying their departure; he expressed his indignation at the charges made for furniture, etc., and vaguely promised a refund—which of course never came; but his strongest expressions were reserved for the luckless Commandant and his satellites. Sherif Bey gave us a touching description of Tewfik on his knees in tears before the Inspector, and assured us that he and all the rest (except Sherif himself) had received their dismissal, and for once he was speaking the truth—they did go, soon afterwards, and the last we heard of Tewfik and Nouri was that both were lodged in jail at Constantinople. To many officers the most vivid impression of their Commandant is afforded by the dinner which was given to him at the school-house on the night of Zia Bey's departure. Tewfik arrived early and, as usual, put himself at ease by the (according to Turkish notions) grave impoliteness of removing his fez; by dinner-time he had consumed enough raki to have forgotten everything. When he saw Zia Bey suddenly enter the room he gave a howl of dismay, and we had the rare spectacle of our shabby Commandant doubled up and dodging here and there behind the backs of British officers in the desperate attempt to find his fez, which someone had hung on a bracket out of his reach. When at last it was restored to him he jammed it over one eye and sat plunged in gloomy silence for the rest of the evening. Poor fellow, his company manners were sadly to seek, and his efforts, when he made any, to improve them were hardly fortunate; on one occasion, when invited to tea by two officers, he entered the room three-quarters of an hour late with the hospitable remark, "Help yourselves." But perhaps the clearest because the most accustomed picture of Tewfik Bey is that which shows him seated of an evening playing beggar-my-neighbour with Nouri; unshaven, his fez pushed far back over his ruffled hair, he lifts his cards high in the air and bangs them down upon the cigarette-ash-strewn table, and the smack, smack is only interrupted when they argue drunkenly that each has obviously cheated, or clap their hands for a fresh dose of free mastik. Such was Tewfik, and when he followed Nouri and the Paymaster into banishment our only regret was that Sherif did not go too.

Tewfik and Nouri, Sherif Bey—
  Upon one thread three jewels strung—
Where are the soldiers three to-day ?

The band is broken—where are they
  Round whom so many memories clung,
Tewfik and Nouri, Sherif Bey ?

First Nouri went; we said our say,
  The galled jade had its withers wrung;
Where are the soldiers three to-day ?

SHERIF BEY.

'Twas hard all blame on one to lay,
  To differentiate among
Tewfik and Nouri, Sherif Bey.

So later Tewfik slunk away
  Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung—
Where are the soldiers three to-day ?

And he whose wont was to betray
  And libel with unsparing tongue
Tewfik and Nouri—Sherif Bey—

Alone is left us. Yet we pray
  To see all three together hung.
Tewfik and Nouri, Sherif Bey.
Where are the soldiers three to-day ?

Mastik.

On January 18 our numbers had been reduced by the departure of Father Mullen and Padre Wright for Kara Hissar. To our surprise the weather continued throughout January and into February cold indeed but sunny and without the heavy snow which the townspeople had prophesied; on February 10 an officer records in his diary, " Hardest frost we have had, last night and to-day. These rooms, with no carpets or curtains and full of badly fitting doors and windows, are bitterly cold although the sun is shining brightly." The snow when it did come was not very heavy, and if it put a stop to football for a time it gave opportunity for a little tobogganing. Winter continued until March, when glorious weather set in. While it lasted the cold caused discomfort perhaps, but no hardship, for we had stoves going in all our rooms and firewood was still relatively cheap—at least later experience taught us to think so, though we grumbled enough at the time when we had to pay 12 or 15 pts. for a donkey-load. On March 13 the government ration of bread (we had been drawing a loaf each on payment) was cut down to half a loaf and our feeding problem was sadly complicated thereby—later on, however, the full ration was re-established.

On March 15 Fateh Bey, our new Commandant, arrived. He was certainly a great contrast to Tewfik; a fat, tubby little man, round-faced and smiling, who had spent some years in Berlin, had married a German wife, and talked German as freely as he did Turkish, he was outwardly at least a perfectly civilised being, quite ready to be on good terms with everyone and to have, and give us, a good time by following the line of least resistance. This of course did not suit Sherif Bey, who was jealous of any popularity that the Commandant might achieve, and so all sorts of vexations assailed us for which Sherif plaintively referred all responsibility to his unconscious superior. One order forbade officers of different houses to meet together for music—this was soon a dead letter because Fateh thoroughly enjoyed the band; then long walks were forbidden,

and that in a typical manner, for Sherif, having stated his intention of going out with us, appeared at the last moment in great distress to say that Fateh Bey had put a stop to walks altogether, a statement which "Fatty" absolutely denied. On March 22 our *postas* were replaced by a new lot of men, and until we had broken them in and they got to know us all the old difficulties of early days were revived. We were much relieved when Sherif obtained leave of absence and went off to Constantinople and we could deal directly with the only too easy-going Commandant.

In the middle of March the twenty-four new orderlies for whom we had applied arrived from Angora. They brought with them awful stories of the mortality amongst our men working on the line, mortality due entirely to scanty food and bad treatment; they themselves had had a very hard trek over the hills and turned up in a miserable and exhausted condition: none of them were fit to start work at once. They were segregated in the Turkish hospital and looked after by Martin and the Padre, but one, Thirkwell, died on the 23rd, Mahoney at the end of the month, and Lance-Corporal Maddocks after being let out once from hospital had a relapse and died on May 17. There were now six graves in the rough corner of the Greek cemetery, and yet another stage in our long journey north upwards from the Gulf could boast its record of British dead. But there was something particularly sad in the fate of these men who had survived the trek and the cruel hardships of a winter's labour on the railway only to fall out when they had reached at last comparative comfort and service with their own people. Some verses in *Ekmek* gave expression to this feeling in the camp.

A SONG IN CAPTIVITY

Far away in Anatolia
  A dying captive lay,
And the wind among the forest pines
  Whisper'd and seemed to say:
"I would I were in the homeland
  Where mother and sweetheart pray,
To ease their anxious suff'ring hours
  In this my long last day."

The night wind died in the branches
  And the dawn lit up the skies,
And the soul of the captive passed away
  To Paradise.
The twittering songs of the morning
  A soothing message cry
To those who wait, and weep, and mourn—
  "His soul shall never die."

It was noticeable that whereas all but five of the officers in camp came from Kut, the orderlies hailed from every Turkish front and represented a wide variety of regiments. Regulars and Territorials and New Army men, from the homelands, Australia, India, and the Seven Seas, met here in the heart of Turkey. The orderlies' magazine *Ekmek* produced the following verses on this by one of the men.

SOLDIERS ALL

There's Cockneys here from Mile End Road
  And artists from Soho;
There's jockeys from the famous Downs
  And gentlemen from the Row;
There's Lancashire lads from Blackburn
  And valets from the Square;
There's two from far Killarney's Lakes
  And some from God knows where.

Refrain.

But one and all their toast shall be,
God save our King and our Country.

There's canny sons of Clyde and Forth
  And hoppers from the Weald,
With business men from offices
  And toilers of the field.
Some, too, I'm told, were merchantmen,
  Some fished the North Sea bare,
Some teachers, bricklayers, and touts,
  And one's a millionaire.

Refrain.

But one and all their toast shall be,
God save our King and our Country.

Some come from many a Southern clime
  And some from Mandalay.
From Calcut's famous Chandi Chowk,
  And two from round Bombay.
They mix with lads from Devonshire,
  And from Trelawney's home;
From Motherland and Colony
  The Call forced all to roam.

Refrain.

But one and all their toast shall be,
God save our King and our Country.

From the stately homes of England,
  From Tara's harp-strewn halls,
From the land of the mountain, loch, and burn,
  And the land where the "Tilyn" calls.

From all our far-strewn colonies,
From over land and sea,
Britons have answered to that call,
And this their toast shall be:

Refrain.

Right is ours, and Might shall be,
God save our King and our Country.

Up to this date the length of time which letters took to reach us had not perhaps been altogether unreasonable, and sometimes was surprisingly short, as, for instance, when early in March English letters arrived twenty-three days after posting; but in the spring the delays grew longer and more vexatious. The letters which we wrote, too, were badly mutilated; for a month after Zia Bey's visit nearly every letter was cut down to four or five lines, little more than an address and a signature—this was done regardless of contents, and as we were all pretty careful to give the censor no ground for action it was the more annoying to hear, months and months later, that our innocent epistles had been gutted. Some of the letters, though, that did come through to us were very amusing. War news, especially that concerning the Turkish fronts, was only supposed to reach us through the discreet columns of the *Hilal* or by the even more mendacious Hawadis, so some of our people undertook to supplement this by smuggling news through in a variety of ingenious ways. The Padre's sister wrote long accounts of fox-hunting and fishing—exciting runs by Maude Genny in the Sackfather country, or at West Farm; while Reyne used to receive football reports on international matches played on the Continent or stories of battues in which the birds were German. We soon learnt that owls were zeppelins and hawks were aeroplanes, and even different types of submarines could be distinguished, though generally they were all classed as " the pike in father's fish-pond," but sometimes the translation of these riddles was more than dubious and led to reports almost as ill founded as those current in the bazaar. So we were very excited when Yearsley got through a postcard with a cypher message bidding him look out for a particular tube of toothpaste. The toothpaste duly came in a parcel, and inside it was a message describing the system to be followed—messages were to be written on very thin paper and inserted between the layers of split postcards. After this we used to get, at irregular intervals, more or less official reports in brief of what was going on at home and on the various fronts, and until we left Changri and parted company with Yearsley these postcards were one of our best sources of information. How wild rumours were may be shown by a few extracts from diaries in which the more exciting of them were written down. On April 7 news came that a revolution had been started in Turkey and peace was imminent; on

the 29th an officer heard from home that Damascus had been taken—this was probably a code error, but it deceived us at the time. On May 20 the Commandant assured Colonel Annesley that our *Hilals* came only once a week to Angora, but were forwarded from there by twos or threes thrice weekly so as to make us think that the trains were still running regularly. On June 23 Sherif Bey, returned from Constantinople, repeated that a revolution was brewing and would break out at any moment. On July 12 we heard that it had actually started, that Galata Bridge had been blown up, and that Enver Pasha had been killed. On July 25 Fateh Bey assured us that the war would end before winter, as was shown by the fact that no recruits were being called up or supplies requisitioned; in this he was supported by Faik Bey, a renegade Englishman (?) who had a civil job in the Kastamuni vilayet. On July 30 the Commandant declared that Turkey had arranged terms of peace with the Entente and that an armistice was in force, and on the following evening he assured us that peace had actually been signed. It was a common practice with all our Commandants to tell us that we should be starting for home in the near future. Tewfik had in September, 1916, given us four weeks as the extreme limit for the war's duration, and on June 19 Fateh informed us that negotiations for our exchange were in progress and that we should be free within a month; but we paid little attention to these promises when we found that they were all based on the expectation of an immediate and crushing victory for Germany. A welcome antidote to views of this sort was supplied by some illustrated papers which eluded the censors and reached Bampton on May 26, and by some thrice-blessed copies of the weekly *Times* which now and then turned up with parcels for Trevor. The first of these was spotted when the sorting of parcels was going on and was smuggled out from the Commandant's room by a conspiracy of about fifteen officers; the wrapper was removed intact, and when next a weekly *Times* was reported the old and well-thumbed copy was taken in under an overcoat and substituted for the fresh arrival; in this way the Turks were able to pride themselves on seizing newspapers as often as they came to us, and we only once failed to smuggle them out. On that one occasion Sherif Bey caught the officer who was taking the precious paper out of the office and confiscated it. He promised to give it back the next day, but of course never did.

On March 24, as lamp oil was costing 12 liras a tin, the Upper Houses had decided to economise by a Daylight Saving Bill, and clocks were put forward one hour: the Lower Houses refused to mix up the planetary system and clung to the old time, though it would have been hard to say which came nearer to being correct. By June 2 the lighting problem had become still more serious: our stock of oil was decreasing at an alarming rate, further supplies were practically unobtainable, and it seemed wise to make provision for the long winter evenings. Majors Barker and

KASTAMUNI : A STREET SCENE.

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Anderson worked out charts of oil consumption and daylight variations; nobody understood these, but they afforded splendid material for violent arguments which at last bore fruit in a decision to have no mess lamps at night, but to go to bed with the sun. But the Lower House still flaunted its lights, and made mock of the School-House for going to bed at 8.30 and pretending to be sitting up till half-past nine.

Under "the Fatty régime" many of our privileges were either officially extended (on April 7 orders had come from Stamboul that we were to be specially well treated) or were stretched to the utmost by our own assumptions and the corresponding slackness of the Commandant.

One of the most precious of these privileges was that of walks. On ordinary days, if there was no football to play or watch—and at this season the Soccer League with its attendant bookies was giving plenty of amusement—we went for short distances only, either along the river bank or round by the Inebole road and through the town; but once or twice a week this somewhat humdrum promenade gave place to a good walk well out into the country. Two sects or factions arose: the "Stags," who preferred racing at top speed across hill and valley lightly but not elegantly attired in attenuated shorts and low-cut vests, thus getting themselves into training for further treks, escapes, or what not; and those more sober spirits who liked a steady walk for an hour or so and then an easy in the pine-woods or on the cystus-covered hilltops where a pipe could be smoked in peace and the fact of captivity for a while forgotten. Others, again, seized the opportunity for geologising or butterfly-collecting, or would come back laden with flowers for bedroom or mess-table. The wild flowers of Kastamuni were really wonderful in their variety, and thanks to the lateness of the spring rains lasted unusually late into the year; the pine-woods were carpeted with primroses and orchids and the fallow fields were a blaze of many colours; by the valley streams were the wild iris and flowering water plants, and the orchards below the town and round the country hamlets were one sheet of blossom. The Jura Mountains or the Alps in early June could hardly surpass the Kastamuni district for its wealth of flowers.

A LONG WALK

Down in the little dell,
  Half-dreaming as I lay,
Where the long shadows fell
  And pine-boughs hid the day,
  It seemed so far away!

The squalid Arab town,
  Our leaguered citadel,
The great flood sweeping down,
  The heat, the flies, the smell,
  I can recall them well!

The dank pits underground,
  Hunger more terrible
Than foes that ringed us round,
  Than all their shot and shell—
  The tale is fresh to tell.

But in this woodland dell
  I can almost forget
The months we passed in hell,
  The prison where we fret—
  We shall see England yet.

Mastik.

The K.O.S., too, was very active at this time, and gave a number of admirable concerts both in the upper and lower houses, and to the success of these, not indeed from a musical but from a social point of view, our Commandant contributed in unexpected fashion. On June 9, when an afternoon concert in the big room of the school-house was in full swing, Fateh Bey entered suddenly wreathed in smiles and ushering in a bevy of the fair sex! There were Madame Popper, an Austrian school-mistress; an Italian damsel, sister of the bank manager, who, because of the frank announcement with which she put us on our guard, was christened " Je suis fiancée " (the orderlies corrupted this into " J.C.'s fancy "); another Italian; two Greeks; and three or four Armenian girls ranging in age from six to twenty years—with them were some of their menfolk. All these uninvited but not altogether unwelcome guests were given front-row seats and were soon thoroughly enjoying the band's performance. When the Commandant demanded that the ladies should be made to sing, " Je suis fiancée," put forward by her friends as the artiste, had no music that the band could tackle and did not know our songs; but Colonel Cramer-Roberts stepped into the gap and proposed a violin accompaniment to anything she might choose to sing. Certainly none of us are likely to forget the young lady's rendering of the Braga Serenata, a rendering remarkable not so much for beauty or correctness as for the self-possession of the singer when she failed over a note or broke off to argue with the accompanist. Then " Fatty " insisted on the room being cleared for a dance, and our more daring officers who obtained or dispensed with introductions were soon kicking their boot protectors off against the nails in the floor as they piloted their none too skilful partners round the schoolroom.

In the next number of *Mastik* " Blanche " waxed almost hysterical over this invasion of the Bachelor Club. " My dear Odette," she wrote, " what a life, what a life! I really think that I must have a rest-cure soon or my nerves simply won't stand the strain. It was so unexpected too. One young sub. told me he felt what a man dying of thirst must feel when he's suddenly thrown into a deep tank of drinking-water and has forgotten how to swim.

" Personally I went all of a doodah.

" You must think I'm going off my head, dear, so I'll explain.

" Last Saturday that ever was the K.O.S. gave an afternoon musicale at L'École. You must know, Odette, that, compared to L'École, the Rag and the Athenæum may be considered ladies' clubs and Mount Athos a woman's republic. It's true that at one time scullery-maids did work in the kitchens of L'École, but that was in the dim ages, and even the oldest members can scarcely recall the time, and of course they never mention it. It all happened suddenly while the waiters were clearing the tea-tables. I saw eyes rubbed in astonishment, mouths opened in amazement, and a young Captain exclaimed in a hoarse voice that he'd limit the number of his birthdays to two a month if he ever got over the attack. It was no dream, however, but stern reality. Lieut.-Colonel Fateh, a member of hardly six months' standing, had invited ladies to come and listen to the orchestra !"

Fired by this example, the " Tea Club " at Colonel Pocock's house gave a garden party to all comers, which was unfortunately spoiled by a heavy rain which drove the orchestra indoors, and the Lower House gave a soirée to which the Commandant brought a selection of his fair friends, announcing gleefully as he left, " Next time twenty ladies !" and this hospitality was repaid by an At Home at Madame Popper's. On another occasion Fatty introduced at a Lower House concert an Italian interned civilian (a cavalry officer, as he told us) who had a good voice and sang well a number of songs, ending up with an enthusiastic rendering of the Marseillaise. But things were going too well ! Sherif Bey returned from Constantinople and had his senior officer on the mat; all communication with our one-time guests abruptly ceased, and Sherif even made an abortive effort to stop the band altogether by refusing to let Colonel Cramer-Roberts and the other Lower House members come up to band practice. His reports to headquarters on the scandalous laxity of Fateh Bey's rule during his absence had the not unexpected result of getting the Commandant severely reprimanded and removed from his post.

These were the only adult townspeople, apart from two or three officials, with whom we had any dealings—the Turks not unnaturally forbade us to have anything to do with them, and Fateh Bey's action was highly irregular. They even objected to our employing washerwomen, and in December, 1916, the following notice had been posted up: " Officers are bound to wash themselves their own underclothing, or get them washed by their orderlies. . . . Order has been given not allow launders or laundresses to approach the houses on purpose of taking underclothing to wash." Of course this rule did not work out in practice. What happened was that the *postas* kept the women at a distance and then charged them baksheesh for carrying out our clothes to them; when this imposition was avoided by our throwing the bundles of washing

down from the back windows they gave up in despair, and the women were allowed once more to deal with us openly. On another occasion Sherif made a rule that only Turkish washerwomen might be employed instead of Greeks; but the Turks did the work so badly that we refused to patronise them, and one regulation more relapsed into the limbo of forgotten things.

Both officers and orderlies were in the habit of employing small boys to carry up purchases from the town, and when we were messing ourselves and goods had to be purchased in bulk such porterage was absolutely necessary to us, for of course no Turkish shopkeeper would dream of delivering goods at the customer's door. The boys were keen enough on the job, for they could earn 2 or 3 piastres a day, or, better still, be paid in loaves of bread, which otherwise they could with difficulty obtain. It has been mentioned already that masses of fugitives from the coast came into Kastamuni during the winter (indeed the first influx had taken place in July, 1916), and these people were crowded up in the town with scanty means of subsistence, and their numbers so complicated the supply question that at the end of March the authorities ordered all these poor wretches to leave the town as no further food could be issued to them; the most forlorn processions were to be seen crowding all the outward roads—wherever they went, practically, they were refused admission, and very many of them must have wandered about until they starved. More than once we on our walks came across camps of wolfish scarecrows who were being " haidi'd " by the Zaptiehs on a weary pilgrimage the approaching end of which was only too obvious. It was typical of even the best Turks that when Colonel Annesley expostulated with the Commandant about this forced exodus and said that many of the women and children must inevitably die of hunger and exhaustion, that good-natured officer replied, " They probably will," and laughed heartily over the joke.

On Christmas Day and again before our departure for Changri collections were made and the proceeds (about 170 liras in all) handed over for distribution amongst the destitute to the priests of the Greek church opposite the school-house; but though they expressed the utmost gratitude and a lively hope of favours to come, our offerings can have done but little to relieve the widespread distress. Such being the conditions in the town it is not surprising that the Greek children were more than anxious to work for us. When we came out of our respective houses *en route* for the bazaar there was a regular scramble to snatch the market baskets out of our hands, amid cries of " Kiman " (Come on), " Ingleez," and mutual recriminations amongst the candidates. Naturally, too, this excited the jealousy or the suspicions of the Turks, and there were constant rows with Sherif Bey and his *postas*, who were continually forbidding us to employ boys at all—permission was constantly given in answer to our official protests and as often withdrawn suddenly. Sherif

at one time even went so far as to say that only women must be employed and to parade a squad of brazen-faced Kurds as market-porters; on another occasion, in May, 1917, the boys were forbidden to come near us on the grounds that we had been underpaying them (one or two of the old hands had made a bid for higher wages and had found their places promptly taken by others). A solemn notice was put up warning us that " It is not becoming for civilised soldiers who have seen their education in London not to reward rightly these poor children of the country according to the service they render. They must understand that they will find nobody from henceforth to serve them." But the boys were just as anxious as ever to work, and though they were forbidden to go with us *to* the bazaar they used to meet us there and come *back* with us, which was all we wanted, and as the letter of the rule was apparently observed the *postas* made no further objection.

Once only did we have anything to do with other than Turkish subjects. In March there arrived at Kastamuni a convoy of miserable exiles from Smyrna, thirty-one French and twenty-nine British subjects —technical subjects, that is, for they belonged to that class of Levantines, for the most part of Jewish origin, who have in the past managed to get themselves enrolled as belonging to a European power. They had been driven out from Smyrna without bag or baggage and sent into the interior; from Angora they had trudged along on foot, driven by askars who at the outset relieved them of any money they still possessed, and on arrival there were herded together in two or three rooms of a khan, and the local government refused to feed them. Some officers returning from the Turkish bath were accosted by one of these, a decrepit, grey-haired old fellow, rigged out in tattered clothes and almost barefoot, so weak that he could hardly stand, who begged them to do something for him and his friends—he was a British subject and spoke English fairly well. He had only talked for half a minute or so when the poster escorting the officers came up, and exclaiming " Yessak " hit him in the face and knocked him down; he was so feeble that he could not get up unaided. Naturally there was a row, the poster had a walking-stick laid across him, and the matter came before the Commandant. Fateh Bey could not understand why officers should be interested in a mere civilian, but took a reasonable view of things, and considering the provocation (he was assured that if he had struck the man he would have been laid out himself) let the officers off with a caution. Afterwards he allowed the Padre to visit the refugees, and we raised a subscription of 140 liras, which was distributed amongst them; it is to be hoped that they were allowed to keep the money. They disappeared a day or two later, sent off to various villages where they were to work in the fields.

In the summer more civilian refugees, English and others, but of a very different class, came to Kastamuni, but we saw practically nothing

of them, beyond saying good-morning in the bazaar, and they were still there when we left for Changri.

Some of the little Greek girls who lived round about us (we were in the Greek quarter) were very pretty children, and early attracted the attention of the more domesticated officers. They used to play on the tumulus and in the streets round the lower houses, and we soon learnt their names or gave them nicknames of our own, and the officer who by presents of sweets had ingratiated himself with any one of them was the object of much elaborate witticism. The pages of *Mastik* abounded in references to these infantile amours.

A maiden both charming and bonny
Is loved by a captain called Johnnie—
  The girl's three years old,
  So you're jolly well sold,
And "Qui mal y pense soit honi!"

THE AGE OF LOVE

"Iam veniet tacito curva senecta pede."—*Latin Grammar.*

Once, it was years gone by, in Blighty,
  I read the story of Mars the bold,
Who was fond of flirting with Aphrodite—
  But Aphrodite was *ages* old!
Helen of Troy, if the truth be told,
  Was married or ever she ran to sea,
Her grace grown elderly leaves me cold;
  But MARGARITA is only three!

Cleopatra was fair and forty—
  But forty cannot be really fair;
Rosamond, too, ere she was naughty
  Had twenty winters to bleach her hair:
None of these veteran dames could e'er
  Match those in the spring of their life, say we;
Youth, sweet youth, is beyond compare,
  And MARGARITA is only three!

Lovers below may hymn Rosina,
  But poor Rosina is twelve at least;
I grant there were charms in the young Katina
  Before she was ten, but her charms have ceased;
Passing sweet ere her years increased
  Erasmia was wont to be;
But she at eleven's a kid full-fleeced,
  While MARGARITA is only three!

Half of the fellows in Kastamuni
  Rush to windows and doors to fix
Amorous eyes upon Antigone,
  But Antigone is over six!

Others may swear that Elisa licks
  All creation—yet seven is she,
And four's the limit where fancy sticks—
  Ah ! MARGARITA is only three !

Powers above us ! Selene wanes
  On her fifth stage now and is stale for me,
And a star new-risen maturely reigns,
  My MARGARITA is only three !

One gallant captain in the school-house felt so sorely the lack of feminine society that he spent, it was said, on an average four hours a day leaning out of his window in the hope of catching a smile from a charmer aged eight; and another passed the whole time between dinner and bed standing at the corner of the house to intercept an even younger flame whose usual reply to his advances was to giggle and take to her heels. The lower houses came off badly in the juvenile line if one may judge by " the Dirty Family," whose stolid members spent most of their time smearing their faces with scraps from the kitchens and used English swear words with precocious accuracy and emphasis; but they could boast of something very smart, even if lamentably mature (she was at least fourteen), in the person of little Red Heels, whose passage down the street past the lower houses was the main event of every day.

LITTLE RED HEELS

Little Red Heels, iridescent and charming,
  Red as the lips that I humbly adore,
Breaker of hearts at a rate most alarming,
  Surely you know that you've broken one more.

Doubtless some elf with a cunning most elfish
  Fashioned by moonlight those wonderful shoes
Merely to fascinate. Shades of ghost shell-fish !
  Threes ! What a falsehood ! Of course they are twos.

What of the goddess the red heels belong to ?
  Speak to me, Muses, make worthy my lay.
What of the goddess my heart sings its song to ?
  Can Imperfection Perfection portray ?

Eyes like the deep of the pools in the twilight,
  Cheeks faintly coloured like dawn on the snows,
Hair like a web of pure silk in a high light,
  Breath of the summer wind kissed by the rose.

Many things more I would say, but I dare not,
  Also the space on my paper's nigh up.
Little Red Heels, for all others I care not.
  Here's to you, Carnival. Now I'll dry up.

Mastik (June Supplement).

1. The Transit of Venus · 2·40 p.m. June 6th 1912.

2. The Transit of Venus · 2·45 to 2·50 p.m.

3. The Transit of Venus · 2·55 p.m.

"LITTLE RED HEELS."

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By the Greek population we were certainly well regarded, and when we left Kastamuni many turned out to say good-bye and showed real regret; with the Turks we had less to do, except in the way of bargaining in the market, but they too were either indifferent or friendly. Once or twice stones were thrown at us on our way to the football field, and once a funeral party was similarly assaulted—but this was only done by boys, and then probably at the instigation of the women, who were always, and naturally, hostile to those whom they regarded as responsible for the absence of their menfolk; but with the men we never had any difficulty, and (perhaps because we were always accompanied by *postas*) could walk anywhere in town or country without being molested. Our orderlies, of course, as is the case with the British soldier all over the world, got on excellently with the local people, and as the regulations were less strictly enforced in their case than in ours, and also because the greater part of the purchasing was done by them, got to know them far better than we could ever do. There was a certain amount of local reference in some verses which appeared in *Ekmek* under the title:

THE SONG OF PATRICK HOGAN

" Women of every nation,
Women of every creed,
Women of high and lowly birth,
Women of word and deed."

I've loved the daughters of Pharaoh,
I've loved the Queens of Greece,
I've loved the maid of the Almond Eye
And the girl of the Golden Fleece.

I've loved the daughters of Viking Kings
And the women who wear the veil,
The Black and the White and the Yellow.
To all have I told the tale.

I've sat by the side of a consort
Of an ancient Aztec King,
I've danced with a blue-black cannibal
Around a festive ring.

Jewesses all over the earth I've loved,
And a beautiful Eskimo,
I told them the same, I'd return again
When the stormy winds do blow.

" Women of every nation,
Women of every creed,
Women of high and lowly birth,
Women of word and deed."

During June two new recreations were started. The first of these was the building of a wall round our cemetery out upon the hills; fatigue parties from the different houses took it in turns to break up and collect stones, while the more expert built the rubble wall and bedded the inscribed gravestones on shingle and cement. About the same time a broken-down motor-lorry was towed in from Inebole, and while Major Saunders used it for illustrating his lectures on motoring, he, together with Dooley and other mechanical adepts, were persuaded by the Commandant to put the machine in order, on the strict understanding that it should not be employed for military purposes but only to bring parcels, etc., from Angora. By their united efforts the engine was made to work, and Dooley might be seen jolting the Commandant on joy-rides through the cobbled streets of the town, though the Turks were gravely disappointed to discover that whatever was done to it the wretched thing still refused to run without petrol. Then, of course, the military authorities took it over. Luckily notice was had of their breach of faith, and our ingenious mechanics put in an extra spell of work which ensured the complete break-up of the car after a limited run, so that it was an alien horse-power which painfully and at last dragged it in to Angora.

The summer brought on us that plague of bugs which in Turkey one must not hope to avoid; the houses, built largely with unseasoned wood, were absolutely infested with these pests, and it was a common and most necessary amusement (?) to dismantle the woodwork of one's bed and carry out a shikar, and there was quite a competition to hold the record for the numbers killed on one search—it ran well into the hundreds. On the other hand, with the summer came in fruit—cherries, plums, and apples—which formed a welcome relief to the sameness of our diet and started an era of jam-making which was not without its comic side. In the earlier days and throughout the winter cake-making had been the rage; a number of officers proved themselves efficient pastrycooks, and in Colonel Pocock's house Mayo ran a regular bakery and had a daily delivery of really appetising buns and cakes. The difficulty had always been to get sugar—by May the price of sugar had risen to 250 pts. an oka (*i.e.*, about 15s. per lb.), and we had had to rely largely upon sultanas to supply the necessary sweetening, or had experimented with honey, falling back in the last resource upon unsweetened tea-cakes. Now butter had become so expensive (about 4s. 3d. per lb.) that cakes became a rare luxury, and even butter on one's bread was a serious item in the monthly budget. We felt greatly the lack of sweet things, for in puddings too sugar had to be cut down to a minimum (in one mess of thirty-five people 11 lb. of sugar was the monthly allowance for the kitchen) and jam seemed a good solution of the difficulty. But jam too needs sugar, and though one cut the proportion down to limits which would have scandalised an English cook, money was still too tight to make even this other than an extrava-

gance, and one might see in the cramped backyard of a house two Field Officers squatted on their haunches over their respective sigris, disputing the rival merits of chopped figs and sultanas as a sugar substitute and proffering each other in support of their claim spoonfuls of the sour steaming mess which each laboriously stirred. The making of cherry brandy and cherry mastik was another home industry worked with success. How steady and how serious was the rise in prices all round can be seen by reference to the table printed in Appendix I. Of course it affected the townspeople as well as ourselves, though in a far less degree, and in June an attempt was actually made to cope with the "accaparateurs," as the *Hilal* called them. Following the precedent set by Constantinople, the Vali of Kastamuni issued a list of maximum prices for certain food articles—eggs were to be sold at 1 piastre each instead of 2, butter at 40 pts. per oka instead of 65, and the price per oka of beef and buffalo meat was to be reduced from 15 to 10 and from 10 to 7½ pts. respectively; any attempt to demand higher prices was to be punished by the confiscation of the goods. The natural and immediate result was the total disappearance of all listed articles from the market. Shops that dealt principally in butter and eggs, such as the ironmonger's and the second-hand clothes dealer's, simply put up their shutters, the butchers stopped killing, and the countrypeople either kept away altogether or brought in their produce by stealth and bartered it for goods in kind on the old scale of values; for over a week we could obtain no eggs at all and practically no meat; then the gendarmes and posters began to sell us privately—at 2 pts.!—such eggs as they had confiscated, and gradually the normal state of affairs was resumed, the only difference being that prices had gone up considerably in the interval.

It was only natural that imported goods should go up in price as the stocks in the country became exhausted and no more supplies came in from abroad, but the general increase in the cost of living was due entirely to the popular mistrust of the new paper money. Notes of the higher values had been issued early in the war. In Syria and Mesopotamia the Arabs refused to accept them at all; where they did circulate people began at once to hoard their gold and silver and were more than loath to part even with nickel in giving change for paper. When we arrived at Kastamuni, shopping was complicated by the fact that change was as often as not unobtainable and we had to purchase goods up to the exact value of the proffered note, often not an easy matter. On October 16 there arrived in the town the first consignment of notes for 1 and for 2½ piastres—it is difficult to say whether we were more amused at the mere fact of a note for 2½d. being issued or at the soi-disant view of Kut el Amara which adorned it—and in March this was followed by an issue of ungummed stamps as legal tender for 10 and 5 paras—*i.e.*, one halfpenny and a farthing. On this, the last nickel and copper coins

joined the cash hoards already buried under his house floor by every prudent Turkish subject, and for the rest of our stay in the country we practically never set eyes on a piece of coined money.

From the outset, paper was at a discount. The value of the gold lira rose from 2 liras paper to 4 and 5; by the time we left Kastamuni an English sovereign could be sold for 600 paper piastres, and in January, 1918, Turkish gold was quoted at 747. To countrypeople who were selling their own produce to buy other goods this mattered little—they employed the paper money as so many counters and reckoned the real value of their commodities by that of what they wanted in exchange. But for us things were very different. The allowance made to us from our pay, which was the main part of our budget, was changed by the Turkish Government at the peace rate of 109 pts. to the pound sterling—that is, we received in purchasing value about one-fifth of what we paid. Money orders varied greatly in their rates, from 115 to about 160—that received through the American Embassy rose in June, 1917, to 184, but went down again later to an average of 130 or 150. Cheques at first were not negotiable—when, however, the Kastamuni tradesman found that he could always dispose of them in Stamboul for 300 pts. or more to the pound, he was keen enough to buy them from us. From 145 in June we managed to raise the rate of exchange to 180 in September. But at Changri no cheques could be changed at all, and at Ouchak we got a few taken at 158, but then the demand ceased; at Kedos we were for long unable to obtain more than 100 pts., then 120, but the local selling of cheques, always an irregular proceeding, was then absolutely forbidden by the Commandant, and we had to send them to Constantinople, where, it is true, we could, thanks to Mynheer Menten, obtain 150 pts. to the pound, but had to wait three months or more before the money reached us.

BEATI POSSIDENTES: A PSALM OF DJAVID

BEING A METRICAL VERSION OF THE BUDGET SPEECH BY THE TURKISH MINISTER OF FINANCE

Before the obedient House is asked to move
  This fifty million credit I must lay
Such facts before you as suffice to prove
  How prosperous we are; indeed, I pray
That all Departments equally display
  Efforts as great as mine have been, and crowned
With like success, for I can truly say
  Turkish *finance* is absolutely sound.

Firstly, our loans. The debts we have incurred
  Amount to—no, but I must not betray
The figure! If repayment be deferred
  Of capital *and* interest, we may

(Assuming an indefinite delay)
  Square things up somehow. Thus it will be found
That, taking liabilities away,
  Turkish finance is absolutely sound.

Next, paper issues. Folk depreciate
  Our notes—but that's mere ignorance, for they
Are backed by German promises, and rate
  Higher than specie (in the U.S.A.).
Please believe this—and if I'm asked to pay
  Five paper liras for each golden pound
I'll hang the scoundrels for *lèse-majesté !*
  Turkish finance is *absolutely* sound.

There's talk of some contractors who have made
  Enormous gains through private influence—nay,
These patriots have but fostered Turkish trade
  On Turkish lines. They *have* been making hay,
But you can trust your Minister to play
  The economic rôle, and all are bound
To hand the lion's share to Djavid Bey:
  Turkish finance is absolutely sound !

Gentlemen, do not, please, be led astray
  By captious critics ignorant of their ground;
Judged from *my personal account* to-day
  Turkish finance is absolutely sound.

Mastik.

So in spite of all our efforts the cost of messing mounted steadily, and in May, 1917, the bill for the school-house was 967 piastres, in June, 1232, though the mess had ceased to supply butter, and thereafter the monthly charge was anything up to 15 liras, apart from personal expenses. As we drew only our 7 liras or so from the Government, and through the Embassy 5 liras a month (raised in February, 1918, to 7 and in September to 12 liras), it will be seen that income unaided by private remittances could not cover the cost of living. Parcels, when they reached us, were more than welcome, and though there were occasional supper parties and picnics to celebrate divers occasions, a proposed old Wellingtonian dinner fell through owing to a temporary dearth of drinkables in the town ! Life in general was of a Spartan simplicity, and the caterer's job was an invidious one. In July a letter was sent to Colonel Zia Bey requesting that we should be supplied with certain necessities such as firewood, oil, and meat at government rates, or that, failing this, we should be moved to some other camp where prices ruled less high; but before an answer was received an event occurred which altogether changed our prospects.

Fateh Bey had left Kastamuni on August 1—it is true that the motor in which he proudly set out broke down a few miles out and he had to

come back and charter the humble araba, but still he was gone, and Sherif Bey was left in command pending the arrival of a new Commandant. On the night of August 7 a big fire occurred in the town, and most of us had a wakeful time of it watching the blaze down on the river front and listening to the rifle and revolver shots which as usual were going off in all directions. On the following night Sweet, Keeling, Tipton, and Bishop escaped.

A scheme for an escape on a large scale had been brewing for some time, and various inhabitants of the town had been approached with a view to their giving assistance, but after a considerable amount of money had been paid over to these people without any satisfaction, except on their part, the thing was found to be hopeless and was abandoned. Only a few of the more ardent spirits persevered, and in the backs of shops or in the dressing-room of the Turkish bath still interviewed possible helpers, but even then the chances of success seemed so slight that some backed out, one at least who did go went unwillingly, and Sweet was invited in to take the place of another at the very last moment. Their chances of success were indeed infinitesimal. We did not know where the Russians were, but did know that they were a very long way off; we had no idea what Turkish forces might be between us and the Russian lines, but had been assured that the country was infested by outlaws whose attitude towards stray foreigners would probably be not too friendly; to make one's way to the Black Sea coast, without a proper map, and to pick up a boat which had been arranged for with a native in Kastamuni was a difficult thing enough in itself and assumed a good faith on the native's part which experience gave one no warrant to expect; even if the boat were found, the position of four amateur sailors adrift on the Black Sea was not likely to be an enviable one. It required a high degree of optimism as well as pluck to make the attempt so handicapped by circumstances; the four adventurers, however, had formed their plans as carefully as possible, had laid in portable provisions for three weeks' trek, had secured compasses, etc., and a sail for the expected boat, and on the night of the 8th Sweet went down to dine at the lower house, and about 10 o'clock they slipped out of the house and passed the sleepy poster on guard. Unluckily—for otherwise they might well have been away two or three days before their absence had been noticed—an orderly, who had piloted them out, was sent back to fetch a watch that had been left behind and on his way ran into the patrol. He escaped into the house, but the alarm was given, Sherif Bey was roused, and a search through the lower houses soon betrayed the fact that three officers were missing. Sherif then went up to the Gurkha's house, where on his first count he made the tally correct, but afterwards discovered that Sweet's bed contained only a dummy. By the time he reached the school-house the unfortunate Captain of the Guard was almost beside himself with excitement—he woke up one

perfectly innocent sleeper with the demand, " Où sont les officiers? Il n'y a pas quatre camarades!" and threatened all sorts of penalties if the whereabouts of the runaways were not disclosed. Early in the morning shots were heard, and the rumour went round the camp that the escapees had been caught, but in spite of Sherif's assertions that we should see them back before the day was out, the patrols sent out in every direction failed to find any trace of them. Naturally the precaution against further attempts at escape were very stringent. First we were forbidden to go into the town, then only allowed out for an hour a day on the tumulus or in the street in front of the houses, and then no officer was allowed outside the door of his house. Orders came from Stamboul that we were to be kept " under lock " and that all recreation must take place inside the houses. Sentries were doubled, and at night the houses were closely picketed with *postas* who kept each other, and us, awake by discordant songs kept up to all hours; the band, of course, was automatically squashed, as there was no communication between the houses, chapel services came to a like end (later, as a concession, the Padre was allowed to visit the several houses in turn to hold services there), and generally everything was done that could make our lives a burden. After a period of this close confinement regulations were so far relaxed that we were allowed to walk up and down outside the houses, a total range of a hundred yards, under guard, for one hour in the morning and one in the afternoon, and later on, after Colonel Zia Bey's second visit, chapel services were recommenced and games again allowed, though even so communication between houses was so far as possible prevented; in practice these rules were enlarged and walks in the neighbourhood of the town were indulged in, but for the rest of our stay at Kastamuni our condition was a thoroughly uncomfortable one, and the prospect of any change was welcomed as sure to be for the better. Meanwhile the wildest reports came both from official and unofficial sources regarding the fate of the escapees—some had a spice of truth in them, some were absolutely unfounded, but all were contradictory. *Mastik* published a summary of these under the title " What is Truth ?" in which the stories told by Sherif Bey and by the interpreters, by well-informed townsfolk and by the posters of the guard, declared that the escapees were alive and that they were dead, that they had been sighted north, south, east, and west of Kastamuni, and that they had not been seen at all, that they were safely in Russia and that they were being brought into Kastamuni on the morrow under guard. Imaginative as the rumours were, none were so far-fetched as the truth which they all missed.

On August 18 Fateh Bey returned. It appeared that he had started for Angora without official orders and was sent back in disgrace, the more so in that he had been caught trying to carry letters from some of us to Indian officers at Eskishehir. Now he remained in seclusion and Sherif

Bey continued to play the part of acting Commandant without reference to his former superior. On September 1 Zia Bey arrived, but in a mood very different from what he had shown on his first visit, and though, as said above, some concessions were made, as indeed was necessary for reasons of health, the general stringency of the new régime was only enforced. In answer to Colonel Annesley's questions he assured us that there was not the least chance of our being moved elsewhere, and as regards the cost of living and the difficulty of obtaining supplies said that we were lucky to be in Kastamuni, where prices were far lower than elsewhere, and advised us to make what preparations we could for the winter. Acting on this assurance the mess secretaries began to purchase large supplies, especially of firewood, and, shut up as we were, officers were not sorry to get physical exercise by chopping and sawing up logs all day long. The Padre also got permission to finish the cemetery wall, and we spun out this work as long as we could so as to have an outing on the hill.

On September 6 Mousley and Greenwood left us, going to Stamboul for hospital treatment. It had always been one of our most serious grievances that though we had a British medical officer in the camp in the person of Martin, we were entirely without drugs and hospital appliances. Applications for these were made in vain to the Turks. Invoices came to us of splendid consignments of medical stores *en route* from England (sent by Mrs. Bromley-Davenport's Fund), but none of these were ever allowed to reach us. Our sick had to be put in the Turkish hospital, where there were practically no drugs, attendance was nil, and lice and bugs swarmed. Martin could visit the hospital, but this was of little use when no prescription could be made up—a few simple things could at first be bought in the town, but the local chemists had very small stocks at the outset and later could not replenish them; had there been, therefore, anything in the nature of an epidemic our position would have been very serious, and it was most fortunate that the climate was so good and the general health of the prisoners satisfactory. During the winter 1916–17 there was a lot of typhus in the town, and every day two or three or even half a dozen funerals passed the school-house on their way up to the cemetery, and one seemed never out of hearing of the howls of the hired mourners and the deep chant of the black-bearded and black-hatted Greek priests; but the infection somehow did not spread to us, and when warm weather set in the epidemic more or less died out.

Another great trouble was with teeth. Hardship in Kut and the unaccustomed diet of Kastamuni had played havoc with people's mouths, and practically everyone stood in need of treatment. There was one dentist in the town, a Greek refugee from the coast, whom we were allowed to visit. He meant well, but was neither very skilful nor at all

cleanly. His one panacea was crowning—it might be said of him as of Chaucer's Physician that

> Gold in physick is a cordial,
> Therefore he loved gold in special,

for, whatever ailed your tooth, his one idea was to turn it into a yellow fang of the most abnormal size. His instruments were few, and so there were many operations which he could not even attempt; at the time we forgave his dirtiness and paid his exorbitant charges almost cheerfully, but most of us regret now that we ever had to submit to his bungling. Incidentally he was a man of the most fertile imagination, and his victim of the moment was usually regaled with a selection of most marvellous rumours told in a mixture of Greek and Turkish and fragmentary French.

It was the dentist who on September 11 announced that we were all going to be transferred to Changri, and the story was confirmed by the *postas*. All agreed that it was a rotten place, so we were relieved when the next day our new Commandant, Sami Bey, arrived and categorically denied the rumour. He said that no move was contemplated at all, and that even if subsequently one were decided upon we should remain at Kastamuni for another month at least. On September 13 he told us that we were to start for Changri in seven days' time.

Two days after this the last story which Sherif Bey had told us about the four escaped officers (and which we had profoundly disbelieved) was proved true by the arrival of Sweet in Kastamuni. On September 17 he was solemnly paraded round the town and in front of our quarters, escorted by an officer and eight mounted gendarmes. He seemed cheery enough, and called out to us that escaping was " as easy as falling off a log " (a statement which hardly agreed with the fact of his recapture), and that he was going for trial to Angora. That was the last we saw of him, but while we were at Angora two letters from him were smuggled through to Colonel Taylor. On reaching Angora Sweet had been put in the common jail, into a small and filthy cell which he shared with four condemned murderers who were waiting in chains the day of their execution; when the day came for each, he would be hauled out by the guard after a free fight, and his place taken by a fresh criminal. For two months Sweet was kept here, fed on bread and water, allowed no letters or money, and not even water to wash in—his only amusements were the hopeless task of counting vermin and listening to the life stories of his fellow-prisoners. He was supposed to be waiting for his court martial, but actually this never took place: suddenly he was taken out and sent to the Yuzgad camp. Here, nine months later, he died of influenza.

CHAPTER II

THE MOVE TO CHANGRI

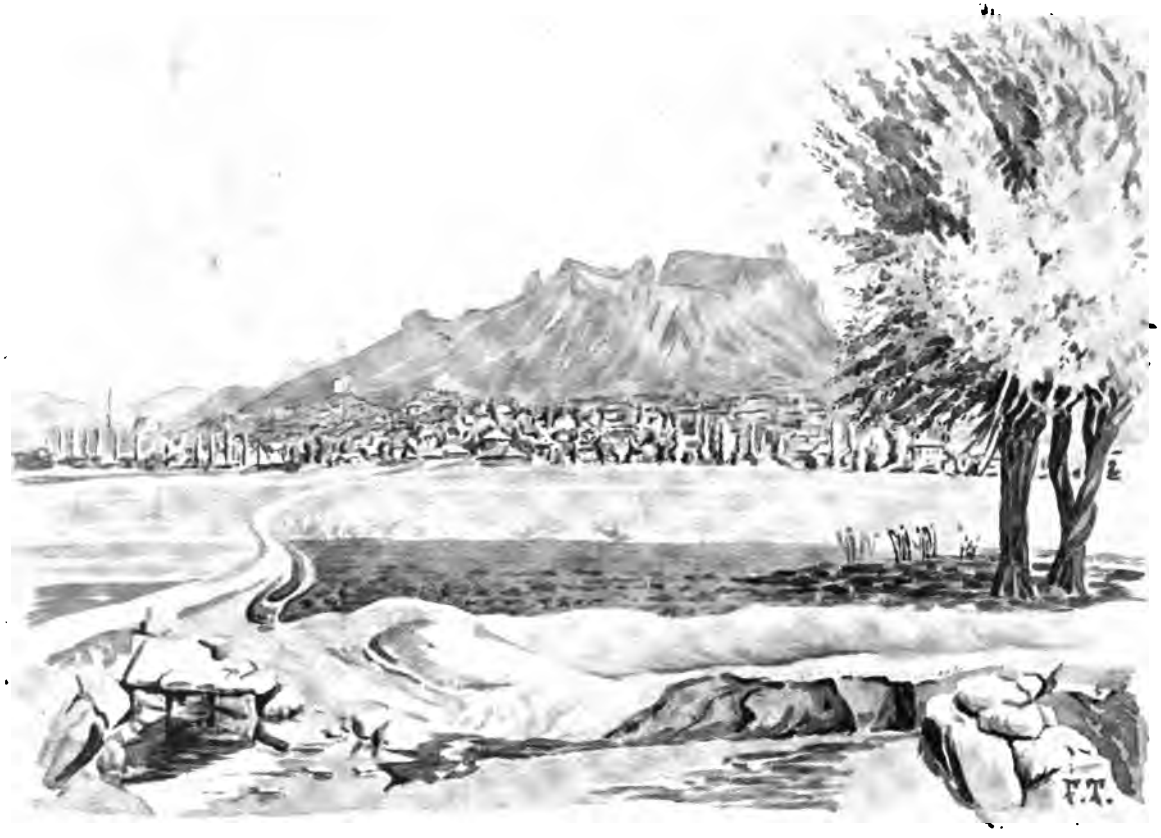
AS usual, the question of transport proved the source of worries and confusion unlimited. One would have supposed that it would be a simple thing for the military authorities to work out the amount of transport required and then indent for it in the usual way. There was no lack of animals and carts which could be hired, or commandeered, and in a country under martial law the civil powers would not have been thought able or anxious to raise difficulties. But that is not the way in Turkey. We were told to take all our belongings with us and to hand in an estimate of the number of carts and animals we should want—this was done and our minimum demand was apparently agreed to, but when it came to the point the transport which the Turks proposed to give us was an ever-changing quantity and never bore any relation to the figures we had submitted. When their maximum offer was rather less than half of our minimum demand, Colonel Annesley struck—he went down to the Commandant's office, and, exchanging his usual bland and bantering manner for an explosion of really genuine and very freely expressed rage, so frightened them that, pawing his shoulders and begging him to sit down and not shout, the Commandant and his staff agreed to let us go in two parties, each utilising the whole of the available transport. Then the date of the move was constantly altered—we would be warned to move the next morning, and twelve hours before the start was due it would be indefinitely postponed, so that the kitchen staffs which had to provide cooked food for a three or four days' trek had more than once to do all their work over again. At last, however, it did seem fairly certain that the School-House and Colonel Pocock's House would move together on September 27, leaving the Lower Houses to follow later. Everything was dismantled and packed up ready for the start, and we were therefore the more surprised when early in the morning of September 27 the transport actually began to collect outside the house. Of course the tally was short—19 carts and 175 mules instead of 23 carts and 195 mules—but it was now too late to protest, and we piled up as much stuff as we could on the carts and beasts, but masses of valuable wood, chairs, tables, and shelving still remained heaped up by the school-house door long after the drivers' protests had carried the day and the loads

had been declared complete; there was no help for it, and to the Greek vultures gathered round we had to sell, for a nominal sum, no small proportion of the furniture which we had so laboriously collected and would now have to replace at greater cost in our new camp. It is useless to attempt to describe the confusion or account for the delays which Turkish orders, counter-orders, and disorders always introduce into the job of loading up a convoy; we had started at about 8 a.m. with all our kit laid out in cartloads and muleloads, but it was 1.30 p.m. before the party set off and filed past the lower houses and out of the town. As protection against the brigands in the hills some 500 soldiers had been sent from Angora, of whom 150 accompanied the convoy under the command of a violent-tempered, hatchet-faced captain nicknamed Haiwan Effendi, while the remainder picketed the heights along the road. Just outside the town a halt was called and Sherif Bey held a roll-call; he wanted everyone to march regularly in fours between files of Turks, but was told that nothing of the sort would be done and so did not insist, but said he would relax the rule if all promised not to try to escape *en route;* most were agreeable, some refused to pledge themselves and were threatened with all sorts of pains and penalties, but nothing, of course, was done, and we all walked along much as we liked, only keeping to the main road and not straggling. Haiwan Effendi took advantage of the halt to call up an ombashi who had displeased him and to cut his face open with a few slashes with his riding-whip and to kick soundly one of the askars; then we went on again. The carts mostly kept ahead, and soon the road was littered with stove-pipes, bed poles, and any other of our gear which had been carelessly roped by the carters or was jettisoned by them from what they thought too heavy a load; at first we tried to retrieve things, but the task grew too big for us and we resigned ourselves almost with amusement to the steadily growing loss. Camp was reached soon after dusk, by a khan on the foot-hills fifteen miles out; the party was promptly shut in by a ring of soldiers and prevented from collecting firewood or even, for a long while, from unpacking the kit required for the night, so one had to doss down after a poor dinner to a chilly sleep. The next day's trek was a long one, of thirty miles, almost all done on foot and aggravated by the fact that having given orders for a ten minutes' halt at about 11 a.m. Haiwan Effendi decided to lunch and kept us waiting for the best part of an hour, and having arranged an hour's lunch-halt for us on the summit of the pass bustled us along after fifteen minutes, so that we had to eat while walking along, and then, three-quarters of an hour later, kept us waiting for thirty minutes while he had coffee in a roadside khan. Naturally we arrived at our camping-ground pretty tired, but not so tired as our escort, who kept dropping in in ones and twos until past midnight, each fresh arrival being severally and individually reviled by their C.O. (who had travelled in a carriage). It was 11 o'clock before we had had supper

and could turn in, not a little comforted to hear that Sherif Bey, who was now taking over command, had arranged to do the remaining thirty miles in two marches instead of one as originally proposed. The next day was uneventful. On September 30, when we were nearing Changri, Sherif Bey drove on ahead with Colonel Annesley and Atkins to allot rooms in the barracks which we were to occupy, and we went on to the town. After a number of halts, apparently intended to give the military Commandant of the town time to wake up and get out to see us, we passed through Changri, and having left the houses a mile behind reached the barracks building, and with it despair.

It was a big two-story building enclosing a courtyard fifty feet by seventy. The discoloured plaster had peeled in great patches from the walls, disclosing the laths beneath; the roofs gaped where the broken tiles had slipped to the ground; in only a few of the many windows was there any glass; and the wooden shutters, where they had not fallen off altogether, hung disconsolate and awry by one rusted hasp. The quadrangle was deep in manure varied and pungent; near the entrance was an iron standpipe whence a jet of water fell into a wooden trough and escaped thence to stir the black slime of an open ditch which zigzagged right across the yard. It was a case for laughter or for tears, and we stood and laughed at that dismal ruin which was to be our home until, grimly informed by Colonel Annesley that our rooms had been allotted to us, we realised that there might be worse to come.

The Colonel had a small stone-flagged room to himself; the rest of us were herded twenty or thirty together in long barrack rooms which had a paved alleyway down the middle and on each side, separated from the alley by rifle-racks, a narrow space having a raised wooden floor, just wide enough to take a bedstead and leave two feet between it and the lockers that ran along the wall: with our numbers, there was a floor allowance of nearly a foot between beds. The whole place was filthy beyond description. In the upper rooms goats and fowls had been kept, horses on the ground floor, and from the stables which formed the basement further but not fresh odours rose between the ill-fitting floor planks. In our bedrooms the floors, racks, and lockers were caked with dry mud and ancient manure, the lockers revealed a collection of rubbish and offal that bespoke too well the habits of Turkish soldiery, and through the unglazed windows the wind brought in the fœtid air of the courtyard. We were shown our kitchen, a long basement room, most of it giving barely head-room, with four open chimneys at its far end—it was in use as a cow-and-goat stable, the floor was six inches deep in dung, and alive with fleas; by a stroke of genius the architect had made the whole courtyard and half the roof drain straight to the ramp which formed its entrance, so that in winter the " kitchen " floor was more than ankle deep in mud and rainwater. Latrines there were, but not for publication.



CHANGRI TOWN AND CASTLE: VIEW FROM THE BARRACKS FIELD.

To face p. 46.

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There was no washing accommodation, other than the standpipe in the yard, and this water, which came from an open ditch below the town where the women washed their clothes and their persons promiscuously, was so bad that if boiled it left a thick, horrid-tasting scum, if used for washing prevented any soap from lathering, left a grey, salty sediment on clothes, and made sores on the skin. Decent water had to be fetched in pails (by us) from a spring three-quarters of an hour distant. Later on the Turkish doctor in the town told us that there was no known kind of infectious disease which had not raged in the barracks; one room particularly he advised us to avoid, as its last occupants had died of plague and it had not been disinfected since. The barracks had before the war been condemned as unfit for human occupation: some French prisoners from the Dardanelles had been interned here, and sixty graves on the hillside close by testified to its healthiness. But as the afternoon was already well advanced we had on this first night to do our best with the brackish water of the standpipe, and as there was no messroom we set up tables in the open, started field kitchens, and sat down to our meal in the dung-carpeted square amongst the outspanned waggons. We had scarcely grumbled at the presence of fowls, and geese foraging in the drain, and horses in the stables or tethered round the walls; but when a herd of cattle was driven through into our kitchen we did protest in vain, and the climax of the ridiculous was reached when, as we started dinner, a flock of about a hundred sheep and goats invaded the quadrangle, nosed round our tables and were shoo'd from our beds. No remonstrances could rid us of our farmyard friends, and so, though some officers braved their company in the open, most preferred to steel their nerves and spend the night in the upstairs rooms.

The next few days were one long round of cleaning. Each mess did its best with its allotted share of bedroom, and a long room on the ground floor, intended as a general mess, was the comic scene of a special fatigue. The Field Officers came before, scraping the worst dung off the floor with bits of wood, the orderlies followed after with scrubbing brushes and pails, and in the midst were the junior officers sweeping up the first-fruits and giving a preliminary swab to the residue of beastliness. The room was no sooner done than we were told that it was not to be used, and a smaller square room was given us on the opposite side of the barracks; when this was fairly clean there was another change and a third room had to be scoured out; by the time the second party arrived we had—through no good-will of our own—cleaned up after a fashion most of that Augean stable. It was the smelliest and the dirtiest job, the humour of which wore off only too soon, and though we did secure more space by the simple experiment of bursting open rooms, dumping our kit in them and refusing to clear out again, the extra scraping and scrubbing involved made us almost loath to do so, and we were more than thankful to think at last that there was

nothing left to clean. Some Turkish askars were sent into the kitchen to dig out the manure, but they were literally driven out and refused to work there, spending the rest of the day picking the fleas out of their trousers.

On the first day the town military Commandant turned up to inspect, and declared that the place was ideal for us and the accommodation ample. When it was objected that the water was impossible, firewood hardly to be obtained, and meat not obtainable at all, he said that we must fend for ourselves, since he at any rate was not going to help us—nor would he have the animals removed from the building; seeing that we were only assigned half of it and the Government must make what use it thought fit of the rest. (It appeared later that he had rented the empty building to a local farmer for his own profit !)

On October 2 Colonel Annesley sent off telegrams to Sami Bey at Kastamuni, trying to stop the second party from starting, and to the Dutch Minister at Constantinople protesting against our condition; and to Osman Bey, G.O.C. Army Corps at Angora, he sent what was probably the most forcible letter ever despatched by a prisoner of war to his captors The letter ran as follows:

KIANGHRI,
October 1, 1917.

SIR,

I arrived here yesterday with half the British officers and men from Kastamuni under Captain Sherif Bey. I find that the barracks which have been allotted for our accommodation are in a thoroughly disgraceful, insanitary, and filthy condition; and could never be made suitable for officers of any nation. I have seen the Commandant of the town, who informs me that these barracks were inspected and selected by you some twenty days ago. I could never have believed that any Government of a civilised country would have insulted another nation in the manner that the British nation has now been insulted, and I feel convinced that H.E. Enver Pasha would never permit British officers to enter and be housed in such a filthy and unhealthy building as the Kianghri Barracks. The chief defects are:

1. Insufficient space. Officers are as many as eighteen and twenty-two in a room, and their beds actually touch each other. At present many of the officers prefer to sleep outside, but they cannot continue to do so with winter coming on. The greater number of the windows are without glass.

2. No rooms had been allotted as dining-rooms, but this morning the Commandant of the town has given permission for two empty barrack rooms to be used for this purpose. These rooms have no glass in the windows.

ANGORA: VIEW FROM THE BARRACKS.

To face p. 48.

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3. There is no drinking-water in the barracks: it has to be brought from the town in carts. We have been here over twenty-four hours now and no drinking-water has yet been supplied.

4. The place that has been set aside as a kitchen is used as a stable: the floor is covered with manure and the stench is abominable. If our food is cooked in this place the officers are sure to become ill.

5. No place has been set aside where the officers can wash and bathe.

6. Horses are stabled below many of the rooms, which renders them most insanitary. Sheep are kept in the barrack square during the night, so that the whole square is covered with sheep-dung. It is in this square that many of the officers are now sleeping and eating.

7. There is a filthy drain running through the barrack square, which is sure to cause sickness.

8. No room has been allotted for a church, to which we have every right.

9. All the rooms are at present uninhabitable owing to their dirty condition, and before officers can live in them they will have to be thoroughly scrubbed. The same remark applies to the latrines.

It having apparently been decided by you twenty days ago that we were to be placed in these barracks, there has been plenty of time to have had all the rooms and latrines thoroughly cleaned, the barrack square cleared of sheep and swept, and for drinking-water to have been here on our arrival. As it is, nothing has been done except to put in a few window-panes. Nothing, however, could make the barracks proper for European officers, and, as I told the Commandant this morning, they are not fit even for criminals. All the Turkish officials whom we have met have impressed upon us the fact (?) that we are to be treated like guests; now we are being treated worse than ordinary civil prisoners are treated by any civilised nation.

I therefore demand in the name of the British Government that steps be at once taken by you to have us removed to some other town where accommodation suitable for officers can be provided, and that in the meantime the second party be ordered to remain in Kastamuni. In order that this may be done and that H.E. Enver Pasha may be made fully acquainted with our disgraceful treatment I must also demand that this letter be forwarded by you in original to the Ministry of War. I am handing it over to Captain Sherif Bey, and I am warning him that he is responsible to the British Government that the letter

is duly sent to you. In the same way the Government will hold you responsible that the letter is delivered immediately to the Ministry of War. Should no notice be taken of this representation and should we be kept here for any length of time, the whole circumstances of the case will be reported to the British Government at the end of the war, and every officer here will make it his duty to let the facts be known to every nation. The officers look to you as the Army Corps Commander to see that justice is done, and done speedily.

(*Signed*) A. ANNESLEY.

The telegram sent to the Dutch Minister embodied the substance of the above letter and informed him that the letter had been written and was to be forwarded by Osman Bey to Constantinople; he was asked to warn the Ministry of War that it was to be expected. Sherif Bey, who seemed quite to sympathise with our view of the matter, duly despatched both letter and telegram the same evening.

On October 3 a Turkish officer on Osman Bey's staff, chancing to pass by Changri, came to see us, and was really horrified by the state in which we were living; so not only did he assign us some extra rooms (which, of course, had to be cleaned), but allowed us to walk in the flat field outside the barrack gates—for hitherto we had been confined to the courtyard—and he suggested the possibility of our being billeted on houses in the town. He also carried back with him to Angora a second copy of the S.O.'s letter to the Army Corps Commander, and promised to make an independent report to him as well.

The next few days were spent in carrying out the new moves and extensions and in the weary and never-ending work of cleaning up. With the help of blankets and ground sheets the long dormitories were partitioned off into cubicles containing each two or three officers, and thereby a certain degree of privacy and comfort was attained, though in those echoing draughty rooms neither quality could ever be conspicuous. The carpenters were busy too, replacing the furniture we had left behind at Kastamuni or *en route*, though as a plank cost 40 or 45 pts. our orders had to be reduced to the bare minimum. Cooking continued to be done out of doors. Food was a great difficulty, as prices were high and supplies scanty. A secretary-chawish on the Commandant's staff who had arrived at Changri before us had gone round the market advising people to put up prices against us, and so on our arrival we found that many things were 50 per cent. dearer than they had been a few days before, and the maximum prices that had ever been reached at Kastamuni had been taken as the standard for Changri. We retaliated by forming a Food Committee, presided over by Major Anderson, which drew up a list of values based on those in vogue before

our coming and enforced a boycott of local dealers who exceeded this; butter, honey, mastik, cognac, cheese, and fruit, were all put under the Committee's ban, and many were the searchings of heart occasioned thereby, some officers preferring their own comfort to the common weal. The butter and honey difficulty was met by the school-house kitchen making jam on a wholesale scale and selling it to officers. The attempt to enforce solidarity in the matter of liquors was a special grievance with those who were out for drinks at any price, but though a few did earn unpopularity as blacklegs the boycott worked in time and prices came down quite a lot. *Mastik* attempted to voice the situation thus:

"Siccis omnia nam dura deus proposuit, neque mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines."

"Heaven heaps up every kind of grief
For those who stint a thirsty throttle,
And carking care gets no relief
Save from the bottle."

So Horace sang. The genial poet
Found life untroubled by a ripple
Of care, and had the sense to know it
Was thanks to tipple.

Then shall *we* pine? The Food Committee,
As parsimonious as 'tis drastic,
Has placed, without regard or pity,
Its ban on mastik!

But why dispute o'er price and measure,
Distinguish kilograms from okas?
Would they for that deprive of pleasure
Us hardened soakers?

No, we'll not have the source of bonhomie,
The fountain of content and joy, cut!
We'll drink damnation to economy
And bust their boycott!

As a matter of fact the drink question did end more or less in a compromise, for though the price per oka was reduced the Changri oka was really a kilogram—considerably smaller, therefore, than the oka of Kastamuni; and so, though in the end we nominally paid the same, we were really getting less for our money.

On October 10 we heard that Osman Bey was coming over from Angora to inspect us, and great was the excitement. All the askars available were set to work by Sherif to clean up the more obvious filth of the barrack yard and to cover over its pestilential drain—and, greatest wonder of all, a water cart was produced to fetch our drinking-water.

It was only an ordinary cart whereon was balanced a barrel leaking at every joint which the askars filled up with the foul water of the standpipe and left in the yard as a monument of Turkish efficiency, but still it did show that something might eventually be done. As was to be expected, the Corps Commander, who had left Angora in a motor, did not arrive that evening: the car broke down on the road, and it was a very weary general who in the small hours trailed in to Changri on a commandeered horse. When he saw Colonel Annesley in the morning the object of his visit became clear: it was to get altered into a form less compromising for himself the wording of the letter which he had to forward to Enver Pasha; but though he promised all sorts of improvements and vowed he would not go away until all the officers had declared their complete satisfaction with their quarters, the Colonel stood firm and the Turk went off, therefore, the next day but one without having even inspected us. However, his visit was not without effect. He could not get us moved from Changri, and a visit to the town showed that billets could not be found except in government buildings which the Turks were not prepared to sacrifice; but we were now allowed out at all hours in the field in front of the barracks and could use the field behind the building for football, and we took over practically all the rooms in the barracks—even that one from which we had been warned off at first because it had never been disinfected since its last occupants died of plague! Moreover, some time later, the Turks re-whitewashed the outer walls of the barracks and even produced glass for the windows. The greatest benefit resulting from Osman Bey's visit was an arrangement made with the Belediya (commonly known as " Bedelia ") whereby we were supplied daily with all the meat we wanted, at current rates, and got large though irregular stocks of firewood at a price considerably less than we should have paid in the open market; the fact was that the ring formed against us by the dealers was being felt by the townspeople too, and the Mayor was quite well pleased to defeat the " accapparateurs."

During Osman's visit, on October 11, the remaining officers and men turned up from Kastamuni. Like the first party they had had insufficient transport (loud were the howls directed against the two carts appropriated to transport of chapel furniture!) and rotten weather, making the trek far from agreeable, while several had had nearly all their kit stolen by the soldiers who up to the last day had formed their escort. One delightfully Turkish incident had relieved the staleness of their march. As the convoy came over the mountain pass shots were heard ahead. English officers and Turkish askars alike all ran in to see what was amiss and learnt that the advance guard had had a brush with brigands. One of these had been caught unwounded, another had been shot through both cheeks and lay groaning on the road. Martin was called upon to apply field dressings, and the wretched man was then kicked to his feet and made to

march along under a strong guard. The excitement of the English changed to laughter when it was discovered that the " brigand " was really a harmless soldier going back home from the front on leave! But the Turks only kicked him again for having given a false alarm, and didn't seem at all worried at having spoiled his holiday.

The scene when the second party reached the barracks was really rather funny—they could not find expressions strong enough to express their feelings at the beastliness of the place, while the first arrivals were as volubly describing all the work they had done to make it as nice as it was—really it had been transformed, but even so it could not strike the newcomer as other than a horrid ruin.

The first party shifted their messroom for the fourth time, and everyone settled down in his allotted space—the librarians began to get the books set out, Padre Spooner found volunteers to help him clean and instal the new chapel, and Parsons got up a band of six instruments to play the church services.

It is worth remarking that the mail of October 9 brought no letters at all, that of October 12 two letters only (one of November and one of December, 1916), whereas a book which came on October 12 was sent off from England late in August, 1917.

On October 15 the Commandant posted up a copy of a letter received from Enver Pasha which stated that our move from Kastamuni was due to the escape of the three officers from there, and that should any others make a like attempt we should be shifted again " to a room prepared for us in a remote village in the middle of Anatolia." Our present conditions, do what we might to improve them, were bad enough; the prospect of winter transforming the whole place into a quagmire was none too pleasant, and the Mayor informed us that soon neither meat nor firewood would be obtainable; the threat to move us to worse quarters still was therefore a serious matter. The chances of escape from Changri, where we were pretty strictly guarded, were infinitesimal, and, in view of the hardship it would entail on the rest, Colonel Annesley asked all officers to give him their word not to run away. Most were willing to do so, but a minority objected, so the S.O. modified his request to the extent of officers being asked to promise not to attempt escape pending a decision of the War Office, before which he was laying the facts by means of a code communication. To this nearly all agreed, but there was a great deal of heated discussion on the point and off it, and feelings were running high when on October 25 a telegram from Enver Pasha put a new complexion on affairs. The Turkish generalissimo promised that all officers who would give their word not to escape should be transferred " to suitable camps " (admitting thereby that Changri was *not* suitable); the fate of those who would not give the required undertaking was not stated. Again there was furious discussion for and against the proposal, and a good many

who had been willing to give their promise to the Colonel refused to do so to the Turks. In the interests of those whose health was most likely to suffer by the conditions of Changri, Colonel Annesley was anxious to secure general agreement and a move for the whole party together, but this he could not effect, so he drew up a " form of words ": " On condition that I am moved to a good camp and receive accommodation suitable for officers, with reasonable liberty, I hereby give my word of honour not to attempt to escape while I am a prisoner of war in Turkey," and to this form seventy-seven of our number subscribed and forty-three continued to object. A few of the non-jurors really intended to escape (and afterwards when at Yuzgat made this intention good as far as they could), more were doubtful as to the propriety of the undertaking; the jurors were content to accept the S.O.'s opinion on the latter point, and considering that the chance of escape was negligible and that the promise would not therefore prejudice their action, were anxious to get such conditions as would be best for health and well-being. Each party might well have done justice to the other's motives, but the irksomeness of imprisonment had so far set nerves on edge that there was at first a good deal of rancour in the disputes between them, and it was lucky that some time elapsed before anything resulted from the undertaking and so feelings could quieten down and we could separate with regret untainted by the old recriminations.

By October 24 the old school-house mess had under threat of bad weather moved its cooking-range down into the unsavoury cellar miscalled kitchen, but as the space there was clearly insufficient for all the messes the 7th Gurkhas got permission to build a shed in the courtyard and some of the smaller messes utilised corners of stairways and passages. The Gurkhas set valiantly to work brickmaking and stonelaying, but the building was never finished. It was at this time that the Turks began to whitewash the barracks (on the *outside!*), and talked of wooden partitions in the sleeping-rooms, and they did start some little while afterwards to glaze the windows.

On November 10 came orders from Enver Pasha that the seventy-seven jurors were to be moved to Kedos. There was great anxiety to know where Kedos was. Sherif Bey told us it was near Smyrna and that we were all going to be lodged in four palatial summer-houses belonging to English residents from Smyrna town: others described Kedos as a squalid town at the edge of beyond, and two, or four, or five days from the railway. A number of competent witnesses were produced, each of whom had himself been to Kedos, and each gave a totally different account of the place; so though it gave occasion to a good deal of fancy betting the information didn't get us much forrader. The last days at Changri were fairly hectic. The football league had to be played off—with the natural result that the final twice resulted in a tie; messes were

being broken up and mess property had to be divided between those who were going and those who were stopping behind; mess secretaries had to prepare food for the trek, and, as this was continually postponed, eat up what had been prepared and start all over again; the orchestra gave a farewell concert and the Padre (who was one of the stayers) preached a farewell sermon. The orderlies celebrated the breaking up of the party by giving a " gaff," which, especially considering the short notice they had, was an excellent performance. Most of the turns were songs (many of them in costume) sung to a banjo accompaniment, but there were also two sketches, one of which, the Village Fire Brigade, with Bandsman Wright as leading lady, was really screamingly funny, and costumes and stage properties were admirable throughout.

CHAPTER III

THE MOVE FROM CHANGRI TO KEDOS

As soon as the move had been decided upon a committee of officers worked out an elaborate scheme of transport to which it was fondly hoped the Turks would conform. The latter promised us forty-three carts, and private indentures were put in for ten more. On November 21 the first carts arrived, and we were told to put our heavy luggage on them—which, as it was raining, we refused to do; and on the following morning the whole transport was reported in. There were thirty-eight carts instead of fifty-three. Colonel Annesley absolutely refused to start unless the full number was provided; we stacked our kit on the ground and waited for the Turks to move. At first the Commandant merely tried to get us off at once: then, when this failed, he sent askars to the town to commandeer transport, and the town Commandant rolled up and discussed the situation. At last two more carts and some mules arrived, and news came of an empty mule convoy returning to Changri from which we could commandeer further animals, so we agreed to go, and at 12.30—two hours and a half after the advertised time—the start was made. Strange to say, we did meet the mule convoy soon afterwards, and by taking what we wanted from them were not so ill provided. At 8.30 we dossed down in the open, near a khan; it started to rain, and a cold and miserable night was followed by a hardly more cheerful day. On the 24th we trudged over unspeakable roads, lifting a large part of Anatolia with every step, and unable to ride much because the carts even without our weight made slow progress; and it was dusk when after a nearly thirty-mile tramp we reached Kalejik, a small town with a ruined castle dominating it from the summit of a precipitous hill. Here we were to be placed under cover, and with the carts all mixed up and blocking the narrow road there was of course hopeless confusion when we tried to extricate our belongings and get them to our several quarters. Perhaps the least lucky were those who were allotted to the hospital—this being full, the patients were merely turned out into the wet, but as they left behind them innumerable smaller occupants our officers were fain to sleep out of doors too.

We were supposed to start at 8 a.m. the next morning, and were ready punctually; but Sherif Bey, in the kindness of his heart, insisted

on supplying us with cigarettes, and kept us waiting for two hours in the cold until they were forthcoming. We crossed the mountain range and camped in an orchard, prepared to make an early start, for Sherif Bey told us that we had to be by 2.30 at Angora station, where a meal would be provided and a train would take us at 5 p.m. to Eskishehir. Arriving at the station at 2 p.m. we were told to put such kit as we didn't want into trucks, but to keep the rest on the carts, as we were, after all, only to entrain at noon next day; there was no meal at the station, but we were to get fed at the Officers' Club at 6 p.m. The quarters to which we were taken were at the military hospital the other side of the town—a new and clean building, but with no kitchens—where we dossed down on the floor, twenty in a room. The " next day's " start was postponed daily. We had meals—poor ones—at the Officers' Club or cooked them over sigris in the open up at the hospital. In spite of our promise not to escape we were more strictly and vexatiously guarded than before; Sherif Bey was little in evidence, and Osman Bey, the Corps Commander, was not prepared to help us much—he said he would supply stoves for our rooms if we would get the wood, but as wood cost up to 100 pts. a donkey-load the offer was not a generous one.

We saw a good deal of some of the Kut garrison who were at work on the railway. They were being better treated than formerly, or at least were doing better. The Turks only gave them a loaf of bread a day and 10 pts. a month, but they were receiving 4 liras a month from the Dutch Embassy, besides private and fund money and a lot of parcels, including those for the dead, so were really quite well off; a great contrast to what had been the case nine months before.

On December 5 we woke to find three inches of snow, and more falling. While we were at breakfast Sherif Bey came and gave permission for cooking to be done in a dirty little shed close by (it had become impossible to cook out of doors), and arranged to open up more rooms so that we could spread out and be less crowded. Then two doctors arrived to ask after our health. Kit had hardly been shifted into the new quarters when Sherif came again to say that we were to leave by train the same evening. The carts duly turned up for our kit, we got to the station, received a formal (perhaps an ironical) farewell from Osman Bey, and by 8.30 were *en route* for Afion Kara Hissar.

At Eskishehir the train was met by a number of Indian officers from the Kut garrison, who brought us presents of food and drinks—welcome presents, since the journey was far from being a comfortable one. It was bitterly cold, and though in our third-class carriages we were crowded up as tightly as might be it was difficult to keep warm, and impossible to be comfortable. The orderlies were still worse off, for their carriages boasted no glass in the windows, and in the morning the snowdrifts were two feet deep on the carriage floors. As we went

on the weather grew worse, and at Kara Hissar we had to trudge up to the town—carrying all our kit, for there was no transport whatever—through snow six inches to a foot deep. After much dispute the Turks, who at first wanted to crowd us all together into three small dirty rooms, allowed us to camp in a row of Armenian houses whose late owners had been despatched to another world; even so we averaged about eight to a small room, and could scarcely find space to lie down; but close quarters were preferable in that awful cold.

At Afion Kara Hissar there was a large camp of officer prisoners, British, French, and Russian; a few of the first were from Kut, but most from other parts; they were all living together in the quarter where were the houses now assigned to us. Here we stopped, some of us for three weeks—and a miserable three weeks it was. We were not equipped against the bitter weather which lasted throughout our stay—weather when the thermometer would register twenty-seven degrees below freezing-point. Most of our clothes were packed up in our heavy luggage and could not be got at, some even had no bedding at the start, and our quarters were for the most part draughty and ill-built houses with broken windows through which the snow had drifted into heaps on the floor, and loose floors through whose gaping cracks one looked down to the snow in the open basements. Wood was very difficult to obtain at all, and when it did come on the market its price—100 to 140 pts. a donkey-load—was almost beyond our resources. So we had to crouch round charcoal braziers, trying to compromise between the necessary degree of heat and the not less necessary degree of economy, and to take refuge as often as might be in the warmer rooms of the camp's permanent inmates. To them, indeed, we owed a lot—they showed us every hospitality, supplied us with as much firing as they could possibly spare, and lent us money when our own funds ran out. To see new faces and to hear new stories was a great treat which went far to balance the discomfort of our sojourn, but the latter was so great that one could only look forward with impatience to getting away. Rules were strict and vexatious; apart from a walk—always the same walk—twice a week, exercise was confined to the rough and sunless street between the houses, a street which at this season gave one a choice between ice slides and snowdrifts. There were out-of-door roll-calls, and one had to be in one's own house after dusk; the Commandant was a brute, and the naval *postas* were a disobliging crew on the whole; the British rank and file, living in the church, were not allowed to have access to the officers—even Padres Wright and Mu len and the doctors were forbidden to see them—and our doctors were prevented from visiting such sick officers as were sent to hospital. How cold it was can best be illustrated by an experience which shocked one of our messes—the fried eggs served for breakfast had their whites burnt brown all

round, but the yolks were still frozen as hard as pebbles; another day, some eggs were stood in front of a good fire for fifteen minutes and then put for ten minutes in boiling water—the yolks were found frozen in the middle of hard-boiled whites!

We left Afion Kara Hissar in batches. Colonel Cummins went first with the Gurkhas on December 12, Colonel Brown's mess on the 16th, the 76th with a third party on the 21st, while the S. and T. brought up the rear. The station-master assured each lot in turn that he would have provided first-class carriages for them if only he had had a day's notice, tactfully disregarding the fact that he had had notice at least three days before and had only produced third-class carriages and goods trucks—but we were so glad to leave Kara Hissar that any conveyance would have been welcome. But our tribulations were not at an end. When the third party (76th, etc.) reached Ouchak on December 22 they found Colonel Brown's mess still there, lodged in a squalid mud hovel near the station, and, since funds had run out, living on bread and boiled wheat, soldiers' rations which they had been glad to wheedle out of the local Turk. Moreover, the authorities professed themselves quite unable to find transport, and Colonel Cummins from Kedos had sent back word that accommodation there was impossible, and that we had better stop where we were!

Fortunately strong representations by Colonel Brown and Major Rybot resulted in our all being moved to a khan in the town, carts were actually provided to carry up our kit for us, and we settled down in crowded but not uncomfortable quarters. Here on the western slope of the mountains the weather was very different from that of Kara Hissar; there was no snow and as a rule not even a touch of frost; it was indeed a welcome change. On the 24th we were all escorted down to the railway station to be inoculated—they wanted to bath and disinfect us as well, but we objected to this; what the inoculation was for we did not know, nor did the Turks, but we submitted and suffered no ill consequences. At midday orders came that Colonel Brown's mess was to start at once for Kedos—the transport carts had been ready for days, and now that the momentous question had been settled which particular official was to pay for them the sooner the move was made the better, and by 3.30 they were on their way to the new camp.

Christmas Day, therefore, saw us scattered. The Gurkhas were entertained royally by the old Kedos garrison, and the S. and T. shared in the festivities of Kara Hissar; Colonel Brown's mess was trekking through the newly fallen snow, and the 76th having triumphantly cashed a cheque tried to make merry over a dinner, meatless, but with a plum pudding and such liquors as Ouchak could supply. The S. and T. with Colonel Cox's mess arrived during the night of the 26th–27th at Ouchak, and were glad to find that arrangements had been made by which cheques

could be cashed up to a limited amount and some goods got on credit; but this time finances all round were in a parlous state, and for days together some messes had been living on a simple but unsatisfying bread diet.

For the trek from Ouchak to Kedos the experiences of one party will suffice. As usual, we had to start at short notice, and the promised transport turning up short we refused to start at all; then there was a wild scene of askars chasing stray carters through the streets, thrashing them into submission and commandeering their carts amidst the yells of the bystanders. As usual, too, the drivers made all manner of difficulties about the loads, insisting on a minimum weight for each cart, so that we could reserve none for riding, but had to distribute our kit amongst the whole lot. We left the town in a motley procession, trying to salve such of our possessions as fell off the waggons, and were hardly clear of the houses when, on the pretext that an officer put his overcoat on to a cart already too heavily charged, a row started; an orderly knocked the carter down, knives were drawn, the *postas* unshipped their rifles, and things began to look serious, especially as a crowd of women came up and called on the carters not to work for the unbeliever. Major Rybot passed the order for everyone to go on ahead and leave the carts to follow quietly; but we had only gone a little way when a shot was fired behind and the single poster who was with us loaded his rifle and threatened to shoot the first man who moved. However, it was only the bash-chawish firing at a carter who had tried to bolt back to the town, so peace was restored and we went on our way more happily. The carters would not let us ride—they were obviously sore—and in this the posters backed them up, so we tramped on through the dusk and far into the night. Sometimes the orderlies cheered us up with a marching chorus, sometimes the road or short cut was too bad, and we slithered along in silence. One such short cut proved our undoing, for by it we missed the Khan where our carts were already halted; our escort did not know the way, and we went on all through the night. Some had left their coats, most had left their haversacks, on the carts, and of course it rained, and we had little or no food; we halted twice and lit fires to warm ourselves (luckily it was not cold for the season), and for the rest we walked on dog-tired and wet till with the morning we found a khan where we could rest and where later our carts overtook us; in fifteen hours we had walked thirty miles, including a climb over a mountain pass. On December 31 in pelting rain we struggled into Kedos, only too thankful to be greeted with a hot dinner by the party which had preceded us, and not ill pleased to start the new year in a more or less permanent lodging.

CHAPTER IV

EARLY DAYS AT KEDOS

THE history of the early days at Kedos can better be described by the numerous incidents which occurred than by any consecutive story of our existence there. Looking back on the various experiences we have been through there, one is apt now to feel amused at many of the things we had to put up with, and to talk jokingly about them; but it must be remembered that at the time they occurred they were very real grievances, and we should have been extraordinarily surprised to be told that at some future date we should be laughing over them.

The chief cause of our troubles was our Commandant, Habib Nouri Bey, commonly known to us as Dippy, short for Dippy Dick and meaning an obstinate, ill-tempered old Kaimakam, who, rumour had it, once commanded a division on the Erzerum front but had since descended to the station of a Prison Commandant. We gathered from this step down that circumstances did not favour him in the field, and really his mere appearance added force to our surmises. Very short and round-shouldered, with a ragged white moustache, possessing no teeth except a prominent nicotine-stained one in the centre of what should have been his top row, bandy legged—— Enough! Even with such an interesting specimen as this, words fail me. If his features were curious and unprepossessing, his character and moods suffered in the same way, to our alternate anger or amusement. To start with, he was very narrow-minded, still more suspicious, and above all possessed of a temperament as changing and fickle as it would be possible to find anywhere: angry one minute, working up the next to what approached hysterics or threatened a fit of apoplexy, he would calm down with remarkable suddenness, and pat someone on the back, calling him a " bon officier "—some of the few words of his French that we could understand, the remainder being such an appalling mixture of careless and forgotten French intermixed with Turkish as to defy comprehension. His other favourite phrases were " Je suis Commandant du place "—a fact he was unduly proud of; and " Il y a tranquilité dans la garnison?" This latter question when addressed to us invariably called forth trouble, as we would answer in chorus with a loud " Non " and start rolling off our grievances, on which

he usually turned his back and walked off. At other times, when feeling amiable, he would assure us " Je suis comme votre père," which we thanked our lucky stars was not the case.

He was very narrow-minded, even though he may have travelled, commanded a division, been wounded at the Dardanelles (he is very proud of this), been a prisoner in the Balkan War, and above all was an Albanian by birth. All these experiences had not broadened him. You may think we were hard on him, that possibly he possessed some good points: he may have done, but he never on any occasion showed them, and on the whole we were firmly convinced he never had any—though possibly some points that we counted vices are reckoned virtues in Turkey.

With a Commandant like this things did not run smoothly, and difficulties were increased by the fact that the Turkish Government had made absolutely no arrangements for our accommodation in Kedos, except for setting aside a moderately clean barracks and supplying fifty odd *postas* to guard us.

The first arrivals were Captain Spackman and Subadar Umar Khan, who reached Kedos on April 28, 1917. They were followed at short intervals by small batches of recently captured officers from the Bagdad and Palestine fronts, until by the first week of June there were fourteen British and two Indian officers. From then on till November there were with two exceptions no further arrivals.

To give some idea of the conditions existing under the Dippy régime, it would be best to follow one of the parties arriving at Kedos, during their first few days there.

The usual time taken in getting to Kedos from either the Bagdad or Palestine front was from four to six weeks, and during that time we roughed it much more than when actually on service, and suffered especially from living always in the clothes we had on us when captured, and also from lack of opportunities for washing. However, we were constantly encouraged by the yarns which the Turks *en route* were never tired of telling of the delights of the place to which we were going and of the good treatment they always showed to their prisoners. Thus encouraged, and anxious to reach this El Dorado, we pushed on, hoping soon to be in a land of plenty; you can picture, then, our feeling on our arriving at Kedos Barracks, and being greeted by the down-at-heels Dippy and his staff, which included an awe-stricken bash-chaouse who showed his keenness by his constant and untiring reminders that we were before a Kaimakam, and should consequently stand to attention. We later on saw several reasons why this particular chawish performed his duties so indefatigably when in Dippy's presence, for the latter was one of that extremely common type of Turkish officer which is never happy unless bullying or striking some unfortunate askar: and we used to see our Commandant standing on

tiptoe, hammering the bash-chaouse face and nose, all for the most trivial reason, at the same time screaming at him at the top of his voice. The bash-chaouse, who was well disciplined and rumoured to have been Enver Pasha's orderly, stood solemnly to the salute during these outbreaks. He was also the slave of the Commandant, for the latter would frequently when walking up and down shriek for his N.C.O. and order him to bring a light for his cigarette, and woe to the bash-chawish if he did not double all the way.

Our kits were then brought into the summer-house where all fresh arrivals were first introduced, and laid out on the ground. Most prisoners arriving at Kedos had managed to collect a few spare articles of clothing from other English prisoners down the line, but these only the barest necessities; most of us raised a rezai and a spare shirt and socks, and with luck a tooth-brush, and these few articles were rigorously examined by the Turks, who took from us all such things as razors, scissors, cards, writing-paper, or any written documents: our pockets were all searched, and we were pinched and felt all over in case we should be concealing a few Mills bombs or the like about our persons. Why scissors should have been confiscated we never knew, but on seeing a pair in Palmer's kit the Commandant seized them, imagining probably that Palmer would use them to knife the first sentry he saw. Our most serious losses in this line were the Red Cross mufti suits, which some of us had been given at Afian Kara Hissar before going on to Kedos; these Dippy instantly collared. He explained that we were soldiers, not civilians, and consequently did not need them, and also said that the book of rules did not allow prisoners to wear mufti; this was very hard on us, as it left us with only the tunic and shorts in which we had been captured to carry on with. All money in excess of 7 liras was also taken from us, as it was apparently laid down that we might never have on us more than 7 liras at a time; but as very few of us possessed anything approaching this amount, Dippy banked very little on the deal. In one or two cases, when a new arrival had gold on him, the Commandant took the gold, and gave paper in place of it; seeing that gold bought us at least six times as much as paper money, this action was obviously open to severe censure, and probably he too saw this, for later on, just before the arrival of the Inspecting Officer, he returned the gold to its owners.

No interpreter was provided at the camp, but fortunately Spackman could speak a certain amount of Turkish, and always acted as interpreter for the new arrivals.

As soon as all the formal preamble was over, we were allowed to go to the barracks, and join the other prisoners, for up till then, though it might be their exercise hour, they had not been allowed to speak to us.

It did not take us long to sum up the situation, and see that all our hopes of comfort were mere castles in the air. We were led into an

almost empty room, whose sole contents were the small bundles of kit belonging to its other inhabitants, and this room, we were told, would be our future home. True, it was clean, but there was not an atom of furniture in it and no promise of any; what we should have done if we had arrived with no kit at all goodness knows, for the Turks had none to supply us with even temporarily, and the other prisoners certainly had none to spare; luckily most of us had a rezai, and, for the rest, a bed consisted of a rush mat, which could be bought in the bazaar. The Doctor had brought a hammock along with him, and slung it between two pillars, but on seeing this, the Commandant flew into a terrible rage, and ordered it to be taken down, for no reason at all except that there probably was no reference to a hammock in his book of rules. A few days later a clothes-line was stretched between two posts, and a few clothes hung on it; this breach of rules called forth more anger from Dippy, who again ordered it to be taken down, saying that it was unhealthy.

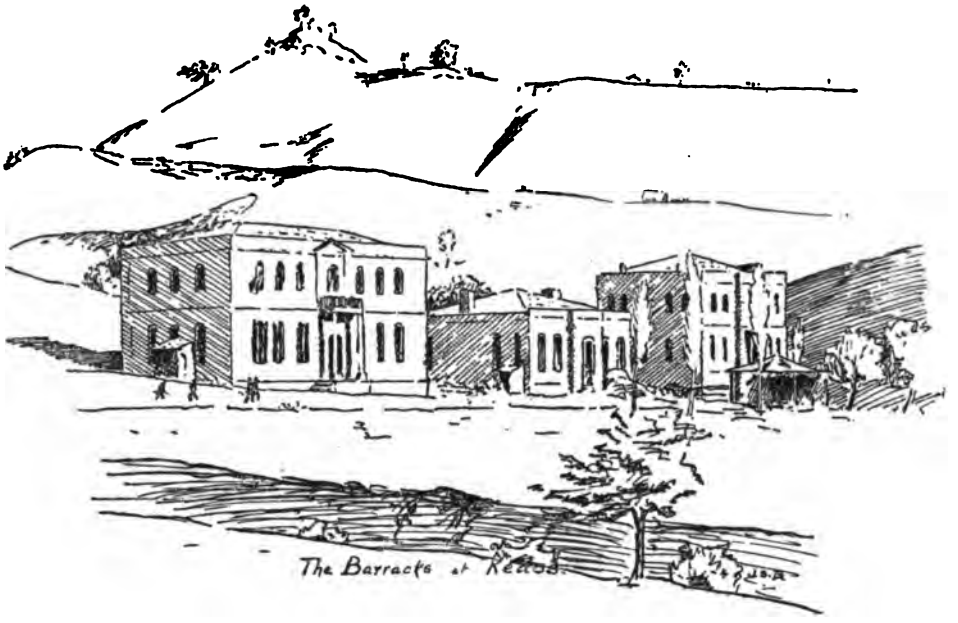
Each of us was allotted a fixed place on the floor, and told that it was forbidden to move our places even by a fraction of an inch, though the room was large enough to hold thirty beds so closely arranged; after sticking a notice over our beds, detailing our names and a few facts about us, and after taking down further particulars and showing remarkable incredulity when we assured them that our fathers' surnames were the same as our own, our hosts moved off, leaving us to have a look round indoors.

The building, which was a solidly built stone structure, originally consisted of one long room above another, but had been partitioned off into two large rooms about thirty feet by fifteen and three smaller rooms, downstairs, while upstairs a corridor ran the entire length, with twelve rooms about twelve feet by nine opening on to it: all the rooms had wooden walls; in fact, the whole building inside was of wood just roughly knocked together. We were placed in one of the big downstair rooms with the others, and all the rest of the building was left empty and the doors carefully locked. When we asked for permission to go upstairs and share a small room between two, we were told that these rooms were intended to hold four each, and were being reserved for Colonels and Generals.

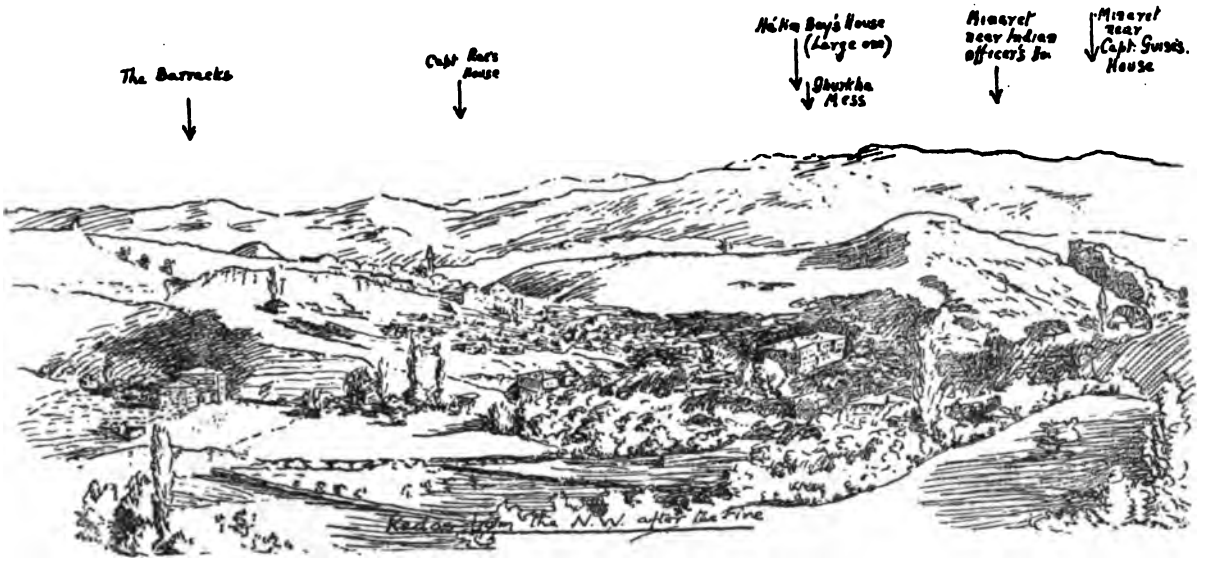
We could not helping smiling at the optimism of the Turkish Army.

Later on the Commandant as a great concession allowed Major Pearson a room upstairs, he being the senior British officer at the time, and Captain Spackman was given leave to share it with him.

We next began to wonder what the cooking arrangements of the place were. We were shown a room in which we discovered a sigri and very few signs of food. The previous arrivals explained to us that the Turks gave us no assistance in supplying either a fireplace or cooking utensils, and that if we wanted cooking-pots we should have to buy them.



KEDOS BARRACKS.



KEDOS: VIEW FROM THE RIVER VALLEY.

This we did by degrees, but as each pot cost several liras, and few of us had more than a few piastres, to fit out a kitchen was a slow and expensive business.

Bread was brought in each day by the posters at 2½ piastres a loaf: anything else we needed we had to buy in the bazaar. Added to our other discomforts was the fact that we had no orderlies or servants, the Commandant considering such luxuries as superfluous. The result was that we had an officers' duty roster, detailing cooks, washers up, and sweepers. We had two on duty *per diem*, and each officer's turn came every fifth day. Passages as well as rooms had to be swept out, and not until they were passed by the Turks as properly clean were we allowed outside.

Our first night at Kedos was not uneventful. Having no candles or lights, prisoners used always to turn in early, somewhere about 7 o'clock. Bed was not an inviting spot, seeing that we only had a mat to lie on and a rezai to cover ourselves with, and no pillows or pyjamas; we used our spare shirt, if we had one, for pyjamas, and for a pillow a tunic folded over our boots was the best substitute we could devise.

Not long after we had turned in the Inspecting Officer came round, as was his duty, to count us, and not finding us standing to attention by our beds, but asleep for the most part, promptly reported us to Dippy, who came in early the following morning in a great rage. From his ravings, for so they appeared to us, we gathered that in future we could not go to bed before the Inspecting Officer had gone his rounds, as he might have to strike matches to see us; but on the other hand we were ordered to get into bed immediately we had been counted. This meant parading in our poor excuses for nightwear, but otherwise was no real hardship as we had nothing to do after 7 o'clock to pass the time. We were also counted in the morning about 8 o'clock.

We were told that reading was " défendu " (so Dippy always described forbidden things, or else as " une mauvaise chose "). There were not many books to read, seeing that they were all taken away from us; luckily, though, some subsequent arrivals brought about twenty books from Afiun Kara Hissar, which, as they fortunately bore the censor mark, we were allowed to keep, and they formed our so-called library for some months until more arrived.

It must be remembered that all this time, while books and papers were all yessak or yok, we had nothing to amuse ourselves with, except for each of us to explain the particulars of our capture, and these interesting facts were soon common property. What worried us chiefly was that we saw no means of conditions being altered for the better, especially with such a Commandant as we had, and incidentally, too, through lack of money. It is not hard to imagine into what sort of state we started to drift, a state which was all the harder to bear with at first

seeing that we had all been used to a strenuous out-of-door life during the last few months on service.

The day after our arrival we suggested to the Commandant that some food might be good for us, and asked leave to go to the bazaar to buy some. The demand somewhat upset him, so he said he would come and inspect our " buffet," as he called the kitchen, and see what food we had there.

Our kitchen consisted of one of the smaller rooms on the ground floor, which served as dining-room too, since Dippy refused to allow us a messroom, or to let us feed in our bedrooms. The kitchen property was then represented by one dekje and a sigri to cook on, together with a small amount of charcoal. We had a low wooden bench, on which the food was prepared, and this was also our table, for we had no chairs, and so had to sit on the ground round the bench, and eat as best we could. The cooking all went on within a yard of us, and the floor, as in most kitchens, was not remarkable for its cleanliness. Luckily most of us had brought a plate, knife, and spoon along with us, which we had managed to procure on the way to Kedos, otherwise we should have had nothing to eat off or with, as such luxuries were not to be purchased in the town in those days. When our mess increased to twelve, we had to feed in two relays, as the bench could only seat six at a time. We tried hard to procure a bigger table, and got as far as making the Commandant find out the price of one for us, but as it came to a matter of 4 liras we had to drop the idea, though all we wanted was a few planks and some tools and we could have made one ourselves for under a lira; but Dippy would not agree to this. Indeed, the Commandant thought his magnanimity in giving us a kitchen separate from our living-room was quite exceptional, and constantly pointed the fact out to us as an example of his care for our interests. He would frequently enter the " buffet " while we were feeding, and nose round every corner, and poke into every bag, while we perforce stood stiffly to attention: on one occasion, when he visited our kitchen to spy out the nakedness of the land, we had only a handful of beans to show him, as our total stock in hand. He showed no surprise at this, and told us that we had enough food to last us several days. In the end, however, we persuaded him to allow a party to visit the bazaar on market days—*i.e.*, on Saturdays; this licence on his part, he was careful to point out, was quite against the rules of his book, and involved him in the risk of being removed from office. Needless to say, this was the reverse of the truth. On this first occasion our bazaar party was successful in buying in a good deal of food, but frequently after giving permission for the weekly party to proceed to the bazaar he would meet them and furiously demand what they meant by being there, and finally send them back to the barracks. All Armenian shops were put out of bounds.

We soon found out one of the chief reasons of Dippy's extraordinary behaviour towards us: it was his book of rules, which set out the things

" verboten " and the things allowed us: the book dealt with most situations and included many rules which were obviously never meant to be obeyed, and which most Commandants would have seen the futility of enforcing. Not so with Dippy, though: he stuck religiously to every letter of the book; either he twisted things to suit his own fancies on certain points, or through sheer inability to grasp the true meanings of the rules he put upon them his own interpretation—an interpretation which was never favourable to us.

One of our chief natural wants was a certain amount of exercise. The front of the barracks was a patch of thin grass over two hundred yards long and about forty broad; at one end was a small enclosed garden, with a summer-house in it. It was too much for Dippy to allow us the freedom of all this, so two lines of stones were placed about a hundred yards apart, between which we were allowed to do what we liked, but if we strayed beyond the limits, even by a yard, a poster would as likely as not enforce our retirement with the butt end of his rifle. Exercise in this space was allowed between 8 and 10 in the morning and from 4.30 to 5.30 in the evening. There was no shade to be got, except up against the building, on a dirty bit of gravel, as Dippy had taken good care to exclude us from the better part of the garden where there was a certain amount of shade; so we frequently came in before our time, as the sun became too hot for us to remain outside with any enjoyment. We asked leave to be allowed to go for walks, under guard of course, but were told that the rule book only sanctioned walks when there was no space available for exercise, as might have been the case if we had been right inside the town. Consequently for months on end we strutted up and down the same well-worn path, and saw the same old view day after day: there was not much view to be had, as the barracks lay in a valley with hills all round, closely shutting it in and restricting the outlook, so that half a mile to a mile was all that we could see in any direction. The main feature used to be Dippy, elegantly attired in nightshirt, dressing-gown, and slippers, taking his constitutional at the garden end, whence sometimes, if his temper was good, he would pick a rose and coming over to us present it solemnly to the first officer he encountered with the assurance, "Je suis comme votre père."

The Commandant had evidently heard of the English reputation for playing games, and one day ordered us to start playing, but insisted on our wearing hats and coats when out of doors, even for games: indeed he was furious if he caught any of us walking up and down without our hats on. To gratify his curiosity to see the Englishman at play, we fashioned a bean bag, consisting of a bag filled with beans, and also a quoit, and passed a certain amount of time hurling these missiles backwards and forwards to each other, until one day rations ran so low that we had to sacrifice the beans for a worthier object, and gloated

over them that evening when they reappeared in a stew. The Commandant would come and watch us at these curious sports, and every time when he came near insisted on our stopping the game and standing to attention until he had passed.

As some of us when captured had had our boots taken from us by the Turks (a favourite proceeding of theirs) and possessed only odd slippers that we had picked up (for no one had a spare pair of boots to lend), the restriction on our exercise was less hard to put up with, as without boots we could not have gone for walks in any case. It was partly for this reason, partly from mere boredom, that later on enthusiasm for games of any kind ceased, and we contented ourselves each day with a gentle half-hour stroll in the morning and evening.

Another rule of this book that Dippy insisted on carrying out with much thoroughness was one concerning cards. The rules really stated that cards must not be played for money, but he went further and confiscated all cards that he could lay hands on and threatened us with all manner of punishments if he caught us playing. We had one or two packs that had been smuggled in, and these were in great demand, for the natural excitement of the game was greatly increased by the chance of being discovered by some prowling officer or chawish. We always had a blanket ready to throw over the cards in case of an intrusion. He also maintained that playing chess was equivalent to playing cards, and when one day Spackman was found by the bash-chawish engrossed in this innocent game he was given twenty-four hours' solitary confinement, besides numerous threats of being reported to Constantinople.

We sometimes passed a short time of the evening with an attempted sing-song: our first effort in this line was somewhat abruptly terminated by the entry of the bash-chawish with orders from the Commandant that singing was forbidden and that we must stop at once. This we did; but a few days later the Commandant remarked to us that he had not heard us singing recently, and insisted on our doing so again that same evening. This seemed a curious form of consistency, unless he thought he was doing us a great favour, by deliberately breaking his rules.

The Turk, so far as we could see, was not particularly noticeable for his cleanliness: at any rate none of our staff evinced any excessive signs in this direction, and they presumably thought that we shared their ideas in the careful avoidance of anything like soap and water. Our razors, which had been taken from us on arrival, were returned to us, nominally, every other day, for a period of half an hour, and then removed by the bash-chawish. The distribution of the razors was very erratic both as regards the intervals and the time at which they were given out, which might be 7 a.m. or 5 p.m. As the number of razors was very limited, and we possessed no shaving brushes, and only the unlatherable Turkish soap, shaving was not the pleasant job it might have been with

a good outfit, but even so we were glad enough when the half-hour came and the razors with it.

Washing in our rooms was strictly " défendu," so we had to take our earthen basins to a small niche in the wall down the passage, which luckily had a drain in it for the water to flow out by. As there was only one place we had to arrange our order of washing every morning, and as some of us shared one towel between three the last comer found drying rather difficult. Tooth-brushes, too, were very difficult to obtain, and some of us went without one for eight months after being captured. Washing clothes was an acute question for those of us who possessed sufficient variety to worry about it at all. We could of course get no laundry work done in the town, and the stream in front of barracks was out of bounds. An attempt on the part of Major Pearson to wash his dirty shirt in our only mess dekje was the occasion for an extraordinary mess meeting, when it was unanimously decided to refrain from and to discourage any such acts in the future, and to manage as best we could.

The Hammam in the town was reserved for us for an hour or so one day a week, and eagerly did we look forward to the visit. Later on Dippy gave us permission to bathe in the stream in front of the barracks during the afternoon, but only under heavy escort; on one occasion about three of us were allowed to go, and for our own safety or to prevent escape six posters with fixed bayonets were sent with us. But as the stream was only from three to six inches deep and a few yards wide we soon gave it up.

Mail day had no interest for us until the middle of July, when letters began to arrive. Parcels were of course out of the question: our first batch did not come till the following January. We were allowed to write two letters and two postcards a month; the former were limited to two sides of paper, and the latter to four lines: towards the end of October, however, we were given leave to write as many letters as we liked, an opportunity of which most of us took every advantage.

Shortly after our arrival at Kedos we had good cause to consider rather seriously the medical situation, so far as it affected us. The Turks provided a doctor with remarkably little knowledge and the rank of Bimbashi, but quite omitted to supply him with the medicines necessary for his work: he had, as a matter of fact, a minute quantity of quinine, the maximum issue of which was limited by regulations to a grain a day, which was of course laughable.

Our own doctor, Spackman, capable though he may have been, had no instruments or medical stores of any kind.

With things in this state, the Sikh Subadar Toman Singh suddenly developed liver trouble, the only possible cure for which, Spackman said, was an operation. The actual complaint was an abscess on the liver,

and to perform the operation we managed to procure a cut-throat razor, a trocar, a pair of scissors, and a minute quantity of cocaine which the town dentist luckily had by him. Spackman could get no bandages, so we cut up some of our shirts and towels, all very precious to us, to use instead. With the assistance of the Turkish doctor and town dentist, and with several of us to hold the unfortunate man down, Spackman performed the operation, but owing to only having a local anæsthetic and very little of that he did not dare go beyond a certain point, and failed to get at the root of the trouble. The Subadar survived the operation, though, and showed signs of recovering. We all took it in turn to sit up with him at nights, but despite all we could do for him he suddenly collapsed, and on July 6 died, probably from blood on the lung. We buried him the following day, on a small knoll behind the barracks. A Turkish officer was present, while British officers carried the bier, followed by the remaining officers and men, and surrounded by all the Turkish posters with arms reversed. Not long afterwards the Sikh Havildar, who had been Toman Singh's orderly, was taken with the same complaint, and after endless difficulty was sent off to Ouchak, but died on reaching hospital there. On several subsequent occasions Spackman had to perform simple jobs with Gillette razor blades and a drop of iodine.

One curious fact the Turks could never get over regarding the Indian officers was that there could be another religion besides Christianity and Mohammedanism. On the arrival of Toman Singh, the Sikh Subadar, we explained that he was a Hindu and should not be placed with the other Indian officer, who was a Mussulman. Consequently the Turks argued that he must be a Christian, and so put him in the same room with us. We then pointed out to the Commandant that it was not our custom to put British and Indian officers together. Dippy did not know what to make of it, but finally Umar Khan settled the question for us by agreeing to share his room with the Hindu.

About a month after the opening of the camp we were sent eleven British orderlies and two Indians from Afiun Kara Hissar: these orderlies were assigned to us by name by the Turks, and when, as was necessary or natural, we altered the arrangements and changed orderlies round, the Commandant came down on us like a ton of bricks, with his usual flow of abuse, calling us everything down to " bêtes féroces " (a favourite expression of his), though any crowd less like ferocious beasts than ourselves after a few weeks of Dippy it would have been hard to find.

The arrival of the orderlies was the occasion for the dismissal of one of the Turkish officers. The three Turkish officers representing the staff were never happy unless quarrelling amongst themselves, and so gladly took up any handle of accusation against each other; this being so, when one day an orderly complained that the Kolgassi had taken his

tooth-brush while they were being searched on their arrival, Dippy reported, and doubtlessly magnified, the case to Constantinople, and succeeded in getting the Kolgassi removed. During the time the matter was being referred to Constantinople, the third officer, Karim Effendi, a particularly objectionable fellow, suddenly went to Constantinople and there began telling tales out of school against Dippy, with the result that he too got into hot water, and, to our great joy, was removed.

To replace these two we were sent two very different types. The first was Nouri, who was always deservedly popular among us, not for what he did for us, but rather for never interfering with us in any way, a fact which we prisoners appreciated, as Turkish interference even if well meant was always objectionable in practice. He was a quiet, inoffensive little man, remarkable for his politeness and his beaming smile.

The second officer was called Ali (a not uncommon Turkish name) and was presented to us one day at lunch by Dippy, who introduced him to us as our new guardian. This was rather a shock to us, for the officer in question was an ordinary peasant of Kedos who, having become somewhat friendly with Dippy in the past, had managed with the latter's help and influence to get himself commissioned in the Turkish Army. He was a tall, gaunt, full-bearded man of about fifty, boasting a military fez as the only sign of his rank, and otherwise dressed as a rather untidy Turkish civilian—which is, to anyone who knows the type, saying a good deal. He had been used during his life to tend sheep and cultivate his cabbage patch, and so possessed little, if any, military appearance, manners, or knowledge, and not unnaturally we started to treat him in a somewhat offhand manner. But we soon found that this did not pay, as Ali always complained to Dippy on any provocation, such as our not saluting him, so to make things easier for ourselves we found it best to gratify him with a show of civility.

We had an example of his manners one evening some months later when he and our new Commandant came to dinner with our mess. It was then obvious that even the elementary use of the knife and fork was unknown to him, and later, when some of us could not help showing a certain degree of surprise on seeing him spitting cherry-stones all over the table and floor, he explained very volubly that he was afraid of swallowing the stones, as was his usual custom, for a short time before he had suffered severely from pains in the stomach which he attributed to this cause. It is, as a matter of fact, quite the common thing for villagers to eat stones and all in fruit, and Ali felt bound to apologise for his departure from the rule of his class.

June 22, 1917, will always be remembered as a great day, by those of us who were at Kedos at the time, as being that on which Colonel Yusuf Zia Bey, the Turkish Inspecting Officer, arrived. We had had

ALI OF KEDOS, OR "THE SECOND-IN-COMMAND."

To face p. 72.

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no previous warning that he was due, and consequently his sudden arrival was all the more welcome. Fortunately a few days before his coming we had made out in French a long and detailed record of our grievances with a view to sending it to the Dutch Ambassador in Constantinople: the document had not been sent off, and so on Zia Bey's arrival we had a complete list of complaints which we were able to put before him.

The Commandant undoubtedly had news of the Inspector's intention to visit our camp, but purposely kept it a secret. At any rate, that afternoon, during our exercise hour, we saw him and a very tall, smart-looking Turkish officer entering the barracks; we immediately thought that we might get something out of this new arrival, and those of us who were outside hurried indoors. There we found Dippy showing the Inspector our living-room.

There were luckily several of us in the room at the time. Zia Bey, who spoke excellent French, inquired if we were happy and contented, and upon our assuring him we were anything but contented Dippy, who was standing near, started his usual furious outbreak, demanding to know why we were unhappy, but Zia Bey, who had soon taken in the state of affairs, turned on him and shut him up with a few curt remarks. Major Pearson, our senior officer, then came in and he and Spackman went upstairs to the former's room and thoroughly explained the situation to Zia Bey. Before going up Zia Bey waved Dippy away, explaining that he did not require him any further. The latter by then had lost all his bark, and wandered about looking older and more round-shouldered than ever, occasionally muttering, " Je ne suis pas Commandant du place "—a fact which we thoroughly appreciated; he even took his sword off in his disgust and flung it on the ground, where it remained till after the Inspector's departure. Zia Bey was very much surprised at the state we were living in, especially at the fact that we had no beds but were sleeping on mats on the floor and possessed not a single article of furniture: he put it very mildly when he said it was not at all " convenable pour des officiers." He at once set about improving conditions right and left, doubtless much to Dippy's chagrin, and a hundred planks and a carpenter to make furniture arrived the following day. These planks, Zia Bey explained, were provided free by the Turkish Government, but Dippy evidently thought otherwise, or wished to make several liras out of us, for next pay-day he cut us all 45 piastres each for them.

The lines of stones regulating our limits of exercise were extended about fifty yards; it gave us great amusement watching Zia Bey having them altered by perspiring chaouses and ombashis, while Dippy looked on disgusted, but unable to prevent it. We were given the free use of the summer-house and the small garden, and leave to be outside from

8 in the morning until sunset, while for our more vigorous amusement a football was wired for to Smyrna. Leave to play cards and for parties to visit the bazaar three times a week was given, but permission to go for walks, Zia explained, he could not give, at any rate with our present Commandant, but he promised to see about it when his successor arrived; for he said we were to have a new Commandant, our present one being quite unsuited to the position. He explained that he knew the very man who would suit us, and who happened to be a great friend of his, and his promise, though it took three months to come about, certainly proved true. That same evening we all moved our beds and effects upstairs, to the rooms which were being kept for Generals and Colonels, and which Zia Bey had given us leave to use: we were put three in a room, and our old big room was in future used as a messroom.

During the time Zia was with us Dippy felt very much out of power and in the background, a fact that gave us great joy. But the joy was short-lived, as we might have guessed, for on Zia's departure he at once repealed several of the latter's amendments. The stones were once more closed in, though not quite to their previous limits, and our exercise hours limited as much as ever. It was too much for Dippy to allow us the use of his summer-house, from which after a few days he finally evicted us. The day after we had been given permission by Zia to use it, Dippy, who was evidently a bit out of spirits, or more probably had taken too much, found several of us sitting in there, and being unable to eject us, as Zia Bey had not yet left, tried to be either funny or sarcastic by addressing each of us as either Colonel So-and-so or Bimbashi somebody else, a mode of address which we took to mean that in the old man's opinion Zia had done too much for us, and, as was undoubtedly the case, had shown more respect to us than to our Commandant.

It did not take us long to make mess tables and benches, and also beds—the barest of furniture, but much better than eating and sleeping on the floor. We quite expected that Dippy, after once he had started, would rescind all Zia's improvements, but by some stroke of luck he seemed to forget about many of them, and so we were left in undisturbed possession of our upstair rooms.

Evidently, however, he meant to get his own back on us somehow, and he selected Major Pearson on whom to vent his wrath. One day we were all summoned to our messroom by the Commandant, who a few minutes later entered with all his staff: he had hardly entered the room before he began to speak, or rather shriek, having evidently worked himself into a tremendous passion, for he looked more like a wild beast suffering from apoplexy than anything human. It appeared from what we could gather from his harangue that Major Pearson had been writing letters to England, to a purely mythical person named Moberton, in which he had severely criticised the Turks; that he, Habib Nouri Bey, should be

open to criticism, and that by a mere prisoner, was unbelievable, the more so as he had always treated us like a father and been ever mindful of our interests. After this attempt at pathos, he called Major Pearson out from among us, made him the object of another furious speech, and finally ordered him out of the room. The old man then calmed down with remarkable suddenness, and distributed a few letters the mail had brought in, and was even heard to murmur something about a " bon officier."

On going out he spoke to Major Pearson, who was outside, and asked him why he had written the letter, finishing up by saying "J'aime beaucoup Mayour." The latter strongly denied any knowledge of the letter, but with no avail, for he was promptly sent off to solitary confinement in a room in the centre building near the *postas* with only a bed, one book, and a pack of cards to amuse himself with, and only bread and water by way of food. Even the book and cards would have been taken had Dippy noticed them; as it was he refused to allow the Major permission to shave, write letters, or take any exercise at all. We managed to get some cheese through to the Major occasionally, carefully inserted in the bread, but this was soon found out and stopped, and except for rare visits from the Turkish doctor, who took him in minute quantities of cheese and tobacco, Major Pearson enjoyed for six weeks a life of absolute solitude, having for sole company the numerous lice and other insects which infest all Turkish buildings.

We soon settled down again after Zia's visit, and got used to the repealing of his rules by Dippy.

As prisoners we were apt to get extraordinarily annoyed at what were, after all, small grievances: but seeing that we had obstacles put in our way whatever we did, the collective nuisance of it all was considerable, especially when we had so little wherewith to amuse ourselves: so it was only natural we should magnify grievances or any point of disagreement, even among ourselves. Mess meetings, ordinarily the most peaceful affairs, and often rather boring, were eagerly looked forward to each month: on these occasions there would be displays of the most bitter ill-feeling, from accusations of theft or embezzlement downwards. Extraordinary mess meetings were frequent, and we always regarded them as a good opportunity for getting our own back on anyone against whom we had a grudge.

We formed a debating society to pass the time, and once a week held debates on somewhat dull subjects; the debates interested no one, with the result that we soon dropped them. After we had given parole we were apt to wonder how on earth we managed to exist under the old régime of Dippy, with nothing to do and nothing to think about all day. We were all firmly convinced, though, that we should have become raving lunatics in a few months had conditions remained the same as in the past.

We spent the time for the most part lying on our beds reading and sleeping, with an occasional thin meal to divide up the day. About 8 a.m. we usually heard a familiar voice in the passage shouting: "Zabit Gelior, Zabit Gelior, Chabbuk." "All right, all right, tamâm, and how's your father?" we would answer. The door would bang, heavy footsteps sound down the passage, more doors would be opened, and much the same interchange of morning greetings take place in each room the ombashi entered. Yes, it was only the ombashi, or Turkish corporal, going round our rooms and warning the sleepy or sleeping occupants that the Turkish Inspecting Officer was coming in a few minutes to count us, as he did every morning for fear we might have disappeared into thin air during the night. As for this farce the order was that officers must be dressed and in their tunics, we would give the ombashi five minutes, and then tumble out of bed in such various garments as our wealth or luck had provided and slip on a tunic so as to appear dressed to a casual observer.

The officer would poke his head in the room, while the ombashi beat furiously on the door, at the same time making a peculiar sound with his mouth, like a groom curry-combing a horse: this sound was meant to make us stand up at attention: at one time we were even supposed to don our helmets or headgear, and stand at the salute. Should the officer be one we liked, we used to say "Bon jour, Monsieur," but should it be Ali or any other pet aversion of ours he always got what George Grossmith would call the "geological survey or the stony stare." This over, we would slip off our tunics, and for such as liked it bed was once more the most comfortable spot. A dressing gong gave warning about twenty minutes before the welcome "Come to the cookhouse door, boys" sounded—not that we had a bugle, but a tin plate and a spoon can play quite an inviting note when skilfully manipulated. Then we would flock down to the messroom, the greedy ones usually first, and carefully scan our knives and forks, and should our place have been laid with an unpopular instrument (for we had many such), it would be instantly changed with that of a later comer. Thus we were either considered greedy or had to put up with an unpleasant knife or spoon.

Breakfast we used to look on as our most filling meal. The mess supplied bread and bulgour, salt, pepper, and coffee. The bread, salt, and pepper were all right, though the first was on the dark side; bulgour was just boiled crushed wheat, and with milk and salt provided a fair substitute for porridge; but milk for most of us was out of the question, being too expensive. The coffee (a good name that, seeing there was no such thing in Turkey under 5 liras a lb.) consisted of hot water mixed with toast cinders: the taste is best left undescribed.

Besides the above foodstuffs, we used when funds allowed to provide ourselves with such extras as eggs, butter-milk or peckmez, as the mess on 4 liras a month could not afford such extravagances and so it was

left to the individual pocket to supply them. It was rather rough luck on those who had but little money and in particular on new arrivals, who were invariably stony broke, to watch the man opposite having all the extras he could buy while they themselves had the bare mess diet; however, we each of us in turn had to put up with it, until one fine day money turned up and we could afford a few things too.

Breakfast over, and it rarely took fifteen minutes, we were allowed to exercise until 10 a.m. Our exercising time was nominally from 8 to 10 a.m., but as we did not finish breakfast till about 9 a.m. we had only about an hour out of doors. It was very warm sitting in the sun discussing mixed grills at Simpson's, or the end of the war, and consequently we were not slow in moving in when the chawish shouted "Tammâm, Haidi git, chabbuk, yallah." But should the sentry try and hound us in on his own, because, only being on duty while we were outside, he naturally wanted to anticipate things a bit, we would "Yôk" him with such fury and threats to report him, that he would usually leave us in peace. This did not occur very often, as we came to be on quite good terms with the *postas*, though at the start Dippy had evidently instructed them to guard us strictly, looking on us as so many wild animals likely to try and break away at any minute.

The day really started when we went in after exercise time, as we then had the whole time until about 5 p.m. on our hands, and very little to amuse ourselves with during it. Shaving would only occupy a few minutes, and then if the library was not exhausted probably a book and our beds were the most pleasant companions for passing the long hours.

Bridge, bezique, or learning Pushtu and Hindustani kept some of us amused, while others seemed to spend their whole time sleeping. Lying on our beds all day made us very weak in the back, and when later on we managed to get chairs and tables made, we found that at first we could only sit up for quite a short time.

When once the carpenter had gone we were unable to make any more furniture, as he took his tools with him, and it was not until the Embassy sent us some in September that we could restart carpentering.

The morning ended with us at about 12.30 p.m., when we once more indulged in a meal, though this time a very inadequate one. On most days it consisted of two boiled eggs, laid forlornly on a plate, as we had no egg-cups to eat them from. The meal was sometimes varied by a watery stew, which occasionally had a glimpse of meat in it, but often was an entirely vegetable stew; none liked it, but everyone ate it for want of something better. Any other luxury, such as cheese and butter, was again left to the individual pocket.

Our meals were remarkable for the complete absence of conversation, unless it were for an offensive remark on each other's method of mastica-

tion. Sometimes, though, murmurs of "Stick it, Gurrage," or "Stick it, Tim," would be heard: these curious remarks would even raise a smile at times, for, cryptic though they may sound to the uninitiated, for us they had a real meaning, which for the inquisitive may be found in one of Elinor Glyn's novels, where the hero of the tale, Gurrage by name, preyed upon poor Ambrosine's nerves by invariably helping himself to salt with his knife and tapping it off with his fork. This became a favourite trick with us and always called for a shout of "Stick it, Gurrage." We even took some nicknames gathered from heroes in our twenty-volume library, so well did we know every character of those books. Floyer was unanimously elected as Meldon, one of Birmingham's characters in *The Simpkins Plot* remarkable for the way in which he monopolised the conversation on all occasions. Other nicknames were due to Floyer's inventive brain, for "Tank," "Banty," "Auntie," "Hayseed," "Golliwog," "Huntley" (real name Palmer), "Pompons," and "Redbreast," were but a few of the pseudonyms bestowed by him.

Lunch had to carry us on till 6 o'clock, rather a long stretch, which some of us broke about 3 p.m. with some toast and so-called coffee. You will notice how our horizon was always bounded by a meal or the expectation of one.

About 3.30 p.m. it really became warm, and the sun would come streaming in at our windows, turning the room into an oven in which we roasted till about 5.30. The afternoon, like the morning, we passed sleeping, reading, or playing bridge, but never visiting each other for a chat, as we had nothing whatever to talk about, and were getting somewhat bored with each other, for after a short time we knew everything about each other, good and bad; it was extraordinary how we noticed the slightest mannerism or peculiarity in a person, and how annoyed we would get with each other about them.

About 5 p.m. we used to go outside and sit under the only bit of shade in the garden, which consisted of a small almond-tree: some of us would walk up and down for a bit, but as a rule we sat down and tried to be funny, or discussed topics of peculiar or local interest, such as the theatres, leading actresses, and the tremendous time coming when we got home. We would argue about the probable end of the war, taking most of our evidence from the Book of Revelation: from it we gathered that the war was going to end on October 17, 1917, or February, 1918. A considerable amount of betting went around these dates.

About 5.30 p.m. we once more went in, this time for dinner, which boasted two courses—either stew, eggs, or cold salad, followed by stewed fruit and occasionally "dog." The "dog" was deservedly popular, as it was more filling than most things, but then sodden bread and currants boiled up together should be that. After dinner, if there was enough daylight left, we would read or play bridge, or gather in someone's

room and try hard to raise a general conversation, ranging usually from tea-planting (for we boasted a tea-planter) to an animated discussion on the respective merits of the London eating-houses; this latter topic was of never-failing interest, and showed our constant thought for the wants of the inner man.

By 9 p.m. most of us were in bed, and some who kept too much food in their rooms were visited frequently by prowling cats which showed a great liking for butter and cheese. Thanks to the vigilance shown by certain energetic orderlies who waited up for our midnight visitors, we managed to lessen their number to a gratifying extent. We were very lucky in having no wood bugs in the house that summer, the woodwork being almost new. Had there been such, our discomforts would have been greatly increased, as we had nothing to kill them with and no chance of sleeping outside as most of us did the following summer when badly troubled by them.

Shortly after Dippy's departure we started a scheme with a view to cheapening our messing in the winter. It was Dippy's original suggestion that we should do so, for he explained that prices would increase considerably in the winter. His advice was excellent, but unfortunately he gave us no assistance in buying on a large scale by getting things for us, and so the scheme fell through for a bit. Later on, though, we took up the idea again, and formed what we called a " winter provision fund," into which each of us paid a sum, separate from our monthly messing. We started by each contributing 7 liras, and finally, when the fund was in full working order, we had each a credit of 15 liras. The idea was that as food was cheaper in the autumn than in the winter we should lay in 200 liras' worth of such things as afiun oil, dripping, potatoes, onions, bulgour, beans, and other necessities, and when the prices went up by about November the mess should buy from this large stock instead of from the market, and the money so paid into the fund should form a working capital and enable stock to be constantly replaced. The scheme worked very well in some ways, but certain articles, such as beans and potatoes, which we bought in large quantities, instead of increasing in price either remained the same or actually went down, and some things put into store lost weight considerably, so in some ways we lost a good deal. Later on we reduced the individual share in the store to 10 liras, and when the mess was finally wound up each of us found ourselves with about 6 liras' worth of beans and other odds and ends to his credit, besides a small sum in cash.

Not long after the start of this scheme we were told of the imminent departure of our Commandant, who according to the true Turkish custom sent us a piece of foolscap generously provided at his own expense and requested us to write and sign an appreciation of his services to us. This, of course, was impossible, for to say anything in his favour would, to put

it mildly, have been a gross misstatement. We let the matter pass by and did nothing, and fortunately the old man, in the hurry of his departure, forgot to ask us for our testimonial.

For several days before going Dippy looked very much down on his luck, though he was given a further opportunity of interfering by the arrival of the Embassy clothes, which reached Kedos during the first week of September, three months after they had been despatched from Constantinople. The outfit included everything we could want from overcoats and suits to razors and tooth-brushes. Though the things were the best obtainable in Constantinople, the suits costing the Embassy from 40 to 60 liras apiece, the cut of them and the quality of some of the other articles was laughable; but we did not need fashionable wear! The funny little caps, brilliantly lined, and suits of extraordinary shape lined with a kind of Turkish tartan, gave us a lot of amusement. The Turkish chaouses and ombashis slunk up and down the passage, asking for "baksheesh" from the parcels: we only gave them the tobacco, which had for the most part gone mouldy on the way. The arrival of these clothes was of course most welcome to prisoners who had for some months lived in the kit they were captured in with but few additions to their wardrobe. The whole consignment, for ten of the fourteen officers, was addressed to Major Pearson, but Dippy insisted on giving out the clothes himself and took good care to let the native officers have the best of everything. He refused to give us the canvas the things came in, which would have been invaluable for making chairs with; he probably sold it for a good price in the bazaar. Some of us, who had arrived after Major Pearson's original request for clothes had been sent in, were still unprovided for, and as the next consignment did not arrive until January of the following year, their condition was by then something wonderful to see.

The Embassy also sent a small number of books, which arrived some time before the clothes; these and the rest of our library were put under the care of Roberts; about this time, too, we began to receive our Embassy allowance, a sum of 5 liras a month paid us by the British Government through the Dutch Embassy, as a kind of ration allowance supplementary to our monthly pay of 7 liras.

Dippy's departure was the signal for general rejoicings. He took his removal very badly, and constantly told us he would not stop an hour in the place as soon as the new Commandant arrived. We heartily agreed with him that this was the best course to take, and so on September 20, after about four months of this despotic old man, we took leave of him, with no feeling of regret and certainly none of gratitude towards him. In his heart of hearts Dippy may have thought he was doing his best for us, but we did not excuse him on that account: the fact was that very few Turks are really civilised, even Divisional Commanders, and it was

only natural that a specimen with such limited intelligence as Dippy should fail to grasp the methods of dealing with prisoners, and should rather look on them as so many dangerous assassins.

The new Commandant, Adhem Bey, at once showed himself the very reverse of Dippy, being of a really civilised type and possessing a sense of humour unfortunately rare in a Turk. If we had complaints to make at the start, he always and generally with reason put them down to his predecessor, whom he evidently regarded as a bad case.

To welcome the new Commandant we invited him and all his staff to dinner on September 27, and afterwards repeated for his benefit a " gaff " which we had previously given on September 15. The dinner, in itself excellent, fell somewhat flat, despite Ali's efforts to keep us amused by gratuitously distributing cherry-stones, for none of us except Spackman could talk Turkish and the Turkish doctor alone of our guests knew any French. Half our number had to quit the table early to prepare for the show and left some half-score tongue-tied British officers and their guests to stare helplessly at each other. The show itself was quite a success, and we hoped amused the Commandant, who was afterwards reported to have been seen to smile more than once. Dippy, on the one occasion when we had asked him to dinner, had refused on the grounds that his staff and the townspeople might talk and say that it was not right for him to come and eat with us. As we had no desire to entertain a man who did so little for us, and had asked him out of politeness only, we were very glad he refused.

Though no radical changes were made by the Commandant we felt far more contented, as we realised that we had at last a man who would look after our interests. This he showed in a thousand and one small ways, which taken separately might not have been noticed, but collectively did much towards improving our condition.

The manner in which he handled the parole question showed that we had a man who was anxious to please us, as far as he could.

On November 4 we were told to assemble in our messroom, where the Commandant explained to us that the Turkish Government was offering us a chance of giving a limited form of parole, and we should thus become more or less free in Kedos. This offer was the subject of the most heated discussions, as we had been told to give our reply within a few hours. We were informed that eighty British officers had already given in their parole, and were being sent to Kedos from Changri; if we chose to give ours, we should remain where we were, but if we refused we should be placed in a khan in the town, and remain segregated under our existing conditions while the newcomers would be free. The result of our talk on the matter was to ask the Commandant if we could wait till we got news through as to whether such action on our part was permissible: and on his telling us that we had to decide there and then, we determined

after further discussion not to give our parole, but to remain as we were. This we did, as we knew of no British camp at Changri and fancied that should the eighty British officers turn out to be Indian officers, as we strongly suspected might be the case, we should feel we had not done the right thing. The doctor, as a medical officer, gave in his parole.

For the next few days we had fatigue parties working to get the Khan in the town swept and garnished ready for our removal. After we had made the place habitable, a telegram came ordering the Commandant to send us off to Changri, as Kedos was to be a parole camp only. This was rather a blow to us, as winter was coming on, and many of us had but the barest necessities in the way of clothing and bedding: added to which we had just begun to feel more settled, and would now have to leave behind all furniture and 200 liras' worth of provisions. We knew it would take at least a fortnight and more probably a month to reach Changri, and we did not feel inclined to face the journey with very little kit and no money at all.

The news gave rise to a most violent discussion, as the result of which all of us, with the exception of Jenkins, Sheridan, and Johnston, decided to ask the Commandant whether we could alter our decision and give the limited form of parole required. The Commandant agreed to do this, but held out little hope of the authorities accepting it then. He showed considerable surprise at our changing our minds, and asked why we had done so. It was very hard to give our reasons without an interpreter, but Spackman did his best with his limited knowledge of Turkish. We pointed out that it was the Turkish Government which had changed its mind by first saying we should remain in Kedos, and then ordering us to Changri, a change of plans which put a very different complexion on the situation; moreover, a new arrival who had come the day before knew personally a British naval officer who was on parole in England from Turkey: this last reason seemed to convince the Commandant that we were not like so many fickle schoolboys, as he seemed to have considered us at first. The great thing was, though, that while forwarding our application he delayed sending us to Changri, a thing that he need not have done had he not been anxious to help us.

A few days later the welcome news came that the Turkish Government had accepted our parole, and that from then on we were free to go about and do almost as we liked. A few days later the three " diehards " were sent off to Changri, where we hoped that the consciousness of having done the right thing in their estimation would fully compensate them for the rough journey there, and for any further unpleasantness that might fall to their lot.

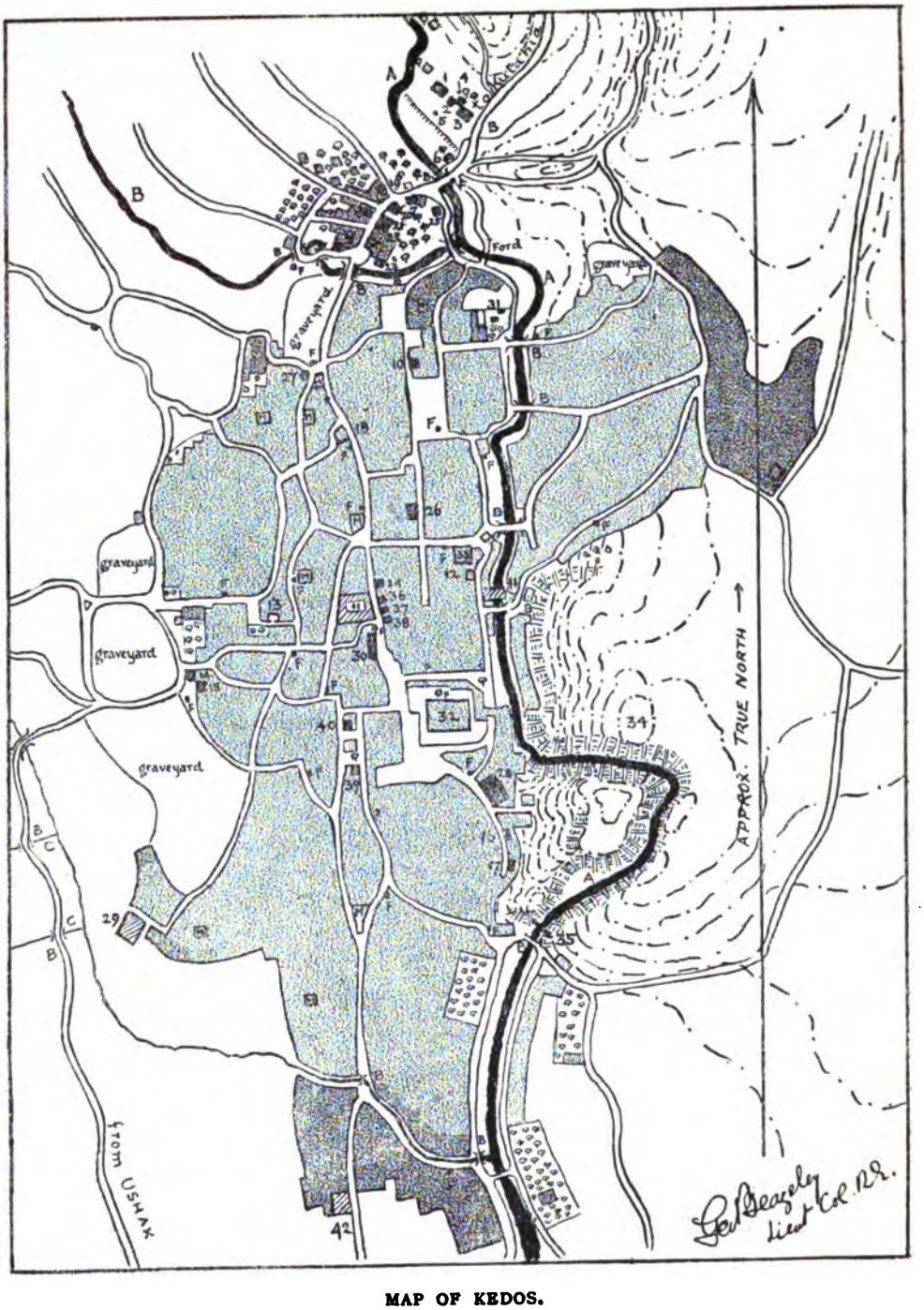
Henceforward for the rest of us practically no restrictions were put on our freedom, except such very natural ones as a roll-call once a day, and a limit to the lengths of our walks if unaccompanied by a *posta*.

The townspeople showed very little hostility towards us, except the womenfolk and little boys: the latter soon framed the expression of "Ingleez chok fenner," and these three words usually accompanied us the entire length of our walks in the town, and in the country would come echoing over many a field, but rarely with any malicious intention.

We all found now that the time passed very much more quickly, and that we could take more interest in life. We were receiving regularly each mail-day the Turkish paper *Hilal*, printed in French, and so could begin to follow the doings of the outside world: this made a great difference to us, as did the arrival of letters: these were very irregular, but we usually had a big mail about once in every five or six weeks, the letters being anything from two to four months old.

The improvement in conditions and life in general after the arrival of the new Commandant was tremendous, especially after we had given parole, but it was nothing like the improvement made by the arrival of the eighty other British officers, most of whom it turned out had been taken at Kut in 1916, to whose enterprise we old Kedos prisoners owed a lot. For they brought libraries, bands, carpenters, shoemakers, watchmakers, haircutters, and a hundred other workers in a small way, and so enabled us, who had had no chance of pursuing any hobby, to pick up or resume some interesting form of occupation. Had they not arrived we should have remained a doubtlessly contented, but very bored and unenterprising camp, with no chance of taking up even such a pastime as carpentering, let alone any of the other accomplishments of the newcomers.

The Kut prisoners must at first have thought us a very dead-alive collection, as no doubt we were, but we soon found we had not so far lost interest in life as to be unable to enter into new forms of amusements: for before long members of the old Kedos crowd were to be found as painters or carpenters, in the band or the snobshop, and more than holding their own in the hockey field and on the stage.


graveyard
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graveyard
Ford
APPROX. TRUE NORTH
from USHAK
Geo Beazeley
Lieut Col. R.E.

MAP OF KEDOS.

REFERENCES

BARRACKS

1. Officers' Quarters and Col. Cox's Mess.
2. (*a*) Orderlies' Quarters; (*b*) 76th P. Mess; (*c*) Capt. Drake-Brockman's Mess.
3. Commandants' Offices and Officers' Quarters.
4. Stage.
5. Bandstand.
6. Capt. Rae's Quarters.

MESSES AND OFFICERS' QUARTERS COMBINED

7. 7th Gurkhas.
8. Col. Pocock.
9. Lt. Mears.
10. Capt. Kirkwood.
11. Khan: (*a*) S. and T. Mess; (*b*) Capt. Duxbury's Mess; (*c*) Capt. Snow's Mess; (*b*) Orderlies.
12. Lt. Tebbs.
13. Col. Brown.
14. Capt. Horwood.
15. Capt. Wyse.
16. Capt. Stapleton.
17. Major Barker.
18. Major Saunders.

OFFICERS' QUARTERS ONLY

19. Lt. Elston.
20. Major Rybot.
21. Capt. Channer.
22. Col. Powell.
23. Indian Officers.
24. Capt. Herapath.

MISCELLANEOUS

25. Turkish Doctor's Quarters.
26. Turkish Commandants' Quarters.
27. P.T.O.
28. Civil Offices.
29. Principal School.
30. Hammām.
31. Postas' Quarters.
32. Principal Mosque.
33. Second Mosque.
34. Site of Ancient Greek Acropolis.
35. Old Aqueduct.

SHOPS

36. Kut-el-Amarah.
37. Wheezer.
38. One Eye.
39. Yusuf.
40. Pekmez Factory.
41. Coffee-Room, used for Band Practice and Rehearsals.
42. Pottery Works.

LIST OF SYMBOLS

Mosques shown thus:		[M].
Fountains	,,	F.
Bridges	,,	B

Area burnt in the great fire shown in light tint. Area not burnt down shown in darker tint.

CHAPTER V

KEDOS: THE JOINT CAMP

WHILE it would be incorrect to say that at Kedos the Turks supplied us with that " suitable accommodation " for which we had bargained, there is no doubt that we did in the end make ourselves tolerably comfortable there, and in the matter of reasonable liberty and consideration on the part of our Commandant we had no grounds for complaint. The original occupants of the Kedos camp had been horribly crowded up, and when the Changri party arrived the Commandant proposed to perpetuate the old abuse by putting them all into the few rooms still vacant in the barracks, and into the Khan. It was against this that Colonel Cummins protested on his arrival, and when the Commandant declared, with truth, that he had no other accommodation to offer, the Colonel demanded that we should be given houses in the town, and, as there was no authority to requisition these, said that we would rent them ourselves pending a settlement of the question by the Government. This proposal was accepted. The Gurkhas took a private house; their example was followed by Major Pearson's mess, and then by Colonel Brown's, and in time the Kedos prisoners were scattered over more than a dozen houses, besides the Khan and the barracks. Thanks to this move, our conditions were vastly bettered. The old barracks mess still lived for the most part two in a room, and the rooms were none too large, but, then, they could look back to the days when three had been crowded together there. Those who went to houses spread themselves as they pleased, and in the Khan too there was now space enough for comfort. The orderlies also benefited: in the barracks they had a large room in the end block, and one in the kitchen block, and in the houses they were often able to have rooms to themselves; moreover, it was now possible to have proper messrooms. The barracks had their large hall, which also served as lecture room and on Sundays as chapel; D.B.'s mess and the 76th shared a room in the kitchen building, the S. and T. had a good room in the Khan set apart for meals, and in the houses the large upper landings favoured by Turkish architects served admirably as dining-rooms. Naturally the increase of accommodation and the possibility of comfort which it opened up called forth a corresponding effort on the part of our carpenters. We were no longer satisfied with the beds, tables, and chairs

which—or fragments of which—we had brought along with us; sideboards and writing bureaux became common features of our rooms, and our quarters blossomed out into quite "artistic interiors"—some officers even used the aniline dyes obtainable in the town for colouring their furniture, thus getting away from the prison-like effect of raw deal, or for dyeing curtains made from the sacking off parcels, and the artists of our number supplied pictures for the bare walls. The more materially minded built ovens in their mess kitchens, utilising old stoves, clay from the stream-bed and tiles (the latter sometimes looted from the barrack's summer-house), and our ingenious mechanics made patent pressure lamps for burning the poppy-seed oil, which in the view of the cost of kerosene (140 pts. per oka) we were fain to use o' nights.[1]

But the great change for all of us was the freedom which we now enjoyed. It was quite strange at first, and before starting for a walk, one looked round instinctively for the poster, only to remember with thankfulness that he was a thing of the past. For our own greater safety walks were supposed to be limited to five kilometres from the town, and for longer excursions a poster was to be had on application, but in practice the poster was not always available and the limits were soon a dead letter; only occasionally, when some "regrettable incident" in the way of stone-throwing occurred, or when the civil Kaimakam made complaints, did our Commandant remember and remind us that there were such things as bounds.

The country round Kedos is picturesque and boasts plenty of variety —deep stream valleys, with fertile stretches of orchard and vineyard, bare stony hills, pinewoods and moors dense with scrub oak; and we had the freedom of all these—one could even tramp seven miles or so down the valley, and get a very fair bathe in the deeper pools of the Hermus River, or make a whole day of it, and climb through the forests to the snow cap of the Ak Dagh. To most fellows it was not the distance of our walks that appealed, but the liberty to take them when and where they pleased; one has to have been a prisoner to appreciate liberty.

Quite early in our stay, Major Rybot organised a field club, which should give point and interest to walks, and all over the landscape enthusiastic officers were to be seen robbing birds'-nests or chasing perfectly innocuous butterflies. It was really a pity that nothing could be done in the way of botany, but we had no books to help us and the variety of flowers in the Kedos district was so great as to discourage the keenest amateur. The artists of course had a great opportunity, and took full advantage of it; but it may well be that the mere idlers, who strolled out with no purpose beyond a stroll, or who under a hillside tree, or in the

[1] This afiun oil cost 90 pts. per oka as against 140 for kerosene. We used it also for hair oil and for cooking; mixed with soap and beeswax it made boot polish, and combined with mutton fat served as a substitute for butter.

shadow of a rock by a waterfall, lay down with a book and never turned a page, really enjoyed their freedom most of all.

The only drawback to our walks was the attitude of the natives. The older men—and most of the men left were old—were always quite friendly and polite, but the women were hostile and, egged on by them, the children made themselves more than a nuisance. In the outskirts of the town and afield in the country one could never pass a group of children without being assured that one was " olchak " (shameless—this, perhaps, in reference to our shorts), or threatened with treatment such as the juvenile braggart was physically incapable of meting out, while from gardens and across fields would float the chorus *ad nauseam* " Ingliz chôk fenner !" followed only too often by a volley of stones. We could not retaliate: we could only complain to the Commandant; and then it was almost impossible to identify our assailants. Once when Colonel Powell was too warmly received by the children of a neighbouring village, gendarmes were sent back with him, who bastinadoed the local schoolmaster and, with the Colonel, enjoyed a propitiatory banquet at the village's expense—and there was an end of trouble there. Once two men and a boy, caught after a two days' hunt, were soundly flogged by the Commandant. When Major Ball was tempted by an apple, and fell, the Commandant recovered his watch for him, as he did a ring after a more serious affair at the bathing post; but more often nothing could be done and we had to suffer as patiently as we might. The fact was that the Commandant had no legal authority in cases like this, and the town Kaimakam, being his personal enemy and anti-British to boot, would take no steps to help him. At last, a formal charge sheet with over a hundred cases of stone-throwing was drawn up, and armed with this the Commandant made representations to Stamboul and frightened the town man into action, thanks to which, and to the dawning discovery by the natives that we were not so outrageous after all, things got much better, and one could take one's walks in tolerable security; indeed, towards the end we were rather popular than otherwise, and after the Kedos fire the people became positively friendly, and " chôk fenner " gave place as a greeting to " chôk eia."

Early days at Kedos were darkened by a general financial crisis. The money with which we had started from Changri was exhausted by the expenses of our unexpectedly prolonged trek, pay was two months in arrears, and the Embassy money three months, and the Kedos people would not cash cheques, and, not knowing us, were loath to grant us credit. The meals provided by messes were cut down to two a day, and then to one, meat became an unaccustomed luxury, and even the keeping in of the kitchen fires presented an almost unsurmountable problem. The Commandant advanced us a little money, but with the prices which prevailed, and with our numbers, a few pounds went a very little way.

He once issued rations to us at Government rates, but within a week a telegraphic order from Stamboul forbade his doing so again. The only thing to do was to sell anything of value that we possessed and could spare—chiefly clothes—and it was a common, but always a comic, sight to see our Field Officers on a bazaar day haggling with a group of stolid Turks over the price of a well-worn pair of pants or a discarded gift shirt. Some private money arrived on January 28, but was soon exhausted; a little later an officer's diary records " food very poor as no cash left at all. A—— kindly supplied me with an egg for breakfast; no lunch; bread, peckmez, and cold water for tea; dinner the only meal given by the mess "—and a meatless dinner at that. It was not until February 14

that pay arrived, and on the next day some Embassy money; on the 23rd cash was received for cheques sent to Constantinople from Kara Hissar, and though most messes had to pay off credit in the town and were still therefore rather short, the crisis was over. Under its stress we had, most of us, written for regular drafts to be sent from out home, and as the Embassy money was now increased, we had little likelihood of repeating an experience which, though it had its amusing side, was really at the time extraordinarily unpleasant. Perhaps the worst sufferers had been the mess caterers, who, even if they were generously spared verbal criticism, had to meet each night the looks of ineffable disgust which greeted the reappearance at our only meal of vegetable stew and bread pudding.

On January 1 three new prisoners joined us—Bunbury, Armitage, and Tallent—and gave us welcome news of how things were going on the Gaza-Beersheba front. The last of our Changri parties arrived on the 13th, bringing with them a few parcels. On February 7 Galloway and on March 27 Kirkwood and Forbes, who had left us at Angora for hospital treatment at Stamboul, came to Kedos; on April 11 Guise and Tebbs joined us from Kara Hissar; on May 3 Bronson, Hackman, Piper, and Snow; and on May 29 Colonel Beazeley, Lander, and Welman came, Colonel Beazeley especially encouraging us with good news from Mesopotamia, and reassuring reports of the first German push in the West. Crawford and Elston arrived on June 1, and with the arrival of Kearney on August 29 the full number of the camp was made up. A certain

amount of light is thrown on Turkish army discipline by the fact that Sherif Bey, who had started with us from Changri with orders to see us to our destination, bade us an unobtrusive farewell at Kara Hissar, saying that business called him to Constantinople. About the time that our last party reached Kedos, telegrams came pouring in from Sami Bey at Changri to our new Commandant asking for news of Sherif, who was apparently missing. Sami seemed to be greatly upset, but we could not help him. A month or so later we heard that the astute Sherif, instead of being called to order for his desertion, had been installed as Commandant of the prisoners' camp at Angora. There he behaved pretty badly to some officers coming through from Yuzgad; perhaps it was a sign of grace, or perhaps merely a result of plain language from Colonel Cramer-Roberts, that he emphatically refused to come down to Smyrna and see us off on our departure for home. Exit then Sherif Bey, unregretted, but interesting to the end.

Our new Commandant, Adhem Bey, was that *rara avis*, a good Turk. He was that in every sense, for he seemed to be genuinely patriotic, and was a good Mohammedan—at any rate he did not drink, as most of his compatriots do; but, more important to us, he was a gentleman. Though

he could not avoid the national characteristic of procrastination, he was comparatively speaking energetic, and, quite realising that we ought to be treated well and that to do so was the surest way of avoiding trouble, he really did his best for us, and, most welcome trait of all, left us pretty well to our own devices and did not bother us with a superfluity of rules. He began by holding a monthly meeting at which he would lay down his general principles, remark on any irregularities that had occurred during the month, and more or less answer our grievances. It was typical of him that on one such occasion, having fixed 9 a.m. for the ceremony, he explained that he had chosen an early hour so as not to keep us standing in the hot sun and then apologised for not having shaved, saying that he preferred to be punctual *à l'Anglaise* even at the risk of being dirty. At these meetings he would ingenuously explain his quarrels with the town Commandant or ask our sympathy in having to work the camp with so incapable a staff, even going so far as to apologise for Ali Effendi (whom he used to have on the mat almost daily) for being an ignorant boor who had never learnt manners. It is true that his humour, which was his strong point, had rather evaporated by the time it had been translated into French by Salim Effendi and thence into English by Reyne—the double process meant that it took three-quarters of an hour to convey to us what it required ten minutes to say; but that was not his fault, and though we were glad when the function lapsed, as all routine lapses in Turkey, we quite appreciated the spirit in which it was carried through. He quite naturally forbade us to talk politics with the natives, adding that if we wanted to discuss things like that he would always be ready himself for a discussion, and in fact he used to talk at length to Channer on all sorts of subjects, but from the beginning of the German push he refused to speak of the war, fearing to hurt our feelings, and when the counter-attack began he avoided the subject for his own sake. He was quite convinced of Germany's invincibility, and it was a great shock to him when at the very end he realised the truth and admitted "Chinner Effendi, we are beaten."

Letters and parcels were at first few and far between—the change of address had clearly upset the postal authorities, and the lack of transport from Ouchak was always a source of difficulty. On January 31 six sacks of parcels arrived, and the recipients had to pay for the cart hire at the rate of 17 pts. a parcel. February 6 brought a sackful of old letters sent on from Changri, but though Rifki Bey, a Turkish Red Crescent official, arrived in March and promised immediate reforms, it was not till the beginning of May that a big lot of parcels reached us. The fact of a letter dated March 24 getting to Kedos on April 29 showed that there was no material reason for the long delay, which was habitual, but it was seldom that we received letters less than three months old, and five months was more normal.

By the end of February the weather began to get bright and warm, and the countryside altogether more inviting. We had had a very little snow early in January, but there had been a good deal of rain, and the red clay of Kedos makes heavy going in wet weather. By this time we were, most of us, settled down fairly comfortably in our new quarters, and though carpenters long continued to be busy with private orders, yet the mess furniture was complete, and we had resumed the normal life which the peripatetics of our trek had so long disorganised. Political events now became more engrossing. On February 28 Begg gave a lecture on "Air Patrol," and threw light on what was to most of us a novel feature of modern fighting. On March 5 the town of Kedos was busy celebrating the peace with Russia; the school children in their best clothes, headed by the town band of four instruments, marched in procession to the barracks and were addressed by the Commandant, after which each was solemnly presented with a lump of sugar; the remaining lumps were scrambled for by a motley gathering of onlookers—old men, boys, and women—and then the children marched off again to the tune of the war-song against Bulgaria, regardless of the fact that the Bulgars were now their beloved allies. Two days later the conclusion of peace with Rumania was similarly honoured, and it was probably the confidence of victory begotten of this success that gave rise to the bazaar rumour that in two months the Kut garrison were all to be sent home. One had learnt by sad experience to pay but small attention to such stories, but home letters had spoken of our exchange being debated in the House of Commons, we heard of prisoners in Germany being sent to Switzerland eighteen months after capture, and now on March 20 a wire came from Constantinople demanding a list of the prisoners in the camp, with the length of time that each had been in captivity—it was only afterwards when nothing resulted from the inquiry that we came sorrowfully to the conclusion that the Turkish Government had made it in all innocence, simply because they had no idea how many or whom they had sent to Kedos.

The spring season indeed gave birth to a wonderful crop of rumours. We were told that we were all to be moved to Broussa to replace repatriated Russian officers; the new interpreter, a Greek Ottoman Jew, assured us that Damascus had been taken months before; on March 25 we learnt that our troops were only twenty-five miles from Aleppo. On April 1 a "new arrival" presented himself at the barracks, full of splendid news about the advance in Syria, a landing on the coast, and the fall of Homs and Hama; only after he had been hospitably entertained to breakfast by the 76th, and had exhausted his powers of invention for their benefit, did he remind us of the date and own up to being Aird and an old inhabitant of the camp. Our feelings, somewhat harrowed by the hoax, were not enlivened when the next day's *Hilal* brought glowing accounts

of the great German push in the West—things looked very black and (helped perhaps by the effects of inoculation for enteric) a wave of pessimism passed over the camp, which could not be quite dispelled even by the concerts which Parsons had restarted with a full and reorganised orchestra (the first concert was on March 22) nor yet by the Oxford *v.* Cambridge hockey match, and the dinner that followed it, nor by the paper-chases, which scandalised the Turkish peasantry and convinced the officials that we really were mad. More effective, perhaps because they were of the same genus, were the rumours which reached us in mid May about a quarrel between Turkey and Bulgaria. First we were told that the Bulgars were marching on Constantinople, and that the Turks were safeguarding themselves by starting peace negotiations in London. Two days later it was Bulgaria that was making a separate peace, and hard on the heels of this story came a most circumstantial account of a great battle near Adrianople, wherein the Turks had had 14,000 casualities and the Bulgars 50,000. The *Hilal's* admissions of friction between the allies were frank enough to make the bazaar rumour not quite incredible, and we could at least console ourselves with the hope that they might be true—but the strictest optimist could hardly swallow the yarn which on May 25 two new orderlies brought from Kara Hissar, to wit that the Austrian Emperor and Empress had abdicated and fled to France!

On May 14 a fatigue party of officers started to build a bandstand in front of the barracks. The entrance passage of the barrack building was thoroughly unsatisfactory as a concert room, and the Khan was not much better, so now with the summer coming on (though there were heavy rains in May too) it was decided to have performances in the open air. The Commandant lent the timber balks, and big mats were ordered in the bazaar for roofing the place in. It was quite a success, and a number of concerts were given in it. Now, too, while the *Twelfth Night* rehearsals were still going on, the orchestra, looking well ahead, started practising the music of "Kill that Bug."

With bad news in every paper that came to hand, there seemed the greater need of something to distract one's thoughts. There was a great boom in language classes, both Italian and Spanish now starting. There was an athletic sports meeting, and a very successful one at that, during the last week in May, and preparations for two plays kept many hands busy. On June 1 some of the barracks mess got up a fancy-dress supper—the extemporised dresses set a high standard for our future plays, and the entertainment was the first of a good many of similar kind. June too ushered in the picnic season, and it was soon quite the thing to pack your meals in a basket and tramp across country, to eat under a tree what would have tasted almost as good at home. On June 11 and 12 *Twelfth Night* was played—the second performance was followed by a supper on the orchard stage attended by all who had lent a hand in the show,

and festivities were kept up, with much singing, till an early hour in the morning, to the no small disgust of some of the officers whose bedrooms were too close to the scene for slumber.

By June 25 it was warm enough for the orchestra to play out of doors, even after dinner, and from now onwards we enjoyed glorious weather. There were orchards over the whole country, and we had looked forward to the fruit season with eagerness, but unluckily for us it was a poor one. Cherries were good while they lasted, but they did not last long, and most of them were of a rather bitter sort, more like a morello; the apples had hardly formed when the trees were attacked by swarms of tent-caterpillars, which ate nearly every leaf and bored into nearly every apple; plums failed almost entirely, owing to an untimely frost, which nipped the blossoms; and the pears, which had been magnificent the year before, scarcely showed up at all. Prices in consequence ruled high. It was the same with vegetables—compared with the people of Kastamuni, those of Kedos were very ignorant gardeners, and nothing seemed to stop in season for any length of time; lettuces only lasted a fortnight, French beans hardly any longer, and the greater variety in our menus which the early summer had been expected to give us proved rather an illusion. Fortunately the money crisis which had made things so difficult in the beginning of the year had been solved by the more or less regular arrival of our pay and by the cashing of the cheques which in those days we had sent to Constantinople; it was, however, pretty disgusting to find that, the American Express Company having been closed down, our cheques had gone to a so-called Berlin Trading Company, which honoured them at the magnificent rate of 102·4 pts. to the English pound! As peace rate is 108½ paid in gold, and the paper which we now received was quoted at one-seventh of its face value, or less, the fraud was more than bare-faced.

On July 2 Colonel Zia Bey arrived on a tour of inspection. We really had not many complaints to make, or at any rate, not many worth making, for he admitted that he could do little to speed up our parcels and letters. One good thing he did was to forbid us paying rent for the houses we occupied. It was only at the Berne Conference that the Turks had learnt that they were supposed to house prisoners properly gratis, and Zia Bey was fain to confess that the barracks and Khan between them were not proper accommodation for our numbers, and that the Government must therefore accept responsibility for the houses into which we had overflowed. A commission of town authorities came round and reassessed the rents (at rates very different from what *we* had had to pay), and we were told that our landlords would in future get their rent from the beledia, and that we should be refunded, at the same rate, for the length of time during which we had been living there; needless to say, neither we nor our landlords ever saw the money; but at least we lived

rent-free for the future, and the house-owners had made enough out of us in the past to reconcile them to our continued occupation.

On July 3 the bar, which certain adventurous officers had started in the Khan, was closed down by order, and its more enthusiastic patrons satisfied their need for companionable drinking by founding the Twelve Club, which held its meetings in Guise's house, and flourished as long as Kedos stood. At the same time interest in the forthcoming revue was heightened by the building of a proper stage, with sloped floor, back scene-frames, wings, and proscenium complete, on the edge of the orchard terrace where *Twelfth Night* had been played. Bampton designed, Piper was C.R.E., and a faithful band of helpers drove in and sawed level the piles of the substructure and planed down the edges of the floor boards, while Forbes's carpentry firm busied itself with the flats and frames; meanwhile rehearsals went on daily in the café in the town, which we had hired for the purpose, and most of the cast were hard at work dress-making. So much was this the order of the day that the orderlies, who had got leave from the Commandant to have meetings every Friday night, when men could come together from all the houses and the usual " at home by dark " rule was relaxed, indulged in a fancy dress whist drive. There were prizes for the best dresses, a committee of officers was chosen to judge, and the competitors held a parade in front of the barracks where nearly the whole camp was assembled to criticise and to admire. One orderly who had got a complete Turkish lady's costume, borrowed from a friend, might have passed anywhere as a glad-eyed escapee from a harem, but, as ingenuity was to count for as much as mere effect, prizes went rather to " the girl the cowboy wanted " and to Joe Chamberlain, to a Scotchman, and to " an enthusiastic amateur "; most of the dresses were excellent, and Hansley's Australian bushwoman and Birtwhistle's Yorkshire lad caused uproarious laughter. A little later the orderlies gave a " gaff " of mixed turns which, got up at short notice, was really meant to give a chance of selecting talent for a more ambitious show in the future, but developed into a complete evening's entertainment. There were some good songs, mostly old favourites (how long ago did " When London sleeps " first appear, or " Who will buy my pretty flowers ? "), and a couple of short sketches, which won much applause. But the main dramatic thing of the time was " Kill that Bug," given on July 28 and 29. After the second performance there was a supper and a dance on the stage which went on till 4 a.m., and at an even later hour the early Turk was horrified to meet a harlequin doing a *pas de seul* down the main street of Kedos, and a butterfly and a chorus girl affronted an old lady who was weeding her cabbage patch at sunrise. Hardly had the revue been given when Napier received from home the complete piano scores of " Theodore and Co.," " The Maid of the Mountains," and " Chu Chin Chow," and Colonel Taylor and Parsons decided to take the

KEDOS: THE MAIN STREET AND THE GREAT MOSQUE.

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first in hand; such was the interest taken in our shows that a few days later an officer was stopped in the bazaar by the chief Mullah, who wanted to know whether the " good news " was true, that we were going to reproduce a piece " straight from London."

By this time the *Hilal* was guardedly betraying the news of our successes on the Western Front, and Channer, who on August 9 came back from Constantinople, brought further tidings, so that everyone felt bucked up, and the camp was distinctly more cheerful than it had been; Rae's bi-weekly lectures on the military and political position attracted larger and more enthusiastic audiences, and considering how difficult it was to extract the truth from the always reticent and often confused reports which the *Hilal* offered, his careful résumé, illustrated as it was by the good maps which Channer had brought back from Stamboul, was of the greatest value to us all—far more valuable than the lecturer's apologetic manner and diffident appeals for agreement seemed to imply.

In view of the production of " Theodore and Co." it was decided to purchase a big lamp for the stage, and since such could not be procured at Kedos the Commandant gave permission on August 9 for Tebbs and Bampton to pay the first of many visits to Ouchak; the most sinister motives were popularly assigned to these excursions, so that they became the standing joke for stage gags and encore verses—one might have thought that Ouchak was a second Paris.

Early in August some reports from home brought the parole question again to the fore, and half a dozen officers gave notice that they intended to withdraw their promise not to escape. Things went on as usual pending a reply from Constantinople, which, when it eventually came, was to the effect that the officers in question were to be sent to Changri; but events moved too quickly for the Turks and the armistice had been signed before transport for Changri was forthcoming; so the protest was without material result. The discussion which it caused at the time was thrown into the shade by the sudden notice that a medical board was to be held on August 15, and that all officers and men were to attend whose health gave any grounds for their exchange. The number who discovered themselves to be suffering from serious ailments was surprising, considering the deceptive appearance of good health which prevailed, and crowds sat on the barracks stairs outside Spackman's door in hopes of repatriation. The examination was for the most part a fiasco, but lists were duly drawn up which did at least contain the names of most of those who had much the matter with them, and as a fresh board was to be held at the end of three months the rest of us felt that we might all get a chance later. Since Colonel Taylor was one of those marked for exchange, rehearsals for " Theodore " went on more energetically than ever, as everyone wanted him to see the performance on which he had spent so much pains. The camp indeed grew very lively. There was a R.A.F. dinner on August 12;

a Wednesday evening dancing-class was started, and on Piper's stage Begg and Baillon drilled the heavy fantastic toe to the sound of a volunteer orchestra; on August 19 Colonel Pocock produced three one-act plays, remarkable for the great hit made by Major Stewart; and on the 24th Colonel Taylor revived "Kill that Bug."

It is worth remarking that on August 24 there arrived from Constantinople a lot of books which had been sent there from Kastamuni to be censored—it had taken the Turks just twelve months to make up their minds that the volumes were innocuous; but the more valuable books were retained and we never saw them at all.

On August 28 there came to Kedos M. Menten, a Red Cross representative attached to the Dutch Embassy, accompanied by two educated Turkish officers; he brought with him a lot of parcels sent off from home as late as June, 1918, and, though he was pessimistic about the duration of the war, much good news as to its progress. Our Dutch guest stopped till the 31st, and really enjoyed his visit. At the request of the Commandant the bug was killed again, and our visitors declared the show to be inferior only to those of Paris and London. There were dinner-parties and lunches, and M. Menten's only complaint was against the two well-meaning officers who towards dawn wanted to see him to his bed. He interviewed the town authorities in our interest, and did everything in his power to meet such complaints—they were not very many—as we had to make, and in particular told us that a new system had been introduced to expedite our parcels by keeping them altogether out of Turkish hands; how necessary this was was shown by the fact that he had only succeeded in getting the truckload he had with him despatched from Haidar Pasha by putting his bed on the top of the parcels and refusing to start without them. M. Menten was the first Red Cross representative—in fact, the first neutral—whom we had seen since the beginning of our captivity; but though time had removed most of the grievances which we had in earlier days, and his visit was therefore less vital than it would have been then, he was very welcome both for himself and for what he did for us, Unfortunately he could only confirm the reports which all along had reached us of the Turks' treatment of the rank and file of Kut prisoners, and his estimate of the number of survivors was even lower than we had feared—he thought that of the 2,600 not more than 400 were left alive. How many had died on the march up into Anatolia and how many from ill-treatment and privations on the railway work to which they were then set he could not tell, and probably it will never be fully known; certainly the hardships of the trek accounted for very many, but seeing that if the conditions of surrender had been observed these hardships would have been reduced to a minimum, the Turks are no less to blame for the death of those who fell out by the way than for those whom they killed afterwards by starvation, overwork, and neglect. *Mastik* had in early days

published some verses called "Stragglers" which may well be quoted here.

STRAGGLERS

A SONG OF THE UNSUNG

To Babylon from Sardis Cyrus travelled long ago,
  And the road had many pitfalls by the way;
It is full of thirst and hunger by the high road and the low;
It is full of flies and Arabs, and Cyrus found it so;
It is hot and hard and cruel, we have been there and we know;
  But there's one thing that the histories never say.

O Cyrus, Alexander, son of Philip, Tamerlane,
Your tombs are full of glory, you have harvested your grain,
And the men who fought your battles have been sung and sung again;
But the men the Arabs ambushed, or who sickened by the way,
The singers have no words of these. I sing of them to-day.

"From the Narrows to the Taurus and from Issus down the coast,
  Till the Persian paid the debt his father owed,
The whole world is my footstool"—such was Alexander's boast—
"And the men I lost in battle were a thousand slain at most."
But we, we too have followed in the footsteps of his host,
  And how many did he lose upon the road?

O Cyrus, Alexander, son of Philip, Tamerlane,
Your last long march is over, you have counted up your gain,
And your battles are remembered, the slayers and the slain;
But some there are forgotten, deaths that never come to mind:
The stragglers and the footsore and the men you left behind.

From Bokhara down to Bagdad and from Bagdad to the north,
  Like an avalanche of death went Tamerlane;
The land was milk and honey when as Tamerlane rode forth,
And it turned to dust and ashes at the passage of his wrath;
But we too have taken Bagdad and set eyes upon the north
  And on things they do not tell of Tamerlane.

O Cyrus, Alexander, son of Philip, Tamerlane,
The many men who marched with you in song have lived again,
Made glorious and quickened, like the widow's son of Nain;
But the few the Arabs ambushed, or who sickened by the way,
The singers have no word of these. I sing of them to-day.

While M. Menten was yet with us the camp was attacked by "Spanish grippe." Luckily the disease did not take a serious form with us, as it did in the Yuzgad camp—nearly everyone had it, but lightly, and it meant at most a few days in bed; if, as some believed, M. Menten brought it, that would be the only grouse we have against him. He had hardly left when a Turkish Red Crescent mission appeared on the scene. The commissioners were supposed to be going round with M. Menten to act as a drag on the wheels, but the Dutchman had given them the slip, much to

their annoyance. How well qualified they were for their work was proved by the fact that they had not even read the Report of the Berne Conference, and when our Commandant offered to lend them a copy they declined, saying that it did not interest them. The only thing they did was to glance at the Commandant's money ledgers, and as he had not kept accounts of the money paid out to us they must have gathered very little information. They did not bother about us, and we certainly returned the compliment.

On September 9 the Freemasons of the camp gave a farewell dinner to Colonel Cummins, who was to go to Constantinople, and to Colonel Taylor, who, with the rest of those passed by the medical board, had been told to hold himself in readiness for immediate departure. Four days afterwards, to everyone's astonishment, a wire came ordering Spackman to proceed at once to Smyrna for repatriation. Spackman, of course, was not on the list, and his departure meant that in case of illness we could rely only on the tender mercies of the Turkish doctor; fortunately, the ignorant old humbug who used to be in medical charge of us had in August gone off to Kara Hissar and his place had been taken by a younger man who was tolerably capable and praiseworthily keen. Spackman gave a fancy dress dance to celebrate his departure (his own costume as a skeleton might well have been misconstrued!), auctioned his effects, and disappeared the following morning. The first to leave Kedos for home, he was not the first to leave Turkey, for we found him still at Smyrna on our arrival there, and a good many sailed before he did; but his departure was the beginning of the break-up of the camp.

On September 18 and 21 there were two performances of an admirable Pierrot show got up by the orderlies and stage-managed by Major Saunders. On the 27th orders came that Colonel Taylor, Bunbury, Cox, Welman, Heathcote, Lander, and Pte. Bird were to leave at once for home, and in consequence the first performance of "Theodore and Co.," which had been billed for the 28th, was put on at once.

The first two acts of the play had gone with great *éclat*, and Reyne, resplendent as a Yeomanry Colonel, was watching the last touches being given to his daughter's hair, when the alarm was given that Kedos was on fire.

The fire started in a house next to the Khan, where a good woman was making peckmez, and spread very rapidly. The Khan itself was one of the first buildings to catch, and Lander, who was alone there, laid up with a bad leg, had a narrow escape. By the time we reached the scene the fire had spread across the road to Herapath's house, which was already gutted, and was making rapid progress all round. The townsmen, many of whom had been down at the barracks watching the show, had no idea of doing anything useful, and though the local fire-engine with its hand pumps and leaking hosepipe did appear upon the scene—and was promptly

impounded by British orderlies—it was too feeble an affair to make any impression on the blaze. Naturally the first thing to be done was to salve property from those houses occupied by officers which seemed most in danger, and so various parties went off, some to Colonel Brown's house, some to Munroe's quarters, and some down to the riverside where Guise kept the inflammable effects of the Twelve Club. The remainder of the officers and most of the orderlies started demolition work to stop the fire spreading; the demolition was carried out pretty successfully, but the fire spread none the less. The first barrage attempted was by the smaller Turkish bath and across the square there, but the fires were on us before more than a couple of houses had been brought down; then we started on the big mosque by the cemetery, and along a row of houses at right angles to the main street; the Commandant, when appealed to by Colonel Cummins for permission to demolish here, had replied naïvely enough that the English were in command and must do precisely as they thought fit, but the inhabitants, hoping against reason that the fire would not come so far, showed no wish to have their houses pulled down about their ears, so after a hectic time spent in wrecking the mosque the demolition party turned its energies towards saving property out of the doomed houses.

The Turkish women had completely lost their heads, and though they worked more or less it was in a perfectly random manner—valuables were being left to burn while the ladies of the house toiled away under loads of empty pots or baskets of apples: most energetically did they curse their menfolk (who did nothing at all), and with an equal readiness did they call upon us to help them. At any moment one was seized upon by an old crone, who, screaming " Gel Ingliz, gel bouda," dragged one into the innermost sanctum of the harem, where she would point to a bin of loose corn, weighing half a ton or so, and bid one carry it off. There were quite a number of adventures on that adventurous night, and many of us got quite a new idea of the personal charms of the Kedos ladies, for veils were forgotten and shyness disappeared in the heat of the fire; one of the Turks was heard remarking afterwards that they would never have let their own countrymen go into their houses in that fashion, " but you could always trust an Englishman."

It was not unnatural, especially as the fire started so close to the Khan, that at first some of the people should have regarded us as its originators, and Munroe's party was rather badly stoned when they were trying to save their household gods; but as soon as the Turks realised that we were working just as hard to save their stuff as our own, their feeling veered round, and we became immensely popular. Certainly the official report sent afterwards to Constantinople hardly went beyond the truth when it said that whatever was saved out of the town was saved by the efforts of the British officers and men. All night long we were carrying

off bedding, and copper pots, and sacks of grain or flour, and dumping them down outside the town to be claimed by their owners. The only successful demolition work was done by Atkins and Baillon, who unaided pulled down two houses and thus saved a group of seven others on the western slope of the town; apart from this the fire swept on in every direction and was only checked by the little stream on the north; here in the early hours of the morning some of us felled the trees along the banks, while others hung wet carpets over the roof of the little mosque, and here at last the fire stopped. The Gurkhas and others who lived in the cluster of houses beyond this had carted all their belongings out into the open or up to the barracks, but the precaution was unnecessary; by 5 o'clock the fire was still burning, but there was no longer much risk of its spreading farther to the north. It was a very tired and a very grimy lot of prisoners that at daybreak tried to snatch a little sleep or sat and watched the now dying fire, too exhausted to carry anything more or even to go to bed; but all agreed that it had been a ripping night, and that as a stage effect this, the last act of "Theodore," had beaten the record.

Kedos had ceased to exist. Out of some 2,300 houses, more than 2,000 had in a few hours been reduced to ashes, and in the daylight the ruined town showed a scene of extraordinary desolation—crumbling walls of mud-brick and smouldering heaps of débris shrouded by a pall of thin, acrid smoke, the whole ringed round by the camps of the homeless townsfolk. But we too were in a sorry plight. The former occupants of the Khan and of Herapath's house had lost everything they possessed: indeed, Burroughs, who had changed at home for his part, was left with nothing but the petticoats he stood up in; and the rest of the town party, though they had saved the more portable of their goods, had lost not a little, and had nowhere to put what remained to them. Even those whose houses had not been burned had to turn out of them to make room for the original inhabitants, and as the Government offices had been destroyed (not, it was said, before the leading citizens had looted the treasury!) the civil Kaimakam and his Staff, the Post Office, and the Telegraph, all migrated down to the already congested barracks. By the time the various outlying messes had transferred the salvage of their goods through the encumbered streets to the barracks, and the orderlies and the 76th mess had been evicted from their quarters there by the Posts and Telegraphs, the situation had become really impossible. Major Barker's and Guise's messes occupied the old barracks dining-room, a few had squeezed into the upper rooms, but the majority were bivouacked out in the open, in the orchard, or down by the river, with no more shelter than was afforded by the flats of the hurriedly dismantled stage. The only exception was Major Stewart's mess, for which the Commandant kindly produced a large tent. It was evident that we must once more go on trek and start a fresh camp all over again—the Commandant talked of Magnesia, and

wired to Constantinople for instructions, and in the meanwhile we could only stop where we were and hope for fine weather.

On September 29 Colonel Taylor and the other officers and men passed by the board as medically unfit left for Smyrna, and five days later Colonel Cummins, Majors Johnson and Pearson, with Lesmond and Burroughs, went off to Constantinople for hospital treatment; and though we were sorry to see them go we had to admit that anything which relieved our overcrowding was welcome. The townspeople were fast disappearing—the roads in every direction were dotted with parties of fugitives, who with their heterogeneous effects, piled on mules, donkeys, and creaking waggons, were off in search of new homes. This exodus further complicated the food question, for the countrypeople stopped coming into a town where there was no longer a market, and, as enormous stores of grain had been destroyed and what was saved was being carted away by its owners, bread gave out altogether. The authorities wired to Ouchak and to Kutahiya for bread, and in time small supplies arrived; the loaves were distributed at the barracks to a fighting mob of women and children, and we occasionally got a ration, though more often the stock was exhausted before our turn came, and we were lucky if we could draw on the military flour store and make ourselves chupatties. The orderlies went out all over the country on foraging parties, but the villages were none too anxious to sell, and prices went up with a bound. At first we were hard put to it to get any food at all, but later the Commandant arranged for a butcher to kill daily for us, and a small bazaar grew up near the barracks where vegetables and eggs could be bought at about double the prices that had prevailed when the demand was normal; but it was a fortnight and more before the bread ration became at all regular, and there were many days when not even flour was forthcoming. The turn of the month ushered in a short spell of cold and drizzling weather, and life out of doors was far from pleasant; but just when we might have been most miserable news came from the outer world which turned the most despondent into an optimist. On October 2 we heard of the Bulgarian overtures, and four days later the armistice terms were published; it was clear that Turkey would have to follow suit, the more so as tidings of the fall of Damascus now came to hand. We had made arrangements with the telegraph clerk and with the civil Governor's confidential secretary that all wires were to be shown to us as soon as they arrived; and though these two worthies did not always earn their somewhat exorbitant fees we generally got our news without too much delay or prevarication. The news of Talaat's resignation and the publication of Wilson's answer to Germany more than atoned for the raki shortage, which for a day or two reduced the Twelve Club to cold water, and though the Commandant would not authorise any regular concerts, for fear of upsetting public opinion, the high spirits of the

garrison found vent in impromptu sing-songs wherein the " Theodore " music was so done to death that " Tell Herapath to shut up " became a catchword in the camp.

On September 16 there was a sudden order for a sick parade to complete the number of those who were to go home on exchange. It was a really farcical affair, and when the next day the list of fifteen officers and twenty orderlies appointed to be invalids was posted up it was greeted with shouts of laughter; perhaps the best case was that of an officer who reported for varicose veins, which he really had, but only in one leg, and the Turkish doctor said that you must have them in both legs to qualify, so turned him down: " Well, then," said the officer in question, struck by a bright idea, " how about my arm ?" Asked about that, he explained that his arm had been broken and he could not bend it quite straight again—so he was passed and duly sent down for exchange; he did not mention that the accident had occurred just twenty-three years before !

The departure of the " invalids "—which amongst other things seriously disordered our domestic arrangements, as it meant a redistribution of orderlies, and a good deal of extra work for those who remained—rather damped our spirits. It is true we were sure that Turkey could not hold out much longer, but things seemed to move very slowly and the uncertainty was trying, the obstinate failure of the authorities to do anything to put an end to the discomfort of our makeshift existence at Kedos was a more material grievance, and however optimistic you may be by nature it is depressing to see others starting for home when you are left behind as a prisoner. It was with relief, therefore, that we heard on October 19 that the Government had made up its mind about us, and that we were forthwith to be moved in small parties, owing to shortage of transport, to Ouchak, whence we should entrain for Alishehir and from there trek two days into the interior to a new camp at Koula. We had hoped to be released altogether, but failing that we wanted to leave Kedos, and at any rate to get down to the railway was a move in the right direction. The first party, Munroe's mess, started at once, and were followed by Colonel Pocock's mess on the 22nd. The latter had an unpleasant experience *en route*. On the second day some of the officers were walking on well ahead of the carts, passing through the hills of the Hermus Valley, when they were held up by a party of armed brigands. Attempts to keep these in conversation until the escort arrived proved fruitless—the outlaws (some of whom were in uniform) relieved them of their money, and wanted to take their boots into the bargain; when they resisted the brigands grew violent, used the butt ends of their rifles, and finally shot Appleby in the back as he was attempting to rejoin the main body, which were just coming round the corner. Luckily the wound was not serious, but the incident threw a lurid light on the conditions in Turkey, of which we had already learnt much at

second hand, and it made the later parties pretty careful to avoid straggling.

The Gurkhas were the next to go, accompanied by the Commandant, who to Ali's disgust left the doctor in charge of the Kedos garrison. They too travelled not without misadventure, for Colonel Powell, walking on ahead from Kedos, missed the rest of the party, who took a short cut across country, and finding himself alone at nightfall trudged all the way back to the barracks; he arrived very cold and very tired after a march of twenty miles and more, but more worried about the feelings of the rest of his mess at losing him than about his own, and it speaks well for the gallant Colonel's condition that, though he had been laid up with lumbago for a month past, he started off again soon after midnight astride of a diminutive pony with a broken girth and rejoined his party in safety.

By this time rumour was busy with the terms of the armistice to be granted to Turkey; General Townshend was reported to be at Kuleli Burgas,or at Gallipoli, or at Smyrna, or at Adana, negotiating favourable conditions for the Turks, and the end, so far as we were concerned, was clearly in sight. On the 26th, just after the receipt of an official telegram (which we were not supposed to see, but did) giving the actual terms, there arrived at the barracks two German officers who had been for months prospecting for minerals in the hill-country of Anatolia, and were now come to Kedos to pick up fresh supplies and guides. They refused, rather curtly, our invitation to breakfast, and were very openly aggrieved when the Turks treated them with as scant a civility; having been out of touch with the world they knew nothing of how the war was going, and it was curious to see the change in their attitude when the Bimbashi informed them that Turkey was making peace, that Germany had lost Lille and Ostend and was suing for an armistice, and that they had five days in which to clear out of Turkey. They were two very crestfallen Boches who saddled up again, and, abandoning their expedition, made off to the nearest point on the railway.

One of the advantages of our last trek was that we could travel comparatively light. In any case the transport provided would not have enabled us to take much furniture with us, and some had already lost all in the fire, and the rest were so confident that the new Koula camp would never materialise that they determined to take only their personal effects, and not too much of those. We had no intention of giving things away to the Turks, so that everything that could be spared was sold to the highest bidder. The Turks, of course, thought that, this being a forced sale, they would get things at knockout rates, and prices accordingly came down with a run until people were bidding in piastres for what a few days before they would have given pounds to get. So we started the bonfire system. We fixed our minimum price, and if that was not reached the object went on to the fire—furniture, old clothes, even bedding was burnt

before the eyes of the agonised Turks, who hated equally paying a fair price and losing all hope of the stuff, and this proved an admirable stimulant: the sale of gift clothes alone raised over 100 liras for the Red Cross, the K.A.D.S. paid off nearly all the advance it had received from the general fund, the individual officers and men got something in hand to meet unguessed expenses at Smyrna. But the real joy was at long last

OUCHAK.

to get something out of the Turk who had so often done us down, and to burn what he obviously coveted was almost as satisfactory as to sell it to him. At last Halim Bey, the richest man and the dirtiest scoundrel in Kedos, was ordered out of the barracks by Major Rybot for trying to snatch something out of the fire: Ali Effendi intervened, and put a stop to the auction, and the rest of our spare possessions vanished without more ado in one glorious blaze.

OUCHAK: GOOD-BYE TO THE COMMANDANT.

To face p. 107.

Colonel Brown's mess was the next to leave Kedos, then the 76th, and Colonel Cox with the old barracks mess brought up the rear, and we at last were all together again in Ouchak. But here our numbers were further reduced, for a telegram had come to Kedos, while our moves were in progress, giving the names of some more officers and men who were to be exchanged—cases marked down by the medical board as invalids, passed over at the time and now required to make up the full complement of the sick. The fact was that the Turkish Government, having agreed to exchange so many English for so many Turkish prisoners, had been quite unable to devise a scheme whereby the right number could be selected and brought together at Smyrna, and so could give no detailed order to the M.O.'s of the different camps. Every now and then they would wake up to the fact that the tally was incomplete and would wire off for a few more to be sent along, only to find once more that their arithmetic was at fault. So now Majors Rybot and Barker and a few more went off to Smyrna.

At Ouchak we were lodged in half a dozen khans, and though reduced to camping outfit we were none so badly off. But the town authorities did not at all appreciate our presence, monopolising as we did most of the spare accommodation of the town, and they were most insistent that we should take the train at once for Alishehir. The Commandant, on the other hand, quite shared our views on the unwisdom of leaving the railway now that the armistice had been signed, and, as he expected the order for us to go to Koula to be countermanded at any moment, preferred waiting at Ouchak, where we were well off, to going on to Alishehir, where accommodation would probably be scant; but in this he was overborne. One evening he sent word to Colonel Brown that orders had come for us to move the next day to Alishehir, *en route* for the new camp: the train was in the station, and we were to start at midday. Colonel Brown replied that we did not take orders from the Turks unless they suited our convenience, and that the only authorities we recognised were the British officers in control of Turkey, and that we were not going to Koula. The Commandant accepted the situation philosophically, and wired to Constantinople; but the next morning orders came for us to go at once to Smyrna. Major Rybot had seen Nureddin, the new Vali (" I think we had the pleasure of meeting you in Mesopotamia," said the Major. " No," replied Nureddin, " you did not precisely meet me, but you caused me a great deal of inconvenience "), and had got him to wire for us.

On the platform of Ouchak we said good-bye to the Commandant and his staff. He made a little speech and shook hands with us all and we cheered him and sang that he was a jolly good fellow. He may not have realised quite how great a compliment it was (for it is unlikely that any other prison Commandant had such a send-off from his charges), but he was certainly very pleased; and we for our part were indeed grateful to a man who was a gentleman himself and treated us as such, and we

felt that he thoroughly deserved both his musical honours and the piece of plate for which we subscribed. M. Menten, who had been at Ouchak and was going down with us, photographed the whole group, and the train steamed out of the station amidst the cheers and yells of our party and of the mob of Turks, Greeks, and Armenians who had come down to see us off.

At Alishehir we picked up a big mail and received for the first time letters dated later than July 21—hitherto all written after our big push started on the first front had been held up.

Smyrna will for us always be associated with two things: its colossal prices and the hospitality of its foreign colony. The Turks had by now washed their hands of us, and pending our departure we were left by them to our own devices. We scattered. Some took lodgings in the city or patronised the hotels; some went out to Paradise, where free quarters were put at their disposal by the Director of the American School there; and others were taken in by the leading English and French families of Smyrna, Bournabat, and Boudjah. Nothing could have exceeded the generosity and the friendliness of the Whittalls, the Gireauds, and the others, who threw open their houses to us prisoners and did their best to entertain those whom they could not actually put up; there were dances and concerts, tea-parties and dinners almost every day, and anxious as we were to get home there were not wanting some of us who said good-bye to Smyrna with regret and registered a solemn promise to return. It was lucky for us that on the way down M. Menten had paid out to us both arrears of Embassy money and private money from home, and it was lucky too that our stay in Smyrna was not a very long one, for otherwise we should have had to go into bankruptcy. It was practically impossible to get for under a lira a meal of any sort, even a single course, and the cost of living is best illustrated by the case of two officers, who having treated two children to a really first-class tea were presented with a bill for 9 liras. When the humble egg cost 2s. it was not surprising that imported luxuries were beyond the dreams of a Midas, and it was delightful to see the joy with which our generous hosts received the presents of superfluous tea or potted meats or jam which we offered at first so shamefacedly. The prices of clothes and boots were enormous (£T40 for a pair of boots *did* sound a bit stiff!); but fortunately we found waiting for us a whole store of such goods sent by the Red Cross, and so even those who had had no kit from home were able to leave Turkey in comparatively decent garb without being ruined. For at last we really were to leave Turkey. The invalids, both the genuine and the official varieties, sailed off, and the rest of us were not long delayed.

When the main body went, the whole of the English and French colony seemed to be collected on the quay to say good-bye to us, and they were still cheering and singing and waving handkerchiefs to us when from the deck of the moving steamer we looked our last at the land where we had been prisoners so long.

CARTOON PUBLISHED BY A TURKISH NEWSPAPER AT SMYRNA FIVE DAYS BEFORE THE ARMISTICE.

CHAPTER VI

PRISONERS' PASTIMES

1. Sports

NOT the least of our trials as prisoners was the question of obtaining exercise, and it was a big difficulty to circumvent. The Turk is quite content to sit still all day and drink his coffee, and a temperament that required regular exercise was an enigma to him. However, as in most things, we had our way.

From small beginnings we got two weekly walks and a day for purchasing in the town, till finally in the non-parole days before the escape we could get out every day for either games or walks, besides being allowed a very limited area outside our dwellings where we could walk and sit until sunset.

Our earliest games were rounders, tip-and-run, and what we were pleased to call cricket. In these days our great trouble was the lack of any sort of games outfit, but we managed somehow with unspliced bats and string balls of our own making. These games were shortlived, for we soon procured locally the outer casing of a small football which, stuffed with straw, served as a substitute for a Rugby football, and for some months an apology for Rugby, without collaring, was our chief amusement.

By this time we had hired a field for 15 liras to compensate the owner for his year's crop, and here all the games, till our departure to Changri, took place. Later, in parcels, Soccer and Rugger balls arrived, and then we could get regular exercise and in plenty. The field was allotted alternately to the Upper and Lower Houses, and before we had left Kastamuni, to instil some enthusiasm into the games, many matches were played between the Upper and Lower Houses at both Rugger and Soccer, as well as two combined Soccer leagues.

In our parcels we received from time to time sets of boxing gloves, and at once Stockley started a boxing class in the lower houses. He got quite a number of enthusiastic novices to join, and he was assisted by Lowndes, Chamier, and Dooley, who were ever ready to turn out and spar with any of the beginners. Kirkwood later assisted further the officers of the upper houses.

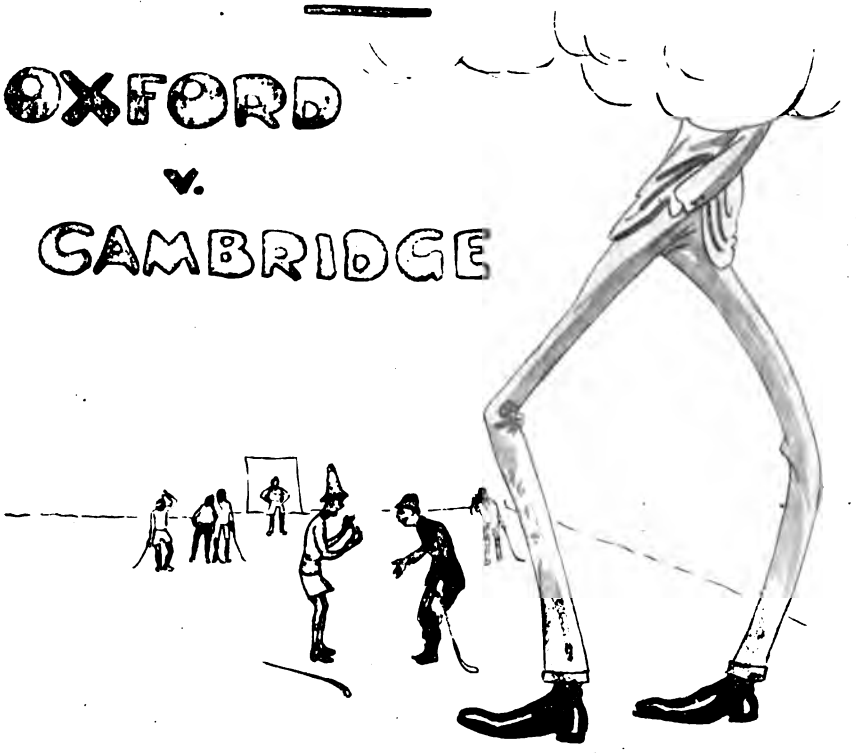
The outcome of all this practising was a tournament in the open

UNIVERSITY HOCKEY MATCH

OXFORD

v.

CAMBRIDGE



Prof. Stepiano: My dear Wallaby, this is obviously a unique specimen of the egg of the Sedentaliaromanus; although somewhat the worse for wear, you must admit the markings —

Prof. Wallaby: My dear Stepiano, don't be absurd, the clearly complete evidence that the ancient Greeks played golf on these parts —

Voice from aloft: When you fellows have quite finished with the ball, we'll get on with the match.

SATURDAY APRIL 6TH.

BULLY-OFF AT 4 pm.

Wallaby off at about 4.45 pm.

To face p. 111.

outside the lower house restaurant. There was a large gathering of the officers and men, as well as Turkish and Greek men and women, to watch the events. One of the most sporting matches was that between Colonel Cramer-Roberts and Br. Miller; the advantage of reach and weight were with Br. Miller, who won the match; but the result might have been different if only the plucky Colonel had weighted in with some of those blows which he said he was keeping up his sleeve—but, alas! he was stripped to the waist.

At one time Badminton was the vogue—chiefly in the lower houses. A number of ingenious officers helped in turning out the necessary sets: it was really quite extraordinary what some of them could do when the necessity arose. Bampton and Munroe once more vied with one another to turn out the best article, and considering the material at their disposal the finished rackets would have done credit to a Gamage.

A few officers beguiled some odd hours mastering the art of jiu-jitsu; the camp were fortunate in finding an instructor in the person of Lance-Corporal Young.

This seems to exhaust our sports in Kastamuni with the exception of a little tobogganing in the early part of 1917. The idea we probably got from seeing some of the small inhabitants sliding down the steep streets on their miniature toboggans. The prisoners were a bit more ambitious, and before long they had a number of machines capable of seating four. This amusement did not stay with us long, but while it lasted we had some good days out on a small hill not far from the barracks. At a generous estimate the run was not more than 300 yards, but it was the best the immediate neighbourhood could afford.

In Changri during a short stay there Soccer and Rugger were in full swing, and one Soccer league and a number of matches were played.

An amusing feature of these leagues in Kastamuni and Changri was the presence of troops of bookmakers. They evidently did good business, for there were always volunteers forthcoming for the job when a new league was started.

Captain Sherif Bey, the Captain of the Guard, showed a little enthusiasm for football and begged a ball from us to teach his posters. The old askars did not seem to share his feelings. These were the only occasions on which we had even seen grown men playing games, though the Sultanieh boys' school in Kastamuni had been taught Soccer before our arrival there. We played the school on one or two occasions, but these games were finally forbidden as the officials thought it was wrong for the young idea to enter into friendly rivalry with British prisoners.

At Kedos the meagre little ground in front of the barracks afforded hardly room for five-a-side hockey; however, the games were taken seriously and a number of matches and leagues were played. Here too, through lack of any gear, the sticks and balls had to be made by the prisoners—they were rough, but answered their purpose well enough.

Besides this hockey, some paper-chases and sports meetings took place, while, at one time, baseball, introduced by some enthusiastic Canadians, was the game played out of doors.

Before closing this short article on the sports and games in our camps, perhaps it will not be out of place to add here a word on physical culture. A number of officers from the very early days went in seriously for Müller's and other exercises—some carrying this cult almost to a mania. The camp again was lucky in finding an expert in Punchard, who willingly prescribed particular exercises with explanatory diagrams for cases of weak knees, round shoulders, adiposity, etc. One officer had a quite novel system and always caused great amusement. As a prisoner he must have spent literally days puffing alternately over his right and left shoulders. One doubts if any good resulted, but certainly it helped to keep him employed, and he at least was satisfied, and if he afforded others amusement he certainly can be looked upon as a public benefactor.

The Turkish subject has had ample opportunity of studying the Britisher's passion for games and its beneficent result; but one doubts whether he will cultivate this taste for healthy exercise, and one is quite certain that, if he finds a tub is the natural sequence to a hard game of Soccer or Rugger, his vote will be " Yok."

2. Library

At the beginning of the Kastamuni period the few books which officers had saved from the siege and through the trek were circulated privately by their owners. This arrangement was far from satisfactory—books took a long time to get round, and no one knew what was available or where it was at any moment; so early in September a library was organised in the school-house by Herapath and in the lower houses by Keeling In the upper house the library was started with a total of fifty volumes, of which fourteen were Kipling's, belonging to the librarian himself. In October a few books came from the American Embassy, and in November books began to arrive from home and when possible were smuggled out through the incompetent censorship of the Turkish officers. Elton now joined Herapath as sub-librarian, subscriptions were raised to provide proper bookshelves, and the books were classified and catalogued. By September, 1917, the school-house library contained 800 volumes, the lower house library a rather larger number, a regular system of exchange between the two libraries had long been working satisfactorily, and the head-librarian would not have changed his job for the curatorship of the Bodleian.

At Changri, the two libraries were amalgamated and the whole collection was shelved in the old upper house messroom. Herapath, Patmore, and Elton were in charge. A certain number of books had been

left behind or lost *en route*, and the library now contained 1,100 volumes. When the Changri party divided, the books were apportioned between the two parties according to their respective numbers.

The existing library at Kedos contained 100 books, many of which had been sent by the Embassy and were not of great interest. A good many taken from Changri had been lost on the way or were not returned to the library by their owners, so that in January, 1918, when the reorganised library was opened in the Khan with Herapath in charge and Lacy and Roberts as assistants, it contained only 600 books. On May 18 a new system was introduced to regularise the lending of books which the owners did not wish to put into the library, and this system proved excellent for the circulating of such valuable books of reference as had by now come out from home. At the time of the fire there were two or three hundred books on the loan register, besides 1,230 in the library proper. Of the latter about 1,000 were burnt.

The thanks of the camp have throughout been due to Herapath for the energy and enthusiasm with which he filled a difficult and rather thankless task. We were also indebted to the Central Educational Committee for Prisoners of War, through whom a number of valuable books were obtained. It is worth remarking that whereas novels and light literature circulated most rapidly, the great demand was for books on history, travel, and sport. Classical English authors were fairly well represented and found a large number of readers.

Culture

To ease my long captivity
(Supposing I outlive it) I
Have turned my whole activity
  To science, art, and history
Both new and antiquarian,
And, thanks to our librarian
(An extraordinary one),
  I'm up in every mystery.

I've read through trigonometry
And Urdu and geometry,
I know what makes a comet try
  To fly in a parabola;
I've learnt what microbes forage in
The plate you take your porridge in,
And that the Turks by origin
  A mongrel Mongol rabble are.

I've read the works of Belloc, whence
I've learnt that Pitt thought eloquence
Would duly, *sine bello*, quench
  Napoleon's ferocity;

And though he took a toss then, he's
No worse than was Demosthenes,
Who suffered, laid across the knees
  Of Philip, for verbosity.

I've found that all philosophy
Is dogma with the gloss off; I
Have dipped into theosophy
  And proved it to be quackery;
From atheistic menaces
I've saved the book of Genesis,
And settled that *Pendennis* is
  The finest work of Thackeray.

Thus from my books I've risen a
Kultur-exuding prisoner,
For now our library's on a
  Fair par with that of Ptolemy.
And I'm so enthusiastic
That I've taken here the drastic
Step of writing rhymes for *Mastik*
  In the hope that all will follow me.

Mastik.

Overheard at Changri: " What book have you got out of the library ?"
" Oh, ripping thing, *The Conquest of Peru* by Prescott."
" Silly ass ! Prescott didn't conquer Peru: it was a fellow called Pinero."

3. Languages

At different times instructional classes were held in the following languages and were well attended: French, Major Saunders, Rae, Reyne, Drake-Brockman; German, Huddlestone; Spanish, Begg; Italian, Woolley; Hindustani and Arabic, Kirkwood.

Besides this a good number of officers, either individually or in co-operative groups, were able, with the aid of books and in some cases of native instructors, to study Russian, Arabic, Modern Greek, Tamil, Burmese, and Turkish.

" Mastik " Translations

From " The ' Hilal ' Phrase-Book " for Beginners.

Aucun événement digne d'être signalé.	No events we can venture to publish.
Les affaires se déroulent d'après nos prévisions.	Our worst fears are being realised.
Conformément aux ordres reçus.	Amidst cries of " Sauve qui peut."
L'ennemi a exécuté de points à X.	Enemy scored points at X.
Une de nos patrouilles parvint à pénétrer dans les tranchées ennemies.	One of our patrols deserted to the enemy.
Tous nos avions sont rentrés indemnes.	All our air craft that were not knocked out returned.

Kedos Kchock-ee Kar Konstruct^n 'Kademy

Don't buy a Ford; learn how to

make your own Car out of any-ole-thing!

Free Tuition by

Major Mitchell Saunders, S. T. C.

"The Man Who Gets Things Done"

See this Splendid Finale to Major Mitchell Saunders's Advanced Course.

Overheard.

FIRST OFFICER: " I say, two annas is the hell of a lot to pay for the *Hilal*, isn't it ?"

SECOND OFFICER: " It doesn't cost two annas."

FIRST OFFICER: " Yes it does; look here, there's 'deuxième année' printed at the top."

4. MOTORING LECTURES

Lectures on motoring were given by Major Saunders. These first started at Kastamuni, where four lectures were given on motors generally and a few officers were instructed privately. Before the drawings, diagrams, and cardboard models of various parts of the car were finished, Tewfik forbade any more to be done, saying that prisoners of war were forbidden to draw motor-cars, aeroplanes, steam engines, or fire-engines, so the rest of the drawings, etc., had to be made on the sly.

Before leaving Changri, at the request of several officers, a more comprehensive course of lectures was arranged for on our arrival at Kedos. For these lectures a more complete set of models and diagrams was necessary. The materials used in making these models were obtained from old cooking pots, old clocks, etc., and in the making of the models great assistance was given by Wise. The following models were made: (1) Sectional model of a 4-stroke engine in copper and aluminium; (2) Sectional model of a 2-stroke engine in painted walnut; (3) Sectional model of a carburettor in aluminium and brass; (4) Sectional model of a 4-speed gear box in walnut; (5) Model of a high-tension magneto in walnut; (6) Sectional models of a clutch in walnut. Over a hundred diagrams were drawn, in which Cheshire rendered great assistance.

The course lasted about three months and was attended by some thirty-five officers, and was followed by a course for orderlies. The thanks of the officers and men who attended these lectures are due to the Board of Education, Mr. Edmund Allday, and the Mitchell-Lewis Motor Co. for motoring literature supplied. Mr. Allday was also despatching various parts of engines, and the Editor of the *Autocar* literature and cardboard models, to enable the lectures to be continued during the winter of 1918—1919, but up to the date we left Kedos these had not arrived.

5. LECTURE COURSES

At Kastamuni Colonel Cramer-Roberts gave a course of figure-drawing with practical illustrations. Then Woolley gave a course on the " Evolution of Religion in the Old Testament," which he repeated at Kedos, where Jones gave courses of lectures on shorthand to officers and orderlies, and Rae delivered twice a week a much-appreciated summary of the military and political situation, based on *Hilal* reports and home letters.

Other lectures given by different officers were as follows: Major Stewart on the Horse; Major Saunders on Horse Management; Major Kirkwood on Polo; Bishop on Torpedo-boat Destroyers; Parsons on Propellers; Huddlestone on Locomotives; Major Saunders on Motors; Wise on Metallurgy of Steel; Major Booth on Telephones; Wells on Aircraft; Lowndes on Gunnery; Begg on Contact Patrol; Begg on the Somme Battle; Napier on the Mesopotamia Campaign; Napier on the Gallipoli Campaign; Elton on the March of the Ten Thousand; Major Stockley on Big-Game Shooting; Major Stockley on Tracking Big Game; Major Middlemas on Fish; Father Mullen on Classical Education; Woolley on The Hittites; Woolley on Roman Frontier Problems; Major Milford on Heraldry; Bishop on Pottery; Keeling on Law; Duxbury on Gold Mining; Bell Syer on Rubber Planting; Brown on Rubber Planting; Bampton on Tea-Planting; Forbes on Tea-Planting; Patmore on Electioneering; Patmore on Astronomy; Major Barker on Astronomy; Colonel Cramer-Roberts on Sketching; Punchard on Physical Culture.

At Kastamuni the Lower Houses formed a debating society whose meetings might perhaps be described as amusement more fittingly than under the head of education, and at Kedos Colonel Taylor, in April, founded an essay society with a limited number of members who gave vent to the most advanced views on such diverse subjects as Land Nationalisation, Modern Advertising, Parliamentary Reform, and Divorce.

At Kedos also a Shakespeare society was founded by Brickman and Elton in the spring of 1918 and went strong until the fire.

6. Magazines

In March, 1917, Elton and " J 2 " as joint-editors started a paper which was to appear fortnightly under the title *Mastik*. The magazine, which was effectively bound in a leather cover designed by Major Rybot and was all written out by hand, was limited to a single copy for each number and circulated privately round the houses: a very necessary precaution, for its contents were not calculated to be taken in good part by the Turkish authorities. It contained prose and verse of a frivolous character, together with numerous illustrations in colour and in black and white, and though the editors found themselves obliged to be to no small extent the authors also, each number contained quite a large selection of outside contributions, and more such would have appeared but for the rigorous censorship exercised by the staff. The contents were of course largely topical—answers to correspondents, advertisements, " agony column," and apocryphal interviews with persons of importance; the fortnightly review " In Kastamuni—Now " was a very clever adapta-

tion of the original Blanche's letters, and there was a lurid serial "Sonia, or the Poster's Revenge," of which each instalment was by a fresh author and each author tried to make the situation created impossible for his successor. But the most popular, as well as the most artistic, feature of *Mastik* was the series of coloured cartoons by Major Rybot, which would certainly have made the fortune of any magazine anywhere. *Mastik* ran successfully till November 1, when the dislocation of our treks and the loss of "J 2" put an end to its publication. It was to have been printed after the war, but unluckily the whole of the MS. was destroyed in the Kedos fire. Major Rybot's cartoons were saved and will, it is hoped, be published separately; a good number of the verses of which copies had been made by various officers reappear in the present volume.

In rivalry with *Mastik* another magazine was started under the name of *Smoke*, and possessing much the same features as its prototype. It was practically a one-man show. Unfortunately it indulged over-freely in those personalities which the editors of *Mastik* were careful to avoid, and was officially suppressed after a brief and eventful career. The orderlies at Kastamuni, not to be outdone, had their own publication, *Ekmek*, three sets of verses from which appear in this book. The MS. was not available at Kedos, otherwise a wider selection would have found place here, for both in written matter and in illustrations *Ekmek* attained a high level and deserved a greater measure of perpetuity.

7. Painting

Very soon after our arrival at Kastamuni in July, 1916, a few of us, finding we could buy in the town some brushes and paints, poor though they were, started trying to make water-colour drawings to kill time. The Turks were very suspicious, and very soon Tewfik the Commandant vetoed the pastime. We protested, of course, and Tewfik, with the assistance of the Greek cook of our restaurant, condescended to examine our sketches to see if there was really any harm in them. He probably did not know what they were meant to represent—and this not solely from lack of education or intelligence; but the cook, much to our surprise, recognised the subjects of most and assured the Commandant they were not women, and so not objectionable. On the other hand, some comic coats-of-arms—*e.g.*, the frontispiece to this volume—designed by Major Rybot were seized and the artist gravely warned against such behaviour in the future (coats-of-arms being obviously of a military nature).

After this episode two or three of us in the school-house were occasionally allowed a *posta* to go sketching. We were all very ignorant of how to set to work, but learnt a little from experience.

In the lower houses at Kastamuni there were two amateurs of no inconsiderable skill: Lieutenant-Colonel Cramer-Roberts and Major Rybot.

These two, independently of each other, did a good deal to help the eight or ten would be artists in their vicinity. Through the winter, when outdoor sketching was impossible, a good deal of portraiture and copying of photographs was tried amongst them. We in the school-house did nothing in that line.

Some amusing incidents which occurred about this time are worth recording. An officer made a sketch of a *posta*, and the Commandant seeing it confiscated it, because it was a drawing of a military character. Another officer had on his wall a drawing of " Sweet Seventeen " in a picture hat. This Sherif Bey, Captain of the Guard, removed—for the sake of the owner's morality, I suppose—and then hung it up in his own office! A portrait of Floyd by Cramer-Roberts and a painted almanac in Punchard's room were actually pulled down and destroyed by the Commandant on the grounds that all decorations were illegal.

In the spring of 1917 we painters had a better time. Tewfik went and Fateh Bey—one usually called him Fatty—a rotund, gourmandising, partly Germanised, cheerful, weak man, took his place. He was for the broad and easy way—would do quite a lot to avoid work; so we preyed on him, and having got permission for a *posta* to take us sketching on, I believe, one afternoon a week, took in practice about three afternoons a week and probably two or three *postas* on each occasion and went in several directions. So long as the *postas* were not asked to go more than a few hundred yards no difficulty was made—we got our *postas* and so our sketching. Thus May, June, and July passed.

I have mentioned that the sketchers of the lower houses received most useful instructions from Cramer-Roberts and Rybot. From May onwards we also of the school-house were able to get help from them, and greatly did we all appreciate it. Without their aid we should all be atrocious daubers still—such is my opinion, and I am sure my fellow-students bear me out in this—but now a fair number of us can make water-colour drawings which many people are quite glad to inspect.

In August, 1917, the escape occurred. This ended our sketching for all time at Kastamuni. In early October we were all at Changri, and there a few more landscape sketches were made in the vicinity of those vile barracks.

All through our time at Kastamuni Rybot and Cramer-Roberts did a good deal of portraiture of their brother-officers; a few others attempted the same, but not much success was obtained by any of these latter.

Kedos was an ideal place for all landscape sketches. There we could walk about when and where we liked, so no one was constrained to attempt a view he did not care for, and as a whole we went our several ways. Our numbers increased considerably in consequence—Cramer-Roberts was not with us there but we found amongst the old inhabitants of the barracks an artist—Lieutenant A. Cox, willing, though diffident, to help.

There was, however, one small disadvantage at Kedos. In Kastamuni we had not been allowed to go out without a *posta*, and so when sketching in the town we used him to keep the crowd at a respectable distance. But at Kedos no *postas* accompanied us, and sketching in the town was for most of us too uncomfortable an operation on account of the curiosity of the inhabitants, and particularly the children. The smell of garlic invariably drove me away within ten minutes of my settling down to make a sketch.

The scenery at Kedos is lovely, a veritable paradise for the landscape artist, so all through the summer months there were fellows with drawing boards, paint boxes, etc., and a few of those less sensitive to ridicule with chairs and even easels to be seen wandering far and wide. In the country the natives were very good to us; one was often greeted with " Reshem gilejek," or some such phrase, asking if we were going painting; occasionally a man would squat down beside one offering fruit or cigarettes, and seemingly perfectly happy talking to a Britisher quite incapable of understanding a word of what he said.

Rybot, Cramer-Roberts, and myself were the main contributors of drawings to *Mastik*. All the illustrations in the present volume are taken from drawings made by prisoners, and will give a very fair idea of the various lines followed and of the results produced. It might be mentioned that besides being for the most part beginners we were throughout hampered by material difficulties. Paints, brushes, and good paper were always very difficult to procure, and unless one received supplies in parcels from home one had to put up with very inferior stuff, and even when home supplies did arrive some, like myself, received unsuitable articles, our people at home being naturally ignorant of our needs, since so many of us only began the fascinating art after becoming prisoners of war.

CHAPTER VII

1. A History of the Kastamuni (later Changri and Kedos Orchestral Society)

FROM the very beginning the camp at Kastamuni, in comparison with others, was extraordinarily lucky in two respects: first, in having a sufficient number of officers who could play instruments; and secondly, in being able to find others who, though not knowing how to play or even how to read music, were willing and keen to learn.

It was really Munroe's skill as a handicraftsman that gave birth to the ambitious project of forming an orchestra. A number of banjos were first made by this officer, who, having established his reputation as a banjo-maker, next decided to try his hand at the making of a 'cello. He made one, and for a first attempt it was not at all bad; it could be tuned up to concert pitch, but it lacked volume of sound. Then Munroe suggested that an orchestra should be formed, and through his efforts a violin, a flute, and two clarionets were procured from the town. Two other violins had already been bought and mandolins were known to be plentiful.

Now for the music. There was always extreme difficulty in getting hold of music of any kind. Out of the first twenty-two pieces that the orchestra played, only two were orchestrated from piano scores; the remainder were simply airs picked out on the banjo or violin and harmonised with the help of a banjo. There was no one who knew anything about the theory of harmony or orchestration, but luck favoured us: Prout's book on harmony arrived with the Xmas parcels, and about four months later three fully orchestrated pieces of music came from Chappell's. Parsons, the conductor, was able to learn from the book on harmony the method of harmonising airs, and from the orchestrated music how to arrange the parts for the various instruments.

While touching on this subject, full credit should be given to Parsons for the infinite pains he took in orchestrating and harmonising the music, which of course had to be written up in manuscript. This latter was a very tedious task, and though volunteers were forthcoming to assist him it was due almost entirely to his energy that the orchestra became what it was. We were fortunate, too, in finding him and other officers capable of producing compositions of their own, for there were occasions when the

orchestra was badly in need of new tunes. The original compositions were:

SONGS

"The Awakening"	By Parsons and M. A. B. Johnston. Words by Johnston; sung by Warner.
"Sea Storm and Calm"	By Parsons. Words by Johnston; sung by Warner.
"Reminiscence"	By Reyne and Parsons. Words by Colonel Taylor; sung by Munroe in "Kill that Bug."
"The Garter and the Sock-Suspender" ..	By Reyne. Words by Colonel Taylor; sung by Munroe and Burroughs in "Theodore and Co.

VALSE

"Anatolia"	By Parsons.

OVERTURE.

"Dance of the Turkish Houris" ..	By Parsons. Overture to Act III., "Kill that Bug."

FINALE

To Act III., "Theodore and Co." ..	By Parsons.
Opening Chorus and other items in "Kill that Bug"	By Reyne and Parsons.

Our first practice was on January 13, 1917, and the following players were present: two violins, one mandolin, one flute, one clarionet, two banjos, one 'cello, and two drums. Munroe conducted. Two or three days later another clarionet and violin were discovered and bought. The clarionet was taken over by Munroe, the conducting by Parsons, and the violin by Major Davies.

When the third practice came there were six pieces of music ready to be played. Of course by this time everybody knew about the orchestra, and naturally they were keen to hear what it would sound like. Unfortunately the practice room was none too private, but everyone kept away from it as far as they could, probably to spare their own feelings as much as those of the players, for some dreadful noises issued forth at times. However, after about a fortnight's practising (practices were held three times a week), the orchestra had so far improved and everyone was so keen to hear it that it was decided to give a concert on February 17, although there were only six pieces to play.

February 17 came, and everybody was in a fever of excitement, and the orchestra about as nervous as it could be. It played in the large hall of the school-house at 8 in the evening. The following is a list of the players and instruments:

1st Violins ..	Mousley, Major Davies.	Clarionets	Morrell, Munroe.
Flute	Bampton.	'Cello	Reyne.
Mandolin ..	Major Saunders.	Big Drum and Cymbals	Herapath.
2nd Violin ..	Dunlop.	Side Drum	Clifton.
Banjo (2nd Violin part)	Mears.		

And the programme played was:

1. Twostep .. .. .. "Poppies."
2. Valse .. .. .. "Dreaming."
3. Song Medley .. .. "Little Grey Home in the West," "Two Eyes of Grey," "Where my Caravan has rested," "My Ain Folk."
4. Valse .. .. .. "Destiny."
5. Ragtime .. .. .. "On the Mississippi."
6. Valse .. .. .. "The Girl on the Film."

It will be interesting to compare the above list of instruments with that which the orchestra had at its last concert, which was as follows: four first violins, one flute and one piccolo, two banjos, two clarionets, three 'cellos, two double-basses, and two drums; and if it had not been for the unfortunate occurrence of the Kedos fire, which prevented all further concerts, there would have been the addition of a cornet and another clarionet. With the exception of the violins, flutes, and clarionets, all the instruments were made by officers. The performance was a success, far greater than anyone had anticipated; several of the pieces were encored, and everybody at the end was asking for more.

The next concert was given a week later, when four new pieces were played and the programme contained eight items. On March 7 the orchestra played for the first time at the lower houses with quite as great a success as at their first concert.

Just after this Warner and Colonel Cramer-Roberts joined as first and second violins respectively, and the addition of these two, both strong players, gave the orchestra the first step forward in its gradual progress. This strengthening of the air, however, was in some measure counterbalanced by the withdrawal of the mandolin. How the next improvement was made is interesting in several ways.

From the list of instruments given above it will be noticed that the main feature lacking was the bass, the whole of which devolved upon one poor 'cello. Although Reyne, the 'cello player, is strong in his playing as well as his person, the load upon his broad shoulders was too much for him, and the orchestra undoubtedly sounded lopsided. Munroe, therefore, in collaboration with Bampton, set to work to make a new 'cello and a double bass, and Major Laing and Atkins volunteered to learn to play them, which they did under the able tuition of Reyne. The new 'cello in particular was a great success in that it looked the part, had an excellent tone, and gave out a full volume of sound. It had been decided

to make these instruments shortly after the first practice, so that the 'cello was ready by March 13, and the double-bass about a fortnight later. Thus the balance of the orchestra was more fully assured.

On March 3 our first piano score arrived from home, and at the same time " Donauwellen " was procured from the blacksmith in the bazaar (who also sold butter, boot-polish, ink, etc.). These two sounded very different from the former pieces, as, for the first time, the correct harmony was produced. The arrival of this music marks fresh advance in the playing of the orchestra, which was further strengthened by the addition of Rogers with another banjo.

Concerts were held about once a fortnight up to the end of May, after which they were given in alternate weeks at the upper and lower houses. Reyne received some piano music from home and some Armenians in the town very kindly lent us some more, but the great event was the receipt from home of three fully orchestrated scores of music, whereby Parsons was able greatly to improve his orchestration. Nearly every player immediately wrote home for orchestrated music to be sent out monthly, but although all heard eventually that the music was being despatched, none of it ever arrived. Another double bass was completed on July 20; Colonel Cramer-Roberts was changed to first violin, Clifton took over the new double bass, and Clarke entered the orchestra as the new side-drum player.

The first concert given after these alterations was a climax in two respects: first, owing to the new orchestration and the changes made, the orchestra sounded better than it ever had done before; and secondly, it was the last concert given at Kastamuni; incidentally it was a farewell concert given in honour of Fateh Bey, our Commandant, who was about to leave us.

The date of the concert was July 31, and the programme was as follows:

1. Medley of Popular Comic Songs ..	" Something Doing."
2. Song	" When the Angelus was ringing." Sung by Munroe.
3. Mendelssohn	" Spring Song."
4. Valse	" Valse Dream."
5. Potpourri	Air, " Louis XIII."; " Il Bacio "; Gavotte from " Mignon "; and Finale to Overture to " Tancredi."
6. Song (by Parsons)	" Sea Storm and Calm." Sung by Warner.
7. Valse	" Happy Day."
8. Selection	" Our Miss Gibbs."

A week later four officers escaped, and this put an end to all performances at Kastamuni. When orders were received to move to Changri

it was decided to take all the instruments, and special boxes and crates were made for the 'cellos and double basses. Even the music stands were taken to pieces and tied together, but unfortunately they came loose on the journey and the road was strewn with bits of music stands in company with pieces of stove pipe, chairs, beds, and boxes which had gone astray.

The instruments reached Changri intact except for two losses: the second double bass was never found, and the original 'cello was so damaged that it was beyond human aid; the other double bass had a few cracks in it, which, however, were satisfactorily repaired. The orchestra got started again about a month after its arrival, and there were some fresh changes which are worthy of note. In the first place Mousley, the leading violin, went on the sick list, and had gone to Constantinople a few days before the departure from Kastamuni. To counterbalance this Dunlop was put first violin, thus leaving the banjos to do the work of the second violins by themselves. It may appear strange that banjos were included in the orchestra, but they were the only instruments that could play the second violin and viola parts, and when not played too loud they sounded very well. In the second place, during the time that elapsed between the escape and the move, Munroe made another 'cello, and learnt to play it by borrowing Reyne's in his spare time; when the orchestra was ready to begin practising at Changri, Munroe had so far mastered the instrument as to be able to play easy parts, so he was taken on as another 'cello. Morrell took over Munroe's clarionet, and Bell-Syer volunteered to learn the other one, which he did in about a month.

Everything went smoothly and a concert was given on Saturday evening, November 10. Two days later orders were received that those officers who were prepared to give their parole were to move to Kedos at any moment, so a farewell concert was given on Thursday, 15th, to those officers who had elected to stay behind; Colonel Cramer-Roberts, unfortunately for the orchestra, was one of these. A selection of ten of the best pieces was given, and it was said that the orchestra had never played or sounded so well as on this occasion.

On the 23rd the move to Kedos took place. Again the 'cellos were packed up in their boxes to be taken along, but unfortunately the two double basses had to be scrapped, and the frame of the big drum was lost on the way. We arrived at Kedos, therefore, with only two 'cellos for the bass again, so it was decided that Munroe should make another 'cello and the second double bass, and Bampton the drum and first double bass; the latter, having the same shape as a 'cello and being twice the size, was a wonderful improvement on the old one. Later a set of real double bass strings were obtained from Constantinople, and the noise that Atkins could have produced if he had ever decided to let himself go would have been enough to drown the whole orchestra. On marking the finger positions on the new double bass a long discussion arose between the

conductor and Atkins, who insisted on having three positions for the three notes, as he called them, E, E sharp, and F. Only after much argument was he convinced that the two notes E sharp and F were identical, and consequently only two positions were required.

At Kedos, luckily, an excellent and experienced flute-player was found in the person of Askin, who took over Bampton's flute, the latter having been fortunate enough to unearth a piccolo at Angora. In spite of this addition, the loss of Colonel Cramer-Roberts was sadly felt as soon as practices were started again, there being only three violins left. At this time Rogers left the orchestra and Leigh-Bennett took his place.

In one respect the Kedos camp was unfortunate, as there was no room suitable for concerts. The Commandant's office building contained an entrance hall large enough for the orchestra to play in, and the audience had to disperse themselves as best they could in the officers' rooms surrounding it.

The date of the first concert was February 27, 1918, and five pieces were encored, which showed the appreciation of those who had never heard the orchestra before. All the new instruments were present. Later, when the weather was warm enough, the orchestra played in the open, and in a new covered bandstand, which was specially built by officers for these occasions. Concerts were given about every three weeks until the end of June, when it was proposed to produce the revue, " Kill that Bug."

Here again the lack of music made itself felt. Amongst the music available there were not half enough songs to fill a revue, so the old method was reverted to again. Colonel Taylor gave Parsons the airs of various old and popular songs, such as " Coquin de Printemps," a quartet out of " Pirates of Penzance," etc., and he harmonised and orchestrated them. Parsons had evidently mastered the elements of harmony by this time, for the result was very pleasing to the ear—very different from the first attempts made at Kastamuni.

Out of fifteen songs in the revue, nine were old airs harmonised. There were the opening choruses and other small items to be composed, in which work Parsons collaborated with Reyne; these two also composed a song, " Reminiscence," sung by Munroe, and Parsons composed an overture to Act III., called " The Dance of the Turkish Houris," which had a familiar Eastern touch about it. For the production of this show the orchestra had lost the services of a piccolo, a 'cello, and a double bass—Bampton and Munroe being taken for the cast and Clifton having had to go to Constantinople on sick leave; however, it proved itself quite strong enough without them, especially as Askin learnt the piccolo in order to play it when required.

The writing of the music and rehearsing were tedious work, but the most strenuous part was the actual performance, when the orchestra was

kept going continually for a stretch of over four hours. However, the players showed no signs of weakening as the evening went on, and themselves seemed thoroughly to enjoy the show.

Before going further it would be well to mention the music played in connection with *Twelfth Night*, which was produced some six weeks before " Kill that Bug." Only five instruments were used—two violins, a flute, clarionet, and 'cello. The music played was the accompaniment to the three songs which are part of the play, and " La Cinquantaine " was given just before the last song, during the exit of the actors. The quintet was hidden behind some bushes to the right of the open-air stage, and was in consequence hidden from the audience. The muffled sound of the music from a distance was very effective.

A few days after the performances of " Kill that Bug," the piano scores of " Theodore and Co.," " The Maid of the Mountains," and " Chu chin Chow " arrived from home, and it was almost immediately decided to give " Theodore and Co." as the final *chef-d'œuvre* of the season. The music again contained one or two songs that had to be harmonised, and Reyne wrote a very captivating tune to a duet " Miss Garter and Mr. Sock-suspender," by Colonel Taylor, while Parsons composed a tune to the words of " Dirty Work " (Harry Graham) from " The Maid of the Mountains," and the last part of the grand Finale, entitled " Good-night." Several songs, too, were taken from " The Maid of the Mountains " to replace some of those in " Theodore and Co." that were not suitable to the voices available.

It took six weeks' hard work to write and orchestrate the music, and the orchestra this time found that they had really got something to think about. Two of the cast were again taken from the orchestra, Munroe and Reyne, second and first 'cellos, thus leaving the orchestra with only one 'cello. Luckily Leigh-Bennett volunteered to learn the instrument especially for the occasion; he was, however, taken ill about a month before the first performance, and it was thought that we should have to play with only one 'cello, but Clifton returned from Constantinople, and at once started to learn the instrument, and in three days he was playing it well enough to read parts that were written for Leigh-Bennett, which, luckily, were not very difficult. His experience with the double bass must have been very useful to him. At the beginning of the rehearsals the addition of Bronson to the violins greatly helped to even things up, and left the first clarionet free to play seconds and obbligatos, instead of having to strengthen the air as he frequently had had to do at concerts.

Eventually, the " First Night " arrived. With regard to the music, all went with a great swing—the Overture to Act II., " All Comrades " March, being encored. The third act, as everyone knows, was never played; this was the greater pity, as the prettiest songs and music, in-

cluding Reyne's captivating composition, were in this Act, not to mention the scenery and dresses.

There is one more item worth noting because in our concerts it gave to orchestra and audience a pleasant variety—viz., the songs orchestrated by Parsons and admirably sung by Warner, Munroe, and Grant. The most popular of them all was " She is far from the Land," sung by Warner, which was one of the first pieces that Parsons successfully harmonised.

The Kedos Town Band were very generous in lending their magnificent big drum, cymbals, and side drum to the orchestra for use during all the theatrical shows, and about a week before the performance of " Theodore and Co." they lent until further notice a cornet and an E flat clarionet, which were to have been played by two of the orderlies. After the fire, however, it was decided, in deference to the feelings of the Kedos population, to postpone any further concerts until a new camp was reached, and as the armistice put an end to our imprisonment before new quarters had been arranged for us, the Kastamuni orchestra in its glorious but truncated performance of " Theodore and Co." had played unwittingly its own requiem.

2. The K.A.D.C.: The Drama in Captivity

It is not recorded, I believe, that Robinson Crusoe indulged in private theatricals with Man Friday on their island, but I have little doubt something of the sort occurred. The spirit of Drama is a perennial growth blooming hardily in sufficiently unlikely places. It took, it is true, some four months or so with us to throw out its first unmistakable blossom (I neglect such tentative budding as the inevitable spontaneous gaff, whose licensed uproars and hoary tunes we braved very early indeed), but then, consider what unlikely soil was Kastamuni !

To Munroe remains the glory of providing initial impulse to that first Kastamuni, as to the later more sublime Kedos, effort. A band of the more courageous of the upper houses constituted themselves a Pierrot troupe, the Kusty Minstrels, and under Colonel Taylor's experienced direction rehearsed for a month in the minute drying room, secretly by night like early Christian martyrs. A table stage erected itself mysteriously at the end of the schoolroom, and on Christmas night the rest of the room filled with an expectantly hilarious audience, surely among the most remarkable audiences the eternal Pierrot has ever performed to; two rows were of the Commandant's Turkish guests, uncomprehending but resolutely civilised, feverishly assisted by the whispered explanation of a garlic-breathing interpreter understanding less, if possible, than his masters. The show was excellent. The audience, not unencouraged by strange Oriental drinks and in a mood to enjoy anything, found the fare better even than the bottle. The songs were old,

mostly with delightful new words given them by M. A. B. Johnston; old, *sed cruda, viridisque senectus.* There was a delirious strong-man-and-acrobat interlude by Johnston and Bampton, whose rendering of the undying influenza joke has not yet been forgotten. Herapath sang a parody of "Violets" with the verve and resonance we have learned to expect from him. The affair ended with a playlet, and the dispersing audience told itself it had not spent many a better Christmas or ever yet more completely forgotten captivity.

THE KUSTY MINSTRELS

PROGRAMME

25TH DECEMBER, 1916, COMMENCING AT 8.30 P.M.

Carriages at 11 p.m.

PART I.

1.	Christmas Carol	"Good King Wenceslas."
2.	Chorus	"Hold your Hand out," "Tipperary," "Dixie," "Roaming in the Gloaming," "Ting-a-ling-ling."
3.	Banjo Duet.	
4.	Song	"Now I have to call him Father."
5.	Song	"Roses."
6.	Song	"Billie Brown of London."
7.	Concerted Number	"Months and Months."
8.	Song	"Love's Old Sweet Song."
9.	Song	"Very nice too."
10.	Song	"My Little Wooden Hut."
11.	YOK AND CHOK, Contortionists.	
12.	Chorus	"Mr. Cupid," "Antonio," "Rag-Time Cowboy Jo," "Obadiah," "Girls."

Interval of fifteen minutes.

PART II.

1.	Chorus	"Beside the Seaside," "Yiddle on your Fiddle," "Oh, you Beautiful Doll," "I'm such a Silly," "Joshua."
2.	Song	"We've all been doing a Bit."
3.	Banjo Duet.	
4.	Song and Dance	"The Wriggly Rag."
5.	Song	"Absent."
6.	Concerted Number	"We do want a Girl."
7.	Song	"Chorus, Gentlemen."
8.	Song	"Gilbert the Filbert."
9.	Concerted Number	"I hardly like to tell you."
10.	Song	"Violets."
11.	SKETCH	
	Mr. Dodet	An impecunious sculptor.
	Miss Mamie King	A rich American.
	Victor, George	Studio workmen at Dodet's.
12.	Finale Chorus	"Who were you with Last Night?" "Sandy McNab," "Rings on my Fingers," "Shine, Shine, Moon."

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

Ensued a desolating blank, but by May of 1918 the SERIOUS DRAMA, certainly in capital letters, at last upraised its head. The idea of producing Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was born at a transitory Shakespeare reading society and fostered energetically by Brickman and Elton, who, after persuading Colonel Taylor gallantly to undertake stage management, passed through a stormy fortnight, facing perpetual prophecy of the impossibility of Shakespeare before a military audience, and assiduously persuading reluctant British officers that they would make ideal Shakespeare artistes. The courage with which our brawny I.M.S. Captain consented to sacrifice a moustache and become Olivia is a thing to be remembered.

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

Cast, in Order of their Appearance.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria	G. ELTON.
CURIO, a lord in waiting on Orsino	J. W. BLAKE.
VALENTINE, the Same	MAJOR C. W. NEUMANN.
VIOLA, a strange maid shipwrecked on the Illyria coast	M. G. BEGG.
SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia	F. G. CHALLIS.
MARIA, maidservant to Olivia	C. L. WOOLLEY.
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, suitor for the hand of Olivia	H. A. COX.
FESTE, a clown	C. T. WARNER.
OLIVIA, lady of the palace	W. C. SPACKMAN.
MALVOLIO, steward to the Lady Olivia's household	F. N. PUNCHARD.
FABIAN, verderer to Olivia	F. I. O. BRICKMAN.
PROLOGUES	P. G. THOMPSON and E. H. FLOYER.

SCENE.—Olivia's garden.

Stage-Manager : LIEUT.-COLONEL NEUFVILLE TAYLOR.
Musical Conductor : R. G. PARSONS.
Dresses designed by C. L. WOOLLEY.

The play came off on June 20, after dark. It was a very beautiful thing, not easily forgotten.

There was a magic quality about the small orchard behind the Commandant's offices, with its hidden lamps, its cardboard marble statue of Cupid and cardboard marble balustrade. Seen through that soft light the figures of the play seemed almost to move and speak in another world. Beneath the three shallow steps leading from the trees were two Renaissance marble benches, a statue of Priapus, cardboard all of them, and the two braziers, tended by classically draped Prologues, whose flaring resinwood lit the scene adequately if fitfully. The dresses were a triumph for Woolley. Seen from the audience they seemed worthy of any conventional London theatre. No detail lacked. And the things they were

made of! Scarcely anything was bought—how could it be bought in Kedos?—and the strangest fragments of costume metamorphosed themselves into rich Illyrian silks and satins. The local dye was the staple resource, but the other materials were inconceivably heterogeneous. Viola's delightful green, white, and mauve costume was crowned with a jaunty jewelled silk green cap and feather, which behind scenes she would turn inside out into the gauntest of gift caps, wearable in broad daylight without a trace of the theatre about it.

Elton had cut down the play to a considerably abbreviated version playable continuously in the same garden scene, and lasting about two hours. The whole cast acquitted themselves excellently, the brunt of responsibility falling on Punchard, Challis, Begg, and Woolley, while Warner's songs as Feste were memorable indeed. After Colonel Taylor, chief credit was undoubtedly due to Woolley for his dress-miracles and for the setting of the stage, where Cox's help was a guarantee of success.

On the first night we were unexpectedly invaded by swarms of the local Turkdom, including in the wing a twittering queue of veiled women, who did not venture within fifty yards of the stage. The audience enjoyed themselves greatly, even the most sceptical prophets of disaster becoming enthusiastic, to such an extent that the performance had to be repeated. Though in the abbreviated version the comic element acquired a greater prominence than in the original, a prominence to which Sir Toby and Sir Andrew did full justice, there was yet about the play a glamour of poetry whereto the most hard-headed of the audience had to succumb.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" AT KEDOS

Purple and green and white,
Deep shadows under the trees
Danced in the brazier's light
To low-tuned melodies,
    And the summer moon above
    Shone on the hovering love.

There on the woodland stage
I saw the mummers throng,
Ghosts of a passionate age—
Heard Feste's haunting song
    And dainty Viola plead,
    Was not this love indeed?

We passed long hours away
With laughter and drink and song;
But the subtler spell the play
Had woven still was strong
    When I wandered dreaming down
    To my house in the darkened town.

What was abroad that night
As I trod the shadowy street ?
The sound as if leaves fell light
Beside me—was it your feet ?
Was it some drowsy bird
That sang, or your voice I heard ?

" Fancies and dreams," I said,
Yet could not quite resign
Half-hopes: and then you laid
Your flower-like lips to mine
And I held you fast, and knew
It was no dream, but you.

June 21, 1918.

"KILL THAT BUG,"

concocted originally by Munroe and spiced by Colonel Taylor and others, called itself a revue, but was in many ways a new form of art; a slender thread of plot connecting what latest songs, dances, and sketches could be remembered, mostly rendered topical by Colonel Taylor; the whole thing, indeed, was a fantasia and yet topical enough to express in a way prisoner-of-wardom. After " Theodore and Co." certain persons were heard to suggest that audiences in England might like to see that show revived; but " Theodore " was second-hand, while " Kill that Bug " bore the stamp of Kedos, the only thing dramatic we achieved which could have conveyed to outsiders some faint aroma of the peculiar qualities of our life. It went with a roar from the start. The band was excellent. All the songs were good, some very good indeed; the dancing delightful, the dresses an even greater triumph for Woolley and Co., who once more created out of scraps and fragments the effect of a first-rate London musical comedy. The first appearance of the ballet girls was a genuine thrill. Lacy as Sonia made an admirable leading lady, and the big valse (to a tune from Austria via Stamboul which probably had not yet reached England) was the biggest success of the evening. Munroe and Herapath did gallantly, as leading gentlemen. Challis was continually amusing in various low comedy rôles. So much for the heroes; how can epic record the lesser—the unnamed toilers who built the stage, dug the orchestra trench (faintly familiar work), and tended the lamps (there was great trouble with the lamps) ? The Commandant and his guests loved it. There were four performances and they came to all; would have come to another dozen. Bampton's Turkish always got a laugh; otherwise they sat mostly with the wide-eyed stare of a child at its first pantomime.

THE K.A.D.C.

PRESENT

"KILL THAT BUG,"

A MUSICAL REVUE IN FOUR ACTS. MUSIC FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Book by C. H. C. MUNROE AND LIEUT.-COLONEL NEUFVILLE TAYLOR. *Orchestration by* R. G. PARSONS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JACK LUCKLESS (a cowboy)	C. H. C. MUNROE.
THE HON. AUGUSTUS FITZ BATTLE-AXE (late of Jermyn Street, W.)	C. B. HERAPATH.
FREDDIE FRY (returned prisoner of War from Hunaria)	R. W. BAMPTON.
GEORGE (Town Clerk and proprietor Lucky Miner Hotel)	F. G. CHALLIS.
CUTHBERT (George's clerk)	H. A. COX.
BILL (a cowboy)	E. H. FLOYER, M.C.
TOM (from Kicking Horse Gully)	SIR J. NAPIER, Bart.
WILL (from Kicking Horse Gully)	T. H. PIPER.
BOB (from Kicking Horse Gully)	SERGEANT J. ROLLO.
CHARLIE (from Kicking Horse Gully)	STOKER FORSHAW.
JOHN (a policeman)	F. N. PUNCHARD.
SONIA PETROFSKY (première danseuse of "The Wanderers")	R. S. LACY.
TOTO	N. BAILLON.
LOLO	M. G. BEGG, M.C.
FROU-FROU	A. TEBBS, R.N.
TOTTIE (a war widow)	G. H. C. BURROUGHS.
CLARISSA (war worker), V.A.D.	C. V. PALMER.
FIFI (a munition worker)	R. V. BAIRD.
MRS. 'ARRIS	F. G. CHALLIS.
A GIPSY FORTUNE-TELLER	MAJOR BOOTH.

ACT I.—Bar Lucky Miner Hotel; day.
ACT II.—Auctioneer's Room, Town Hall; day.
ACT III.—A Street down by Arthur's Coffee Stall; night.
ACT IV.—The 500 Night Club; night.

(A day passes between Acts I. and II., and between II. and IV.)

PERIOD.—1945, after the War.
PLACE.—Kicking Horse Gully, Wild West.

Stage-Managers { LIEUT.-COLONEL NEUFVILLE TAYLOR. C. H. C. MUNROE.

Scenic Artists { MAJOR BOOTH. T. H. PIPER. A. M. CLARK. R. W. BAMPTON.

Musical Director: R. G. PARSONS.

Dress and Wigs by C. L. WOOLLEY AND CO.

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

CAPTAIN E. LACY AS SONIA IN "KILL THAT BUG!"

Dress Details.

Topee of imitation astrakhan (the collar of a "British warm"); crown of claret-coloured silk (lambk-rubber), osprey of grass-flower; buckle purchased in bazaar. Blouse, very pale khaki shirt with stencilled designs for collar (bare skins), cuffs of imitation astrakhan, claret-coloured applique on sleeves, and front bow made of bits of pyjama trousers dyed with aniline dye; skirt, a jaeger sheet with stencilled designs; sash, a strip of native embroidery; mufi, bares' skins, lined with silk handkerchief (dyed); corsets, canvas oil parcels, old umbrella ribs and boothces; "undies" of mosquito netting and pink-and-white striped tissue paper; stockings, black socks with prolongations made from sleeves of a vest, dyed black; shoes, native leather soles, wooden heels, parcel-canvas uppers (dyed), buckles from bazaar; jewellery from bazaar; neck-band, part of a black tie.

Make-up.

Water-colour paints, powder, aniline dye for rouge, burnt cork; goats' hair dyed with permanganate of potash.

T[illegible] R. [illegible] D.C.

[illegible]

"[illegible] THAT BUG!"

A MUSICAL REVUE IN FOUR ACTS [illegible] FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

[illegible] Lieut. C[illegible] NEUFVILLE TAYLOR. *Orchestration by* R. G. PARSONS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JACK [illegible] (whow) [illegible] C. H. C. MUNKOR.
THE HON [illegible] FITZ BATTLE-AXE [illegible] [illegible] C. B. HERAPATH.
[illegible] [illegible] prisoner of War from [illegible] R. W. BAMPTON.
[illegible] [illegible] Lucky Miner Hotel) F. G. CHALLIS.
[illegible] H. A. COX
[illegible] E. [illegible] OYER, M.C.
[illegible] [illegible] OTHER, [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] J. ROSS
[illegible] [illegible] M.C.
[illegible] [illegible] R.N.
[illegible] [illegible] RROUGH.
[illegible] [illegible] LMER.
[illegible] R. V. BAIRD.
[illegible] F. G. CHALLIS.
[illegible] [illegible]

CAPTAIN R. LACY AS SONIA IN "KILL THAT BUG!"

DRESS DETAILS.

Toque of imitation astrakhan (the collar of a "British warm"), crown of claret-coloured silk (handkerchief), osprey of grass-flower, buckle purchased in bazaar. Blouse, very pale khaki shirt with stencilled designs, fur collar (hare skins), cuffs of imitation astrakhan, claret-coloured appliqué on sleeves, and front bow made of bits of pyjama trousers dyed with aniline dye; skirt, a Jaegar sheet with stencilled designs; sash, a strip of native embroidery; muff, hares' skins, lined with silk handkerchief (dyed); corsets, canvas off parcels, old umbrella ribs and bootlaces; "undies" of mosquito netting and pink-and-white striped tissue paper; stockings, black socks with prolongations made from sleeves of a vest, dyed black; shoes, native leather soles, wooden heels, parcel-canvas uppers (dyed); buckles from bazaar; jewellery from bazaar; neck-band, part of a black tie.

MAKE-UP.

Water-colour paints, powder, aniline dye for rouge, burnt cork; goats' hair dyed with permanganate of potash.

[illegible] Lucky Miner [illegible] day.
[illegible] Auctioneer's Room [illegible] Town Hall, day.
[illegible] A street down [illegible] Arthur's Coffee Stand; night.
[illegible] The 500 N[illegible], night.
[illegible] between Acts [illegible] I. and II., and between II. a[illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] the War.
[illegible] Horse Guy, Wild West.

[illegible] LIEUTENANT-COLONEL NEUFVILLE TAYLOR
[illegible] H. C. MUNKOR
[illegible] ROSS
[illegible] OYER.
[illegible] M. CLARK.
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] C. L. WOO[illegible]

[illegible] SAY THE [illegible]

SONIA.

To face p. 132.

On August 19 three one-act plays were produced by Colonel Pocock, rewritten from memory or dramatised from stories by officers of the camp and ranging in style from tragedy, in " The Monkey's Paw," to the broad humours of French farce in " The Bride." In the former, Punchard gave a very effective rendering of a difficult part, but undoubtedly the *clou* of the show was the final piece, wherein Palmer as Clarisse was almost unduly attractive and the amorous antics of Major Stewart and " the Admiral " quite convulsed the house. The stage scenery, designed and carried out by Forbes's firm, was very fine, particularly the bedroom scene, and marked a great advance on the setting of the revue, so that when the same firm agreed to stage " Theodore and Co." we all knew that there would be a surprise in store for us. The cast of the plays is given on the poster (by Cox) here reproduced.

On September 18 the orderlies gave a show. It was a Pierrot performance, concluding with a very clever and amusing sketch, well acted by Roberts and Wright. The troupe had been carefully coached by Major Saunders, who was also responsible for the topical verses of the songs, and they did every credit to his instruction. Where all were good it is perhaps invidious to select any for special praise, but it would be impossible to pass over Forshaw's singing of " Thereabouts," which was a triumph, and Roberts as the irascible husband with a happy knack of phrasing kept the house rocking with merriment. The dresses, designed by Woolley and made by the actors, were most effective, and Bertwhistle as the " Baby on the Shore " was a particular delight.

The show was billed as follows.

DOTTYVILLE PIERROT TROUPE

(AND THEIR BABY)

WED., 18TH SEPTEMBER, 1918.

Positively their first (and last) appearance in Kedos.

The management of the K.A.D.C. beg to announce that they have secured, at enormous cost, the services of the above troupe from Colney Hatch and Broadmoor.

Their songs are amongst the rarest relics of the past, even in a country so full of 'istorical hinterest as Asia Minor. No less an authority than Prof. W. OLLEY states that some of them originated long before the Babylonian era. The persistency with which his youngest daughter practised one of them upon her lyre is the authentic reason for Noah's taking to drink. The flight of the Israelites from Egypt is now known to have been a desperate attempt to escape from some of the others.

PROGRAMME

PART I.

1. Opening Chorus	THE DOTTYVILLE PIERROTS.
2. " Here's to Love "	Mr. SKREW LUSE, of Colney Hatch.
3. " My Motter "	Mr. MELON KOLIA, of Anatolia.
4. " Or Thereabouts "	Mlle. TU TU, of the Maison d'aliénés, Paris.
5. The Khan Tea-Party	Mr. ALK O'HOLIK, of Exeter Hall.
6. Duet	Mlle. TU TU, and Mr. MELON KOLIA.
7. " Pearl of Sweet Ceylon " ..	Sig. BALMI POTTI, the Italiano-Scotto.
8. " Jack o' Dreams "	Mr. OFFIS DOTT, of Broadmoor.

Ten Minutes' Rest Cure.

FARCE: "PACKING UP."

Ten Minutes' Rest Cure.

PART II.

1. Sizilietta	.. Sig. BALMI POTTI.
2. The Waxwork Show ..	.. Mr. ALK O'HOLIK.
3. "She's alright" ..	.. THE DOTTYVILLE PIERROTS.
4. "Nini, Ninette, Ninon"	.. Mr. SKREW LUSE.
5. "The Baby on the Shore"	.. Mr. OFFIS DOTT.
6. Finale Chorus	.. Mr. KLEPT O'MANIAC and THE DOTTYVILLE PIERROTS.

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

"THEODORE AND CO."

After a month and more of rehearsals under the genial and experienced guidance of the stage-manager, Colonel A. Neufville Taylor, it was rumoured in the camp that "Theodore and Co." would be produced in a week's time. All those connected with the K.A.D.C. (and they constituted a large proportion of the camp, there being besides the orchestra and cast an abundance of wig and dress makers, scene painters, etc.) began to work in desperate haste. Full rehearsals, accompanied by the whole orchestra and a dress rehearsal, took the place of the more individual practices, and the café on these days presented a curious picture. Around three sides of the room sat various officers belonging to the cast who were not actually occupied with the business in hand; these were feverishly sewing and snipping, carpenters were watching and consulting about scenic requirements, shoemakers (some of whom were also chorus girls) were transforming the canvas wrappers off parcels received from home into elegant if not dainty evening shoes for the ladies, whilst from group to group strolled officers quaintly clad with sheets or towels about their nether limbs, officers who were to blossom forth on the night as capricious chorus girls and bewitching stars. The fourth side of the room, along which ran a narrow gallery or enclosure, was inhabited by the orchestra. The space here was so limited that Brickman had to employ the greatest dexterity to avoid hitting the double bass instead of his drum and Morrel blew dulcet tones with his clarionet straight into Warner's ear.

Meanwhile, time fled with welcome celerity, theatrical tea-parties were of daily occurrence, and everywhere one went the topic of conversation was almost entirely of "Theo." When it was definitely announced that the production was fixed for Saturday, September 28, at 7.30 p.m., a curiously mixed feeling of increased expectancy and relief ran through the camp. The carpenters, under the able guidance of Forbes, began working overtime; so much so that one of the assistants, Guise, was rumoured to have toiled through an entire day without demanding his

To face p. 134.

AUGUST 19th 1918

8.30 o'clock

DOCTOR'S ORDERS

Comedy

Betty Beauchamp, A Nurse — Lt Palmer
Capt: Dering, Betty's Fiancé — Capt Mistkin
Lieut Paul Stayne — Capt. Brickman
Lieut Archie Eden — Capt Hesapath
Aunt Letitia — Lt Challis
The Doctor — Lt Parsons

Scene. A Hospital Ward

THE MONKEY'S PAW

Drama

Mr White, retired Artisan — Lt Pinchard
Mrs White, his wife — Lt Galloway
Herbert White, their son — Lt Clarke
Sergt Major Morris — Lt Parsons
Manager to Messrs Maw & Miggins — Maj. Newmann

Scene: Parlour in White's Cottage

THE BRIDE

Farce

Clarice Dubonnet, a 6 month's bride — Lt Palmer
Alphonse Dubonnet, who has never spent a night away from his wife — Capt Hesapath
Two Gendarmes — Capt Mistkin, Maj Newmann
Jacques Bientôt, Charles Massé, René Outil, Henri Duval — former lovers of Clarice — Lt Clarke, Capt Brickman, Maj. Stewart, A.P. Dunlop

Scene. Clarice's Bedroom

Produced by Colonel Pocock

Kakhiel

" 'levens," thus completely shattering the traditions of the true British workman. The stage flooring was repaired and the depth of the stage itself was increased. The rush matting used in place of prepared canvas for the " flats " was overhauled and new wooden framework made; all " parcel-sacking " was collected, stretched on light wooden frames, and painted with crude aniline dyes procured from the bazaar, and in this manner anything from Tudor panelling, friezes, fireplaces, and columns to portraits by the old masters and Chubb safes were produced.

Another hive of industry was to be found in Woolley's rooms, where chic costumes, wigs, dainty china, a statue of Venus, a knight in full armour, and other stage properties were in course of construction. Here, Oriental silk dressing-gowns were cleverly converted into entrancing evening frocks by " Our Woolley." As a rule, however, his materials were by no means so encouraging; he was ever rapacious of scraps of cloth, wool, tape, dyes, tin, cardboard, and all the contents of the rubbish basket. Perhaps the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Maison Woolley was Pansy's dress of palest yellow netting over vieux rose, or the Hon. Lady Sapphire's costume, consisting almost entirely of pink antiseptic bandages, whilst his goat-hair wigs would have created jealousy at Clarkson's, and his " undies "—well, remarks are superfluous; anyhow, when Begg began to undress in the bedroom scene Colonel Powell was both purple and speechless, and the Turkish ladies showed they were thrilled by repeated sighs and husky prolonged " Eh—Wallahs." As an idea of the amount of work this officer, together with his assistants, Clifton and Lander, got through, it is interesting to note that besides various small properties, they completed no fewer than twenty-eight frocks, an opera cloak, *and* the aforementioned undies. There were in addition some nineteen to twenty costumes for the men, some of which were entirely home-made; a complete evening dress suit, by Clifton out of sacking, was perhaps one of the most remarkable. This suit, after being cut and fitted with the excellence of a London tailor, had to be dyed black, and the horror can well be pictured when Napier found it to be so shrunk that he could not get into it! In spite of the efforts of ten strong and able-bodied officers pulling, pushing, and tugging, the task was impossible, and the whole suit had to be remade. Other costumes, such as the Duke of Shetland's as a Colonel of Hussars and Sir George Wye's as a Cabinet Minister in complete court dress, were truly magnificent. Atkins also contributed by inventing a new method for the manufacture of those delightfully feminine felt hats with domed crowns and sweeping brims so often depicted in the advertisement pages of the *Sketch*, *Tatler*, and *Bystander*. Briefly, his ingenious method was to make a mud pie in the shape of half a plum-pudding. When this was dry, the handy canvas wrapper was snipped off a parcel and placed over the mud mould; glue, more canvas, and a little pressure, and the crown was in being; then needle and thread, a cardboard brim,

aniline dye, and a ribbon, and there you are! Bond Street could not have done better!

On Friday, September 27, activities were electrically spurred on by the sudden news that Colonel Taylor was to leave Kedos the following morning to join the "Exchange Ship," and all wished him to see the first performance. Officers and orderlies acting as a species of call-boy went round the different houses to give notice that the first performance would take place that very night at 7.30. and the day was spent in setting the stage, hastily putting finishing touches to costumes and scenery. Characteristic and appropriate posters by "Kokkus of Kedos" (Cox), whose artistic talents had always been highly appreciated by the entire garrison, were placed in the Khan and the barracks.

Owing to the play coming on at unexpectedly short notice a few improvisations had to be resorted to, but these were not noticeable; and although carpenters were busy hammering up to the last moment, the orchestra struck up the overture, a medley of "Theo." tunes, at 7.20 punctually, and the curtain went up at 7.45 to the usual full house of prisoners and a large gathering of Turkish officials with their wives, who, by the way, numbered about twenty (to say nothing of infants innumerable), and were crowded into a small enclosure not much bigger than the box of a London theatre.

Before further remarks upon the acting, etc., it is not out of place to mention that although the greater part of the original plot and music were adhered to, we had no copy of the "book," which, therefore, had to be written afresh, and this was done entirely by Colonel Taylor. Some songs, such as "The Candy Girls" and "Any old where," were deleted, and many others, taken chiefly from the "Maid of the Mountains"—*e.g.*, "Husbands and Wives," "A Bachelor Gay," and "Dirty Work"—were put in; but the tune of the last was replaced by another composed by Parsons at Colonel Taylor's request. The song "Theo." was sung to the tune of "Archie," an old popular song of about the year 1904, and a quartette known as "Pot and Kettle," sung to the tune of "Broken Doll," was introduced, the words being by Colonel Taylor. Finally, two songs, entitled "Miss Garter and Mr. Sock-Suspender" and "Good-night," music by Reyne and Parsons respectively, and words by Colonel Taylor, were also added.

Both the playing of the orchestra, which had made remarkable inprovement under Parsons during our stay at Kedos, and the singing by the cast were far better than in all former shows, although it was noticeable that the acoustics of an outdoor stage were not all that could be desired and affected the hearing of those in the first and second rows of the audience.

The dancing was not only on a larger scale than in "Kill that Bug," but better arranged. Both the chorus and the leading parts played up

well, and the dances themselves were graceful and pretty. Success in this line was especially praiseworthy, seeing that each dance had to be thought out and worked up by the dancers themselves under Colonel Taylor's advice.

As regards the acting, Reyne, whose first and only appearance this was, made a typical elderly and irritable but pleasure-loving duke of the musical comedy variety, and both sang and acted with humorous realism, thoroughly pleasing an audience who already expected great things of him. Herapath and Munroe as Lord Theodore Wragge and Pony Twitchem excelled their previous and unforgettable performances in " Kill that Bug "; Major Stewart as the Rt. Hon. George Wye provoked great mirth with his inimitable gestures, and the three leading ladies—Burroughs as Fudge Robinson, Begg as Lady Pansy, and Baillon as the Hon. Sapphire Blissett—were entirely charming and no doubt received as many attentions behind the scenes as they would have done later from the audience had the play been concluded. The chorus girls (in spite of Nicholson's blue chin !) were fascinating and did their business with great life and evident enjoyment, and the addition of a man's chorus was a happy thought.

An idea of the first scene is given in the sketch supplied by Major Barker, R.E., which speaks eloquently for what can be done with the crudest materials in amateur theatricals when you have a Huddleston to design and a Forbes to execute.

The imposing fireplace, with its Tudor carving and armorial designs, was thoroughly in keeping with the mahogany panelling, the recess, and the graceful column; whilst the old family portraits and the knight in armour enhanced the magnificence of the ducal residence. The windows, in the centre, outside which the Emir's procession was to take place, were conveniently situated for a well-balanced grouping of the chorus and cast in the finale of that act.

The second scene depicted two rooms in the Clarges Street flat, and much amusing business was gone through in removing tables, typewriters, and ledgers and converting the offices of Theodore and Co. into a lady's boudoir. The telephones by Bampton were most realistic, and of course gave many opportunities for gagging to the actors.

It was not until after the second act that the terrible news of the fire was known and all ideas of further acting had to be promptly abandoned. Indeed, most of the audience disappeared before the third scene was set, and when the news came that the Khan, the abode of many officers, had already been reduced to ashes everyone left hastily to see to their belongings. It is remarkable that the final chorus to the second act should have ended with a curious note of prophecy to the unsuspecting audience: " . . . We're packing our kits for the jolly old Ritz, and we'll never come back no more !"

On account of the great distress caused in the town by the fire it was not considered advisable to present the play again, although many would have liked to have seen the finale. Yet, in spite of its being cut short so dramatically, that evening's performance will always be remembered as the culminating-point achieved by the K.A.D.C., and the Kedos prisoners will look back with gratitude to the efforts made—not without success—by the K.A.D.C. to dispel the weary thoughts which too often made a burden of their lives.

"THEODORE AND CO."

CAST

The Duke of Shetland	G. v. R. Reyne, 76th Punjabis.
Lord Theodore Wragge	C. B. Herapath, S. and T. Corps.
Rt. Hon. George Wye	Major A. F. Stewart, S. and T. Corps.
Mr. Blissett	E. H. Floyer, I.A.R.O., and R.F.C.
Pony Twitchem	C. H. C. Munroe, I.A.R.O.
The Manager of the New Casino	J. W. L. Napier, South Wales Borderers.
Office Boy	T. H. Piper, R.N.A.S.
The Man with the Blue Envelope	H. R. Aird, R.N.A.S.
Chorus, Gentlemen	A. M. Clark, 2/7 Gurkha Rifles. L. R. Potter, 22nd Punjabis. Sergt. Rollo, Volunteer Art. Batty.
Lady Pansy	M. G. Begg, Rifle Bde. and R.F.C.
Hon. Sapphire Blissett	E. H. Baillon, R.A.F.
Lady Wye	W. Galloway, 120th Infantry.
Chorus, Ladies	S. Nicholson, R.N.R. C. V. Palmer, R.A.F. A. Tebbs, R.N. R. Brierley, 23rd Cavalry. G. H. L. Tallent, Norfolk Regt.

Act I.—The Picture Gallery in the Duke of Shetland's town house.
Act II.—The offices of Theodore and Co., Clarges Street.
Act III.—Behind the boxes, New Casino.

Stage-Manager: Lieut.-Colonel A. Neufville Taylor, 7th Gurkha Rifles.
Musical Conductor: R. G. Parsons, R.A.
Scenery and stage fittings by Huddleston, Forbes and Co.
Dresses and Wigs by Woolley and Co.

"THEODORE AND CO."

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CHAPTER VIII

LABOR IMPROBUS

[NOTE.—The Editor regrets that the sections on Carpentry, Instrument-making, and Metal-work, written by competent authorities, were lost on the journey back to England, and as the original authors are in India he has been obliged to rewrite the account himself from memory, eked out by a few stray notes; he apologises if justice has not been done to any *magnum opus* or to the activities of any handicraftsman.]

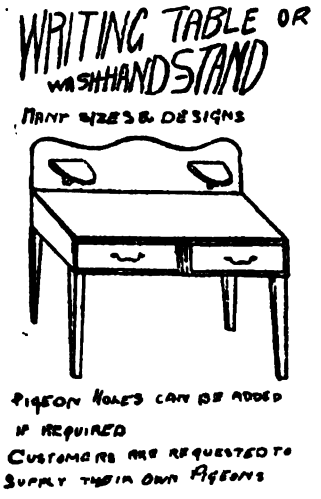
CARPENTERS' SHOPS

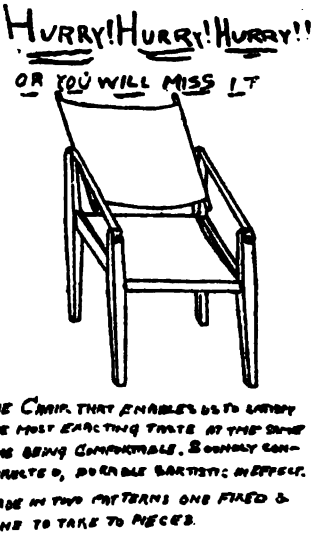
OF all the industries practised by officers in the camp the most useful, because essential to our comfort, was carpentry, and fortunately there were plenty of officers who were willing to turn their hands to this, and not a few who were really proficient craftsmen.

At Kastamuni, Forbes, in the lower houses, has the credit of being first in the field, but his example was soon followed by others, and very soon there were a number of firms engaged. At first the demand was mainly for shelves, boxes, and easy chairs, but when we decided to cut adrift from the Greek contractors who supplied our furniture and there was a prospect of our being left with bare rooms to live in, orders for goods of all kinds flowed in thick and fast.

Bampton and Clarke, of the Gurkhas, were perhaps the most enterprising firm, and they brought out an illustrated catalogue remarkable no less for its low prices as for its variety; to those accustomed to Kedos rates it seems almost incredible that shelves can have been offered at 5 piastres, card-tables at 30, and writing-desks at 35; but so they were in those days, and the illustrations (of which two are reproduced here) bear witness to the quality of the goods. Yearsley and Harris were official carpenters to the school-house, and though they were accused of selling far more collapsible chairs than they ever undertook to make, the mess furniture, as designed by Yearsley, certainly gave you full weight for your money, and the firm was always ready to repair breakages. Many of the lower house carpenters, in order to systematise work, formed a ring known as "The Jackals," a name fully justified by the unearthly howls that were audible both from their workshops in the daytime and from their mess-room late at night. Most of the furniture made was very simple, designed for use rather than for show, but Munroe tried his hand at more elaborate

patterns and the School-House attempted some stained and upholstered furniture which was not very successful—at least, the stain wasn't. Wood was fairly cheap, about 7½ to 10 pts. a plank, but it was the poorest of pine; a little beech could be got, but it was expensive and only in inch boards, so that apart from musical instruments and a polished box made by Bampton it was not much used. A good many types of easy chairs were invented, with seats made of local canvas or of sacking from parcels; but the chief demand was for solid mess chairs, tables, benches, beds, and boxes, and by the end of our time at Kastamuni there were few of us who did not possess some or all of these.





The move to Changri was the signal for everything to begin again. Thanks to shortage of transport, a great deal of our furniture, so laboriously made, had to be left behind: what we did take to pieces and pack up was largely lost—the road of our pilgrimage was strewn with chair-legs and the sides of beds—and essential parts of it were considerately used by our escort for lighting their nightly fires. Consequently, when we settled down at Changri the first thing to be done was to refurnish, and one of the long ground-floor rooms of the barracks made an ideal shop big enough to accommodate all our carpenters. The rival firms decorated the spaces allotted to them with appropriate advertisements; Yearsley and Harris, mindful of their reputation, called themselves "The Rag-time Carpenters," and took for their trade-mark a chair collapsing beneath the weight of its occupant; Bamptarius, "Ye Olde Firm," challenged their neighbours "The Jackals," headed by Forbes and Lowndes; while Munroe as Murati and Cie ("Cie" was Reyne) claimed to be the original purveyors of musical instruments in Kastamuni.

Wood was so scarce at Changri that a committee had to be appointed which enjoyed the monopoly of purchase and distributed to the different firms in proportion to their orders; the cost, too, was much greater than at Kastamuni. But the patching up of our fragmentary furniture was still far from complete when we found that a new change of quarters was to be expected, and the activity of the carpenters was concentrated on turning out boxes for the trek. This time most of our chairs and tables were made over to the officers who were stopping behind at Changri, and as the usual losses occurred on the road we reached Kedos with practically no furniture at all.

If the newcomers to Kedos were short of household goods, the original inhabitants were in scarcely better case, for they had never had much chance of taking up any useful hobby; consequently, the need all round was great, and as the camp seemed likely to be a permanent one and the system of living largely in private houses made comfort more possible, we determined to be comfortable. The carpenters answered gallantly to the demands made upon them. In the first rush of things several new hands were engaged; Cheshire, Reyne, and Atkins worked at the mess furniture for the 76th, Taylor supplied his own mess, Major Price gave up watch-making and, ably assisted by Major Ball, became one of the leading manufacturers of the camp; Munroe, joined now by Horwood, turned out furniture in record time, Bampton and Clarke carried on their old business on new premises, and later Forbes, Guise, and Piper took up tools.

Here again the main difficulty was wood. Only inch planks were to be obtained, which for all finer work had either to be planed down or sawn to a more manageable thinness; and boards which in the early days of Kastamuni had cost 12 piastres rose in price from 80 pts. when we first reached Kedos to 150 by the time we left. Nails, too, were very expensive, and screws, when obtainable at all, cost a piastre each. Perhaps because the greater cost of raw material made it seem more worth while, perhaps because the public had grown more exigent as the workers grew in skill, certainly the work turned out at Kedos was far superior in quality and appearance to what had satisfied us in our former camps. Munroe specialised on bureaux and sideboards with arched pigeon-holes and flap fronts; Major Price made cupboards with bevelled panels, though his forte was wooden baths made while you wait (and you generally waited for months!); Bampton tried carving, and produced a clock-bracket and a clock-stand (both of walnut) in the form of a Greek temple perched upon an Ionic column.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing was a jointed wooden leg made by Munroe and Horwood for a crippled Turk; it was of walnut, hollowed out for lightness, with specially made springs at the ankle socket and knee.

It is unfortunately impossible to reckon up the total number of things

made by the different firms, but when it is remembered that the whole camp of about 120 officers had to be supplied three times over with all the mess and private furniture that even prisoners require it can be imagined that the output was great indeed; Munroe's firm alone could claim eighteen tables, forty-five writing-desks, fifty chairs, twenty-five cupboards, and nearly a hundred boxes, while at Kastamuni the Ragtime Carpenters produced over forty plain chairs, about fifteen easy chairs, twenty tables, and thirty-six beds, and then had to repeat nearly the whole performance at Changri.

The production of plays at Kedos meant further work for the carpenters. To Piper goes the credit for actually building the stage, and Forbes and Guise (assisted later by Huddleston as designer) made the flats and stage properties; all this was very hard work, and the manufacture against time of such things as Chesterfield sofas, fireplaces and overmantels, window frames, practical doors, etc., was a veritable *tour de force* on the part of the Old Man.

INLAY WORK was started by Bampton at Kastamuni. He turned out several cigarette and match boxes inlaid with regimental badges in various materials, and also a banjo with a Turkish landscape (reproduced on the Plate opposite); at Kedos he did some more work of the same sort using Egyptian and Turkish designs. Munroe also tried his hand at this, and at Kedos it was taken up very successfully by Piper, Galloway, and Burroughs. In the example illustrated—a handkerchief box by Piper—the following materials were used: The panel is of walnut, the lettering cut from an old gramophone record, the star and crescent from silver coins, the mosque from beef-bones with pearl button domes and details in brass wire; the well is of various woods and of aluminium (for the water) from a canteen, the figures are made of toothbrush handles, the houses of beef-bones with roofs of copper from a cooking pot, the path is cedar wood from a cigar box, the stones are buttons, the trees coloured wood, and the border is of brass strips.

It is worth noting that all the finer tools for this work, as for the instrument making and the metal-work, were unknown in our parts of Anatolia and had to be specially made either by the officers themselves or by the local smiths under their direction.

As an applied art one might mention here rather than in the section on painting Major Rybot's paintings on wood, especially the Egyptian panels on his door at Kastamuni and the heraldic designs, including the " World's Faiths " series that adorned his room at Kedos.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

To Munroe belongs the credit of having made the first musical instrument. It was a banjo; the body was made out of a copper cooking pot encased in a wooden frame formed by a pekmez drum, and the finger-

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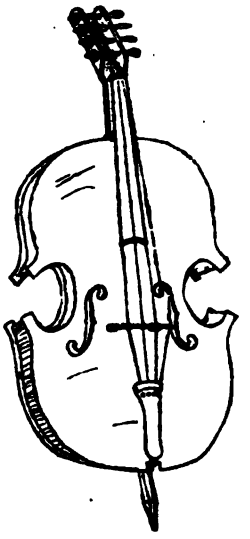
board was of beech-wood, the stops inlaid with bone and brass wire; the keys were bought in the town. Encouraged by his initial success, Munroe made a number of banjos, improving them as he went on; cooking pots were given up and iron frames were made with keyed rings for keeping the vellum properly stretched. Bampton also made banjos, and his best effort is figured here; the body ring was cut in one piece out of the solid and veneered with rectangles of light beech and walnut, the back of beech inlaid with a view of the Kastamuni main mosque, the fingerboard also of beech with inlay in silver and bone. Munroe's next effort was a 'cello, and the result was very creditable for a first attempt, though the instrument was not quite of the conventional shape and did not produce much volume of sound. So Munroe and Bampton joined forces and produced



a 'cello which was not only a great improvement on the first but really a very good instrument in itself. From some book or other they had been able to get the correct design: heavy moulds and vices were made for shaping the different parts, solid inch planks were planed down to one-eighth, and with steam, hot towels, and buckets of boiling water persuaded to conform to the accepted type. The sides of the body were of beech, the back walnut, and the front of pine as being the more easy to warp; red dye was used for the stain, and the polish was made of gum arabic and shellac diluted with raki and alcohol; the fingerboard was of beech-wood, the bridge (or bridges, for they broke often and had to be renewed) were of a nameless hard wood; the keys were the only things not locally made, and even the strings were extemporised.

Munroe then made a double-bass; the whole body was of pine, with

a beech fingerboard and locally made strings; it was an unwieldy instrument, not adapted to cross-country treks, and therefore every time we moved to a new camp a new double-bass was required; Munroe experimented with one iron-clad, the whole front of which was made out of paraffin tins soldered together and hammered into shape; it had plenty of volume but not much quality, and he went back to wood. Another experiment was made entirely out of straight wood and suggested a cubist design, but the last double-bass (by Bampton) reverted to orthodoxy, as is shown by the accompanying illustration. When proper strings arrived from home the original head of this instrument was found to be unequal to the strain, and a special iron head was forged in the town with, for keys, iron bolts and nuts tightened up to tune with a lever! This instrument was a great success, and would have made enough noise to beat the band if only Atkins had let himself go on it.

Another experiment was an instrument, called the "Deep Sea Fish," which was designed by Mears to take the place of a piano for accompaniment purposes; it was a kind of giant zither-banjo with an eighteen-inch diameter sounding-board and seven strings; it was remodelled several times, and was in many ways a success; but the expanse of vellum was too large to be kept taut, and it was always going out of tune; the move to Changri prevented further improvements, and the instrument was scrapped.

At Kedos Bampton made a violin. The fingerboard and sides were cut in one piece out of a thick walnut board, the interior of the body being removed by centre-bit drilling and the sides then cut down to a thickness of one-eighth; the back and front were also of walnut; it was a remarkably good little instrument, and it was a great pity that it was burnt in the Kedos fire.

Altogether Munroe and Bampton made, between them, one violin, four 'cellos, four double-basses, sixteen banjos, two mandolins, two drums, two bows, and Mears his big zither-banjo; besides this there were innumerable repairs—*e.g.*, the Kastamuni piano was taken almost entirely to pieces and put together again, and such minor jobs as clarionet reeds, generally made out of cane walking-sticks, new bridges, the stringing of bows (this was a great difficulty, and at Kastamuni Colonel Cramer-Roberts nearly got into trouble for trying to pull out a horse's tail), regluing of parts, etc. Certainly Murati and Bamptarius did amazingly good work, and it was wholly thanks to them, to their invention and skill in surmounting all the difficulties of bad material and inadequate tools, that Parsons was able to organise the K.O.S. and to give us "song in a strange land."

Watch-mending and Metal-work

At Kastamuni Major Price started a watch-mending business, and soon after took Kiernander into partnership. The firm did an enormous amount of work, and most of the watches in camp must have passed at least once and many several times through their hands. As spare parts were not easy to get locally, Major Price developed the practice of confiscating such watches as were beyond repair and utilising their insides for other people's jobs, so that there was always a pleasing uncertainty about the fate of timepieces entrusted to his care—you might get them back in going order with more mechanism than they had ever possessed before, or you might not get them back at all; but when they were forthcoming the repairs were nearly always most efficiently executed, and the firm was deservedly popular.

Besides modern watches, Price and Co. tackled the eighteenth-century chain-movement turnips which officers were fond of buying up from the Turks, and the old brass open-case clocks emanating from the same source, and were most successful in the difficult task of putting them in order. Herapath's big brass clock was long the ornament and the official timekeeper of the school-house messroom, and though, to the owner's indignation, we struck against the chimes, the fact that they had been made to go was much to the Major's credit.

The firm suffered from the lack of proper tools and, as has been said, of spare parts; the former had to be specially made and sometimes the latter also, so that watch-making was by no means as simple a business as it would have been at home; when no condemned watches were available, new screws or hands would be manufactured out of the most unpromising material, and one did not always suspect the amount of work required for what seemed a small job.

At Kedos the firm went out of business; most watches had been mended till they definitely went, or refused to go, and Major Price turned his hand to carpentry and Kiernander adopted the Field Club and a butterfly net. Such work as there was devolved on Wise, who accepted watches with reluctance and parted with them more reluctantly still.

The finest piece of work in this line was a chronometer by Wise which was beautifully finished and kept time to within a fraction of a second per week: it was an instrument of which any professional might well have been proud. A less successful attempt at accuracy was made by Huddleston, who set up a brass sundial in front of Kedos Barracks. The testing of this was a matter of great popular anxiety, and Rae was very nearly persuaded in a moment of enthusiasm to leave his bed at midnight and check it by the light of a candle-lamp. After a certain amount of correction it really did seem to be quite accurate and agreed to admiration with Major Price's official watch; but before it was finally fixed up orders came to move camp, and the barracks lost its sundial.

Metal-work was Wise's special forte, but he had some very successful followers. The most useful things made were lamps. For a long while paraffin was unobtainable, and we were reduced to afiun oil for lighting purposes, and as its specific gravity was too great for the ordinary lamp of commerce a new type of high-pressure lamp had to be evolved. Wise and Bampton were the two chief manufacturers, and the most favoured pattern was made with an ordinary burner, a golden-syrup tin, and a shaving-soap tin; the lamps were rather messy, but burnt well. Wise, with Major Saunders, made a number of working sectional models of motor parts, to illustrate the latter officer's lectures; these were in wood and different metals and were very finely finished—indeed, fine finish was the characteristic of all Wise's work.

Wise also made, in brass and in silver, miniature grandfather clock cases to hold old Turkish watches, in which he was followed by Burroughs, who made a silver model (out of a cigarette case, with columns turned from silver wire); and a brass model aeroplane with all details practical and correct to scale, wherein he found an imitator in Galloway. For "Theodore and Co." he designed and made some delightful hat-pins!

A good deal of small repairing and soldering was done (when solder could be got, but it was very scarce and fabulously expensive), and Bampton attempted a little repoussé work in copper; but metal-work was only taken up fairly late in our captivity, and, as the difficulty of obtaining material was always great, was never developed to any great extent; what work was done was very good, but its quantity did not go much beyond the description given above.

The Snob Shop

The Snob Shop was originally started in August, 1916, by Smith and Galloway, working with a very few indifferent tools in their bedroom. As more work came in they soon moved to an attic in No. 2 House. In September Cheshire and Rich joined the firm, and in October Galloway left it.

By degrees a large assortment of tools were collected. At the outset none of the workers knew anything at all about the business, but, by watching cobblers in the bazaar and by experiment, they began to get hold of the rudiments of boot-repairing. Corporal Stanford taught them something about stitching, etc., and in a few months they were able to tackle anything brought into the shop. The only exception was a job which an officer wanted done against time, he bringing an assorted collection of eyelet holes and a tag to which he wanted a boot made. The firm struck at this.

When work started they bought country leather hides and soled a pair of boots for 30 piastres, and did all odd repairs at a price sufficient to cover expenses.

For various reasons the shop was chased out of one room after another, and ended up in a room under the chapel.

One of the shifts to which officers were put owing to the difficulties of the boot question and the price of leather was to manufacture boot soles either out of plaited cord or from old sacking. In the latter case twelve or more thicknesses of gunny were stitched and restitched together, cut into shape, and the edge bound with twine. A well-made sole was comfortable, though unsightly, and lasted two or three months. The price of raw materials rose steadily, and when we left for Changri the firm was buying Greek leather at such a price that they had to charge 200 piastres for soling. In the meantime Rich gave up working and took over the accounts and purchasing, Smith also left after a long bout of low fever, and for two months Cheshire was left alone, except for Ivey, who gave great assistance in polishing up soles done.

In July Chamier and Gunn joined the firm, Chamier leaving when we moved to Changri. From November, 1916, to September, 1917, the turnover of the shop was over 400 liras. Most of the jobs were small repairs, and the charges for these were only 1 to 10 piastres, and the shop did all repairs to footballs free, so some idea of the amount of work done can be gathered.

A supply of leather, nails, etc., was taken from Kastamuni to Changri, as we heard that nothing could be bought in the latter place.

Work in Changri was carried on by Gunn and Cheshire, Rich still doing the accounts. On the departure of the majority to Kedos, Gunn and Cheshire split the tools and materials. Cheshire worked at Kedos for a few months until his stock of materials was exhausted, and as no more could be purchased locally and there was no place other than his bedroom to work in, the shop then automatically closed down. Floyer joined and helped considerably in the few months that work was carried on at Kedos.

The quality of the work done may perhaps be estimated by the fact that Cheshire made two pairs of shoes, one of which, during one of the hard times at Kedos, he sold in the bazaar for 6 liras.

When the K.A.D.C. was started, Floyer and Cheshire made dancing shoes for the actresses, using canvas off parcels for the uppers and thin bazaar leather for the soles.

Haircutting

On our arrival at Kastamuni haircutting became a matter of urgency. On the one hand, it was very difficult to get leave to go into the town, and if this was obtained it was not pleasant to have a dirty Turkish barber working his will on British officers with the same unwashed tools as had just operated on a scabby-headed urchin out of the street; and on the other hand, time hung so heavily on our hands that any kind of occupation was welcome.

In the early days, therefore, Major Price started work in the school-house, and his example was soon followed by Sweet, though the latter's efforts, conducted with more energy than skill, won so little custom that he retired from business after about a fortnight. In the lower houses Cheshire was the first to use the scissors, but when his time was taken up by the Snob Shop, Lowndes carried on the good work for the whole of our stay at Kastamuni and Changri; two of the lower house orderlies, Ponting and Route, also proved themselves efficient barbers, and were much in demand. The arrival of scissors and clippers from the American Embassy gave fresh encouragement to the amateur haircutter, and the school-house found a new operator in Rogers.

Various difficulties had to be overcome. The scissors supplied were almost useless for the work required of them, and those obtainable in the bazaar were of a very inferior quality, lost their edge after about twenty cuts, and stubbornly refused to be resharpened, so that new ones constantly had to be purchased; it was only at Changri that Rogers secured a really good pair which saw him through to the end. The clippers, too, proved less easy to handle than they looked, and for a long time our barbers could not use them without drawing handfuls of hair and yells from their unfortunate victims. Practice was required, and no one was keen to offer his head for purposes of experiment, especially when they saw and heard the atrocities committed in the early days. However, the mendacious assurance that " I know all about it," and " I have often done it before," persuaded a few stout hearts to chance it, and helped by this amount of experience and by the frank criticisms that followed every operation the barbers steadily improved. At Changri there was no Turkish barber to fall back upon, and so Rogers and Lowndes (Major Price had fallen out and given himself up to watchmaking) had all the work they wanted and soon gained the confidence of the majority as well as of themselves.

On arriving at Kedos Rogers started a regular barber's shop, with fixed hours of business and a charge of 2½ piastres to cover the cost of instruments, etc.; he also concocted a patent hairwash which, as long as the eggs in it remained good, was highly appreciated. His speed in hair-cutting had now been increased from half an hour to seven minutes per customer, and during business hours there was generally a queue of applicants in his bedroom. With the exception of a brief holiday, during which the shop was closed down, he carried on business steadily during the whole of our stay at Kedos, and his reputation was such that even Mynheer Menten, the representative of the Dutch Embassy, on his official visit to us was glad to extend to Rogers his patronage, and there were few officers, if any, who had not sat in the official chair.

CHAPTER IX

1. The Field Club

(*A*) *Butterflies.*

ALTHOUGH the formation of a Field Club was mooted in Kastamuni, nothing of the sort ever materialised there. On two or three occasions " slug-walkers " brought back with them from the pine-woods a certain number of butterflies; a few officers made lists of local birds and mammals, and on one occasion at least Patmore was made the recipient of the egg of a *rara avis;* but otherwise nothing much was done. To observe nature on a " stag-walk " was out of the question owing to the pace set by the leaders and to the disturbances created by periodical battles with the exhausted *postas*.

In Kedos, however, when the spring arrived a determined effort was made to form a really representative collection of the local butterflies. This effort, started by Major Rybot, was maintained with the support of Kiernander, Mayo, Duxbury, Warner, Brickman, and others during April, May, and June—in fact, right into the great and blinding heat of the summer, when all the less interested collectors very naturally dropped out. Thenceforward until October Major Rybot and Kiernander carried on the business. Having no books on Lepidoptera the club had to invent names for those insects which differed from the familiar English butterflies—a matter of no great difficulty, as relationships were generally easy to establish.

The collectors estimated that they had taken about 140 species, and that the collection included several pairs of all the Kedos flies.

The specimens deemed worthy of presentation to the nation were folded into paper " cocked hats " and carefully stowed away in tins; each " cocked hat " was dated and bore the insect's club name. Captures deemed unworthy of the British Museum were gummed (minus their bodies, which were painted in facsimile) on to cards and duly labelled; and these cards were exhibited in some of the messrooms so that all concerned might become familiar with the obverse and reverse of the butterfly as well as with its club name.

Nets were made out of mosquito curtains or from bags originally designed by Red Cross workers to be worn over the head and helmet as protections against the flies of Iraq.

KEDOS BUTTERFLIES.

Sub-Fam.	*Genus.*	*Species.*	♂	♀	*Name given in Kedos.*
PAP.	*Papilio*	*alexanor. v. orientalis*	2	—	Plain Swallow-tail.
,,	,,	*machaon*	6	1	Common Swallow-tail.
,,	,,	*podalirius*	5	—	Scarce Swallow-tail.
,,	*Thais*	*cerisyi*	4	4	Warner's Swallow-tail.
,,	* ,,	*polyxena*	1	—	Tailless Warner.
,,	*Doritis*	*apollinus*	3	2	Apollo.
PIER.	*Pieris*	*brassicæ*	4	1	Large White.
,,	,,	*rapæ*	3	2	Small White.
,,	,,	*daplidicæ*	5	8	Green-veined White.
,,	*Aporia*	*cratægi*	4	3	Black-veined White.
,,	*Colias*	*hyale*	5	5	Pale Clouded Yellow.
,,	,,	*edusa*	10	11	Clouded Yellow.
,,	*Gonepteryx*	*rhamni*	3	2	Brimstone.
,,	*Euchloe*	*belia*	8	1	Bright Green Mottled White.
,,	* ,,	*penia*	1	—	Hilltop Yellow.
,,	,,	*cardamines*	4	3	Orangetip.
,,	,,	*lamone*	5	3	Yellow Orangetip.
,,	* *Leptidia*	*duponcheli*	8	1	Wood White.
,,	* ,,	*sinapis*	—	1	Wood White.
NYMPH.	*Melitæa*	*aurinia*	3	2	Scarlet Fritillary.
,,	,,	*cinxia*	3	2	Webbed Fritillary.
,,	* ,,	*arduinna*	1	1	Webbed Fritillary (large form).
,,	,,	*phœbe*	9	5	Banded Fritillary, Naylor's (large form).
,,	,,	*didyma*	20	16	Spotted Fritillary, Grey Fritillary. (♀).
,,	,,	*trivia*	5	3	Crescent Fritillary, Grey Fritillary (part).
,,	*Argynnis*	*maia*	7	6	Large Silver-streaked Fritillary.
,,	,,	*aglaia*	3	—	Silver-spot Fritillary.
,,	,,	*niobe*	2	—	Mayo's Fritillary.
,,	*Brenthis*	*daphne*	1	—	Mayo's Fritillary (var.).
,,	,,	*lathonia*	5	6	Small Silver Fritillary.
,,	*Vanessa*	*atalanta*	1	1	Red Admiral.
,,	,,	*antiopa*	1	—	Camberwell Beauty.
,,	,,	*io*	1	—	Peacock.
,,	,,	*cardui*	6	5	Painted Lady.
,,	,,	*urticæ*	2	2	Small Tortoiseshell.
,,	,,	*polychloros*	4	2	Large Tortoiseshell.
,,	*Polygonia*	*c. album*	8	3	Gamma.
,,	,,	*egea*	3	4	Alpha.
,,	*Thaleropis*	*ionia*	6	3	Knut.
,,	*Limenitis*	*drusilla*	7	2	Purple Admiral.
SAT.	*Pararge*	*megæra*	2	3	Wall.
,,	* ,,	*macra*	—	1	Wall.
,,	,,	*noxelana*	7	6	Great Meadow Brown.
,,	*Cœnonympha*	*pamphilus*	8	1	Small Heath.
,,	*Melanargia*	*larissa*	11	6	Marbled White or Galatea.
,,	*Epinephele*	*ianira*	12	12	Meadow Brown.
,,	,,	*rhamnusia*	6	7	Plain Brown, Two-eyed Brown.
,,	*Satyrus*	*circe*	9	2	Purple Greyling.
,,	,,	*permione*	6	2	Velvet Greyling.
,,	,,	*briseis*	8	11	Hedge Greyling, Rusty Greyling.
,,	,,	*anthe*	1	2	Marbled Greyling.
,,	,,	*semele*	6	5	Brown Greyling.

* Noted as "Species of special interest to the British Museum."

KEDOS BUTTERFLIES—(*Continued*).

Sub-Fam.	*Genus.*	*Species.*	♂	♀	*Name given in Kedos.*
SAT.	*Satyrus*	*arethusa*	1	—	Little Brown Greyling.
,,	,,	*anthelea*	5	16	Greyling.
,,	,,	*mniszechii*	2	—	Plain Greyling.
,,	* ,,	*pelopea*	5	2	Dull Greyling.
,,	,,	*fatua*	8	1	Sombre Greyling.
LIB.	*Libythea*	*celtis*	8	2	Snout.
LYC.	*Lycæna*	*argyrognomon*	1	2	Jewelled Blue.
,,	,,	*lævi*	8	4	Metallic Spot Blue.
,,	,,	*baton*	2	8	Hilltop Blue.
,,	* ,,	*bavius*	1	1	Hilltop Blue.
,,	,,	*astrarche*	10	4	Shade Blue.
,,	* ,,	*candalus*	6	5	Tiny Blue, Pigmy Blue.
,,	,,	*anteros*	6	—	Small Clouded Blue.
,,	* ,,	*thersites*	5	2	Small Blue. (Not completely examined.)
,,	* ,,	*icarus*	14	12	Small Blue, Tiny Blue, Clouded Blue.
,,	,,	*meleager*	13	4	Light Blue.
,,	,,	*bellargus*	17	8	Large Blue.
,,	,,	*corydonius*	6	1	New Blue.
,,	,,	*menalcas*	8	6	Pale Blue ♀, Brown Blue.
,,	,,	*admetus*	9	9	Brown Blue ♂, Streaked Light Blue ♀.
,,	,,	*mithridates*	16	3	Coffee Blue.
,,	,,	*poseidon*	10	—	Streaked Light Blue, Streaked Slate Blue.
,,	,,	*semiargus*	3	1	7-Spot Blue (♀ = Small Blue var.).
,,	,,	*sebrus*	10	3	7-Spot and Pigmy 7-Spot Blue.
,,	,,	*cyllarus*	14	16	4, 5, 6, and 7 Spot Blues.
,,	,,	*iolas*	4	1	Great Blue. New locality for B.M.
,,	* ,,	*amandus*	1	—	Great Blue.
,,	,,	*argiolus*	8	8	Plain Blue.
,,	,,	*panagea*	1	—	Hilltop Blue, "doubtful."
,,	*Chilades*	*trochilus*	3	3	Jewelled Dwarf Blue.
,,	*Lampides*	*bæticus*	15	10	Mauve Hairstreak.
,,	*Syntarucus*	*telicanus*	7	4	Zebra Hairstreak.
,,	*Chrysophanus*	*thersamon*	20	6	Large Copper.
,,	,,	*alciphron*	1	—	Large Copper.
,,	,,	*phlæas*	6	13	Small Copper, Small-tailed Copper.
,,	,,	*dorilis*	2	—	Tregear's Copper.
,,	*Tomares*	*nogelii*	4	6	Clouded Copper.
,,	*Callophrys*	*rubi*	6	1	Green Hairstreak.
,,	* *Strymon*	*acaciæ*	3	1	Brown Hairstreak.
,,	* ,,	*ilicis*	5	—	Brown Hairstreak.
,,	* *Thecla*	*spini*	6	1	White Line Hairstreak.
HESP.	*Thanaos*	*marlogi*	4	2	Sooty Skipper.
,,	,,	*tages*	9	—	Brown Skipper.
,,	*Charcharodus*	*altheæ*	4	—	Marbled Skipper.
,,	,,	*alceæ*	6	3	Dingy Skipper.
,,	* *Hesperia*	*orbifer*	4	1	Chequered Skipper.
,,	* ,,	*sidæ*	5	1	Great Chequered Skipper.
,,	* ,,	*cynaræ*	3	—	Chequered Skipper, large var.
,,	* ,,	*onopordi* (?)	2	—	Chequered Skipper.
,,	* ,,	*malvæ*	1	1	Chequered Skipper.
,,	*Adopæa*	*lineola*	1	—	Tawny Skipper.
,,	,,	*flava*	4	—	Tawny Skipper.
,,	*Gegenes*	*nostradamus*	1	—	Brown Skipper.
,,	*Eogenes*	*alcides*	2	1	July Skipper.

* Noted as "Species of special interest to the British Museum."

For obvious reasons it was impossible to undertake the collecting of moths and beetles or to breed out any Lepidoptera *ab ovo;* a certain amount of attention was paid, however, to the larvæ of some of the larger Hawk moths, the Puss moth, and a Giant Emperor moth. These caterpillars were quite common in their various seasons, though very difficult to detect among the twigs and leaves with which they harmonised so accurately.

The Field Club's collection of butterflies has been shown to the Keeper of the Department of Entomology at the South Kensington Museum with an offer of any specimens that the Museum might lack. The Keeper's classifications of the specimens, together with his letter of acknowledgement, are here given.

DEPARTMENT OF ENTOMOLOGY,
BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY),
CROMWELL ROAD,
LONDON, S.W.
August 21, 1919.

MAJOR N. V. L. RYBOT,
LE DICQ,
JERSEY.

DEAR SIR,

I have recently finished examining your collection kindly left with the Museum some while ago, and I enclose a list of the identifications.

The specimens were all in such excellent condition and the data so complete that I fear you may think I have availed myself too liberally of your offer to let me take what was wanted by the Museum. Although there were only one or two species of which we had no specimens from Asia Minor, yet our specimens were so poor or so short of exact data, that the temptation to take more of yours has been very great.

Many of the species have been given special names for their races in Asia Minor, but it would have meant a good deal of work to fix them properly.

Some of the Lycænidæ and Hesperidæ have proved rather difficult to identify, and even now I would not like to vouch for one or two of the identifications without examination of the genitalia, such as *L. thersites* and the spp. of *Hesperia*. Should I find time to do this later I will let you know if there is any alteration.

I was very pleased to find series of both broods of a species in a number of cases —and in this your "chart" was of considerable value.

I have given in the last column the name which you have given the butterflies, taken from the envelopes.

The specimens I have not put into the collections here are ready for you whenever you wish. I should be glad to hear from you concerning them and any other queries you may have.

I am, etc.,
Yours sincerely,
M. D. RILEY.

(*B*) *Mammals, Birds, Reptiles,* and *Fishes* were marked down and listed continuously from Bagdad onwards. Some few officers knew all about all of them. Others confined themselves to one branch only, and others again to individuals of one class.

Had it been within the scope of this book, the Editor could have obtained a great deal of accurate scientific detail from such authorities as Patmore and Phillips, Major Middlemass and Stockley; Warner could

have told us all about choughs, Taylor about jackdaws, and Major Milford about the lesser Felidæ; much, too, of an interesting nature could have been related by other keepers of pets—men who spent time and trouble taming the shrew, the bear, the squirrel, the amorous tortoise, the mouse, the hare, the little owl, and the woodpecker. Unfortunately, Major Middlemass's armchair observations on the antics of the house weasel were lost on the way home. The worst, also, is to be feared with regard to the Kedos egg collection, compiled with the utmost ferocity, mainly by MacRae; when last seen it reposed in the Khan, each egg snugly placed in an ingenious depression scooped for it in an old board.

FIELD NOTES, KEDOS, 1918

CONTRIBUTED BY MAJOR R. W. H. MIDDLEMASS.

THE following is a list of birds observed. It is by no means complete, owing to many handicaps. To begin with, we were only allowed, ordinarily, to walk within a half-hour radius of the town, or roughly two miles; this prevented our going to the higher hills, woods, and wilder parts of the country. Not being allowed, as prisoners, to possess firearms and field-glasses, many birds, especially migratory species, escaped identification, and no specimens could be collected. The local people took no interest, and there was no such person as a birdcatcher in the town. The " Crater " could not be explored, as the local rope, in addition to being thin, was usually made of grass or brown paper, and so dangerous. The genera are arranged according to *British Birds in their Haunts*, by the late Rev. C. A. Johns, F.L.S.

The country round Kedos is very hilly, the valleys being mostly narrow, some having small streams and some dry. The banks of the streams are generally lined with tangled growth and occasional trees. There are pinewoods scattered about (used by the inhabitants for getting firewood from), and to the south extensive open oakwoods. Barren and stony stretches are used for grazing, like commons, and are covered with stunted oak, cistus, etc.; the bulk of the country, even steep slopes, being cultivated. This cultivation consists of wheat and barley fields, extensive vineyards, and many fruit orchards. The roads and lanes are lined with hedges, many of heavy growth. Altogether the country is very suitable for bird life. In the summer there is plenty of food, both fruit and insect.

At the southern end of the town the shoulder of the hill on the east side had fallen away, leaving a gorge through which the stream flowed. This was stated to have been caused by volcanic action and was named by us the " Crater."

Name of Bird.	*Common or Scarce.*	*Resident or Migratory, and Season.*	*Remarks.*
Mistle Thrush (*Turdus viscivorus*) ..	S.	Resident (local migrant).	Moves to higher hills in summer to breed and descends into valleys for winter. Shy and difficult to approach.
Song Thrush (*Turdus musicus*)	F. C.	Resident (local migrant).	Ditto.
Blackbird (*Turdus merula*)*	C.	Resident (local migrant).	Ditto, but not so shy. Also some remained in the hot valleys and bred.
Wheatear (*Saxicola œnanthe*)*	C.	Migratory (March to September).	In fallow fields and open grazing country.
Stonechat (*Pratincola rubicola*)	F. C.	Migratory (March to September).	Ditto.
Redstart (*Ruticilla phœnicura*)	F. C.	Migratory (April to October).	In orchards and about the town. Not at all shy.
Black Redstart (*Ruticilla titys*)	S.	Migratory (April to October).	Ditto (these were very numerous at Kastamuni).
Redbreast (*Erithacus rubecula*)	C.	Resident (local migrant).	Moves to higher hills in summer to breed and descends into valleys for winter. The same little "robin" as at home and the same habits!
Nightingale (*Daulias luscinia*)* ..	V. C.	Migratory (April to September).	One of the commonest birds during summer. Heard in every valley. Not shy.
Whitethroat (*Sylvia cinerea*)*	F. C.	Migratory (April to October).	In fruit orchards and wild growth of trees and bushes on banks of streams.
Lesser Whitethroat (*Sylvia curruca*)* ..	F. C.	Migratory (April to October).	Ditto.
Garden Warbler (*Sylvia hortensis*) ..	C.	Migratory (April to October).	In orchards and high hedges. Frequents fruit-trees, such as mulberries, when insects are plentiful after the fruit.
Blackcap (*Sylvia atricapilla*)	C.	Migratory (April to October).	In orchards and on stream banks. Not shy.
Reed Warbler (*Acrocephalus streperus*)*	F. C.	Migratory.	In tangled growth on stream banks, especially with rushes and reeds, mixed with thorns. Difficult to ascertain season of arrival and departure owing to skulking habits.
Grasshopper Warbler (*Locustella nævia*)	F. C.	Migratory.	Ditto.
Chiff-chaff (*Phylloscopus rufus*) ..	S.	Migratory (April to September).	In tangled growth on stream banks. Shy and keeps away in lonely parts.
Willow Warbler (*Phylloscopus trochilus*)	C.	Migratory (April to September).	On banks of streams with pollarded trees and undergrowth.
Golden-crested Wren (*Regulus cristatus*)	S.	?	Scarce and difficult to observe, as only seen in pinewoods on hillsides on one or two occasions. Most probably migratory.
Long-tailed Tit (*Acredula caudata*) ..	F. C.	Migratory (April to September).	Passed through on migration and did not remain to breed.
Cole Tit (*Parus ater*)*	C.	Resident.	Common in the fruit orchards. May sometimes be seen in the vineyards.
Nuthatch (*Sitta cæsia*)	F. C.	Resident (local migrant).	Not at all shy, coming on to the roofs of houses and searching for insects among the tiles.

Wren (*Troglodytes parvulus*)	F. C.	Resident (local migrant).	Moves to the higher hills to breed, and comes into the valleys for the winter.
Golden Oriole (*Oriolus galbula*) ..	F. C.	Migratory (May to September).	Shy.
Starling (*Sturnus vulgaris*)	C.	Migratory (April to October).	Passed through in flocks. A few only remained to breed.
Rose-coloured Starling (*Pastor roseus*)	C.	Migratory (April to September).	Passed through and did not breed in the district.
Jay (*Garrulus glandarius*)*	F. C.	Resident.	Bred in high poplar-trees mostly.
Magpie (*Pica rustica*)*	V. C.	Resident.	Everywhere. Took no trouble to hide their nests.
Jackdaw (*Corvus monedula*)*	V. C.	Resident.	Bred alongside the rockdoves in the Crater.
Raven (*Corvus corax*)	F. C.	Resident (local migrant).	Moved to the higher hills for breeding in spring and moved down again in September to the lower valleys.
Carrion Crow (*Corvus corone*)*	S.	?	Were only seen in the oakwoods.
Hooded Crow (*Corvus cornix*)* ..	F. C.	Resident.	Did not frequent the town very much, but more in the country.
Grey-backed Shrike (*Lanius excubitor*)*	F. C.	Migratory (May to September).	In orchards and on banks of streams with thorn bushes.
Red-backed Shrike (*Lanius collurio*)* ..	F. C.	Migratory (May to September).	Ditto.
Spotted Fly-catcher (*Muscicapa grisola*)	F. C.	Migratory (April to October).	Very confiding. Mostly found in the fruit orchards where insects were attracted by the ripe fruit.
Swallow (*Hirundo rustica*)	F. C.	Migratory (April to September).	Built under the eaves of the houses. In the evenings the swallows hawked mosquitoes and gnats in the court-yards of the houses.
House Martin (*Chelidon urbica*) ..	F. C.	Migratory (April to September).	
Sand Martin (*Cotile riparia*)	S.	Migratory.	Only a few seen on river some distance below town.
Greenfinch (*Ligurinus chloris*)	S.	Resident.	Shy and not much seen.
Goldfinch (*Carduelis elegans*)	V. C.	Resident.	In nearly all the orchards. Continually fly about in little flocks. Bred on fruit-trees.
Siskin (*Carduelis spinus*)	S.	Migratory (April).	Only heard on one or two occasions.
House Sparrow (*Passer domesticus*) ..	C.	Resident.	Not so abundant, seeing it is a grain-growing country.
Chaffinch (*Fringilla cœlebs*)*	V. C.	Resident.	Everywhere. Not at all shy.
Linnet (*Acanthis cannabina*)*	F. C.	Resident.	Mostly out in the orchards and commons.
Corn Bunting (*Emberiza miliaria*)* ..	F. C.	Migratory (May to September).	Kept to hedges and orchards about extensive cornfields.

* Eggs obtained in breeding season.

Name of Bird.	*Common or Scarce.*	*Resident or Migratory, and Season.*	*Remarks.*
Yellowhammer (*Emberiza citrinella*) ..	S.	Migratory (May to September).	Hedges on slopes of hills and not in the valleys.
Cirl Bunting (*Emberiza cirlus*)	F. C.	Migratory (April to September).	Open fields on hilltops and about vineyards in the open parts.
White Wagtail (*Motacilla alba*) ..	C.	Resident (local migrant).	Bred on roofs and under bridges, etc. Congregated on houses at pairing time and again when most of them moved quarters.
Pied Wagtail (*Motacilla lugubris*) ..	S.	Migratory (April to September).	A few only were seen about the stream.
Yellow Wagtail (*Motacilla Raii*) ..	F. C.	Migratory (May to September).	On the streams. Not at all shy.
Tree Pipit (*Anthus trivialis*)	F. C.	Migratory (April to September).	On roads and paths lined with large trees.
Meadow Pipit (*Anthus pratensis*)* ..	C.	Migratory.	Mostly in open fallow fields and grazing-grounds.
Skylark (*Alauda arvensis*)	S.	Resident.	On open slopes and hilltops.
Crested Lark (*Alauda cristata*)* ..	C.	Resident.	Ditto.
Swift (*Cypselus apus*)	C.	Migratory (April to August).	Bred in the Crater. They departed as soon as the extremely hot weather set in.
Nightjar (*Caprimulgus Europæus*) ..	F. C.	Resident (local migrant).	Were often on move during daylight in the afternoons, and came on housetops in the town hawking for insects.
Lesser Spotted Woodpecker (*Dendrocopus minor*)	F. C.	Resident.	Everywhere in wooded parts with large trees and in the fruit orchards.
Roller (*Coracias garrulus*)*	F. C.	Migratory (May to September).	In the oakwoods mostly, and open ground in vicinity.
Bee-eater (*Merops apiaster*)	C.	Migratory (April to September).	Did not stop to breed but passed through in large flocks, feeding and resting as they went.
Hoopoe (*Upupa epops*)	S.	Migratory (May to September).	Not shy. Bred under eaves of huts in fruit orchards.
Cuckoo (*Cuculus canorus*)	F. C.	Migratory (May to September).	Habits as at home.
Long-eared Owl (*Asio otus*)*	F. C.	Resident.	In the extensive oakwoods.
Short-eared Owl (*Asio accipitrinus*) ..	F. C.	Resident.	Lived in the ruins of old houses in the orchards, and in old trees. Not shy.
Eagle Owl (*Bubo maximus*)	?	Resident (local migrant).	One pair lived in the Crater. Hunted rats and mice round threshing-floors in the fields, and doubtless hare and partridge also. Size of a turkey.
Buzzard (*Buteo vulgaris*)	F. C.	Migratory (April to September).	Kept to the open country.
Golden Eagle (*Aquila chrysætos*) ..	S.	Resident.	Observed in the higher hills, and occasionally seen flying over the town.
Lammergeier (Bearded Eagle)	F. C.	Resident.	In the higher hills. Descended to the lower valleys in winter after heavy snowfalls.

Sparrowhawk (*Accipiter nisus*)	F. C.	Migratory (April to September).	Came in the wake of the migratory small birds.
Kite (*Milvus regalis*)	S.	Migratory (April to September).	Shy and did not come near the town very often. The fork-tailed kite. Differed much in colouring, some much darker than others.
White Vulture (*Neophron ginginianus*)	F. C.	Migratory (April to September).	Did not frequent the town as commonly as at Kastamuni, but still was not shy of coming to rubbish heaps.
Bald Brown Vulture	F. C.	Migratory (April to September).	Kept to the open country. Flew high over the town sometimes.
Hobby (*Falco subbuteo*)	S.	Migratory (April to September).	These arrived in the wake of the small birds, and nested out in the wilder and quieter parts of the country.
Merlin (*Falco æsalon*)	F. C.	Migratory (April to September).	
Kestrel (*Falco tinnunculus*)*	F. C.	Migratory (April to September).	
Heron (*Ardea cinerea*)	S.	Migratory (April to September).	Only seen in twos and threes in spring and autumn, and no nest was found. They were very shy and wary.
Bittern (*Botaurus stellaris*)	S.	—	One only was flushed on the stream. Nothing found out regarding nesting or other habits.
Stork (*Ciconia alba*)	V. C.	Migratory (April to September).	Nested on houses in town and villages.
Black Stork (*Ciconia nigra*)	S.	Migratory (April to September).	Shy and scarce. Probably bred on trees away from habitations.
Woodpigeon (*Columba palumbus*) ..	S.	Resident.	More in the woods and forests.
Rockdove (*Columba livia*)	V. C.	Resident.	Bred in the Crater and a few in eaves of houses. Much mixed with tame pigeons turned wild, including chequers and pure whites.
Turtledove (*Turtur communis*)* ..	C.	Resident (local migrant).	Not shy. Bred in the fruit orchards and on the stream banks. Migrated in flocks end of September.
Ringdove (as found in India)	V. C.	Resident (local migrant).	Were breeding before snow cleared away. Some of the people put up boards under the eaves of their houses for them to nest on.
Chikor Partridge (*Caccabis rufa*)* ..	V. C.	Resident.	Very common on all waste and rocky lands, and later in the vineyards when in foliage. Were shot and brought to market for home consumption.
Quail (*Coturnix communis*)	S.	Migratory.	Only one bird was flushed. This was curious. The country may not be in their line of flight during migration.
Woodcock (*Scolopax rusticola*)	S.	Migratory.	One wounded bird was exhibited in the market. May possibly be fairly plentiful in the pine forests.
Snipe (*Gallinago cœlestis*)	S.	Migratory.	A few put up in the reedy patches on stream, but country generally unsuitable for them.
Common Sandpiper (*Totanus hypoleucus*)	S.	Migratory (May to September).	A few frequented the edges of streams, but not much suitable ground for them.

* Eggs obtained in breeding season.

NOTE.—No geese were either seen or heard, but, as there was a large lake a day's march west of the town, their line of flight may have missed Kedos. Duck and teal were seen, but could not be properly identified. Mallard and gadwall were distinguishable, among others; but they only came occasionally to the small stream.

The four seasons are very regular. Spring is clear and sunshiny, bringing out the green growth and merging gently and imperceptibly into summer. The summer is warm, with steady sunshine, but without being oppressive. The commencement of the autumn is usually very hot and oppressive, and later is broken up by heavy thunderstorms, with much rain at fairly regular intervals. The winter is rainy, and later, when the cold increases, there is considerable snow. The seasons are, as a rule, so regular that the inhabitants can foretell changes within a few days of their occurring.

Four different kinds of migration were witnessed during the spring and autumn, and for the sake of distinction were classified as follows:

(1) *Intensive migration.*—Such migration as is performed by storks, geese, duck, etc. A quick migration usually undertaken by large collections of birds, and at a great height. The idea seemed to be for the birds to collect in large numbers, and then at some given signal depart at great speed, and get the move over as soon as possible. As regards the autumn migrations seen of the white stork, the bulk of the flocks were on the move in the afternoons and evenings, and probably kept on the wing all night; and by next day would have reached Africa and the end of the journey. The move, which took place in August, was almost simultaneous, the country being clear from the start within ten days. Direction in every case was practically south-east, or roughly in the direction of Palestine. No stragglers remained for the winter. The spring migration in April was also in large flocks, the birds circling at a height over villages and uttering loud cries. As the birds recognised their haunts they broke away from the flock and descended. The first arrivals at Kedos appeared to be mostly males. Two old nests watched were each occupied by a male—and it was more than a week before the first bird brought a mate with him to the nest. Pairing commenced immediately.

(2) *Normal Migration.*—As performed by starlings, bee-eaters, etc. A migration still carried out in large flocks, but not at a great height, and in a more leisurely manner. The birds remained for days in districts while food lasted and then moved on, taking probably weeks over the whole migration. This appeared to be a migration practised mostly by birds which travelled by day and roosted at night. Early mornings and evenings were the times of moving, the middle of the day being spent in feeding and resting.

(3) *Drift Migration.*—Practised by the bulk of the small birds, such as warblers, redstarts, nightingales, fly-catchers, etc. Carried out quietly and without show. During the spring and again in the autumn one was made aware of a great migration going on by seeing individuals of many species arriving and then gradually disappearing. This was the most interesting and amazing method seen. Only to the few on the watch was the extent of the movement apparent, so quietly and stealthily was the

whole business done. How the birds actually travelled, whether by flight at night in moonlight or by simply flying from cover to cover in the requisite direction, could not be ascertained. The fact was brought home by the sudden appearance and song of birds that were not noticed in the neighbourhood before they were on the trek. They seemed to be widely scattered through the wooded portions of the country just drifting along to their destination. The coming and going escaped the notice of most people, and yet by far the larger number of birds travelled in this manner. They did not go in flocks but were no doubt in touch with one another. It emphasised more than anything else the immensity and force of the migratory habit. It was almost uncanny.

The birds took it easy but kept steadily to their purpose. Many kinds remained to breed, such as the redstarts and nightingales; whilst others, such as the long-tailed tits, passed on and were not seen again till autumn.

(4) *Local Migration.*—This was really a temporary change of quarters of what may be considered resident birds. It varied from a move of a few miles, such as the thrushes and redbreasts made from the hot valleys to the surrounding hills and high ridges for breeding purposes, to the longer flight in flocks of doves and ravens to the warmer big valleys to avoid the severity of winter.

Storks.—As mentioned under " Intensive Migration," two old nests were watched. Each was occupied by a male bird, they having broken away from a flock passing over and going in northern direction. This occurred about the middle of April. The birds remained solitary, being away feeding most of the day, and coming to the nest only once or twice in the day for a rest and, of course, to roost at night. At such times, when flocks of birds passed overhead, both of them would throw back their heads, fluff out their wing and tail feathers, and make a loud clattering noise with their bills, as if to attract the other birds. The behaviour of each bird will be given separately. No. 1 seemed to be a crusty old creature. He appeared to be anxious to attract other birds as he vigorously clattered his bill on all occasions, but he never brought a mate to the nest, and later, when a solitary female tried her hardest to mate with him and repeatedly flew to him on his nest, he pecked at her and drove her away. In the end, when No. 2 had his family nearly fledged, he drove No. 1 away for good, and appropriated the nest as a roosting-place for himself and his mate. No. 2, on the other hand, some ten days or so after arrival, suddenly appeared with a mate, whom he had apparently found on the river, and pairing commenced at once. The old nest was repaired and day by day added to, the male bringing sticks, rags, and anything which served to increase the pile. The female did the arranging, leaving a deep hollow in the centre. Some three weeks later the eggs were laid and the birds took turns at sitting. The hen bird

always brooded the eggs at night, the male mounting guard over the nest. The young were hatched in a month, the first indications being that the birds did not sit close on the nest but to one side of the hollow, and the occasional glimpse of a big head and beak on the end of a long and thin neck flopping from side to side in a helpless way. The weather was sufficiently warm for the parents to dispense with brooding over the youngsters, but one parent was always with them on guard against any prowling enemies, such as eagles, jackdaws, etc. The young grew very rapidly, and in the course of a fortnight had managed to get the heavy head and bill under control, and start growing some feathers. The very hot spell of summer weather now came on, and it was interesting to see the parent on duty stand between the sun and the young ones to shade them. This was carefully watched on several occasions, and found to be a deliberate act on the part of the parent, the bird gradually moving round the nest as the sun advanced, always keeping itself between the sun and the young to shade them.

At the end of a month the young had got a good covering of feathers and could manage to stand up in the nest for a short time on their spindle legs. They were about the size of a fowl. The parents now apparently considered the youngsters safe from harm, as they would leave them during the day, only coming occasionally for a few minutes to feed them. The process of feeding was unpleasant to witness. The parent came with a full craw and deposited the contents on the nest, and the young eagerly lay to and gobbled all up. The stream at this time, which was very low, swarmed with tadpoles, and this was probably the principal food.

By the end of the second month the young were almost as large as their parents, and continually practised their wings, although no actual flight was made; and this went on for a couple of weeks. During the first week of August the young began to fly, first of all from one nest to the other, a distance of about fifty yards, and then on to the roofs of the surrounding houses. Finally, they flew round in the air on one or two occasions and went down to the stream about half a mile away. In the third week of August the migration southwards of the storks commenced. Flock after flock of birds went circling away uttering loud cries. Suddenly the family under observation were missing one day, and were not seen again. Two curious points were noticed regarding this. One was that the young had not had any long flights previously, and yet undertook a tremendous migration flight without hesitation. The other was that the parents, since the young ones had learned to fly a little, had begun to pair again, and gave hopes that they would have a second brood. Perhaps they were going to breed again in their cold-weather resort!

Miscellaneous.—Asia Minor would appear to be the meeting-place of birds belonging to both tropical and temperate zones. The redbreasts,

wrens, and blackbirds were found on common ground with the white vulture and kite. It will probably be found that one of the great " bird routes " from Africa lies through Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor, branching to the Caucasus. A few unusual specimens were seen. A jackdaw (at Kastamuni) was seen which had lost the lower mandible, and yet managed to eat and look fit. A very brightly coloured cock sparrow which had a heavily speckled breast in addition to his black bib. A curious and extremely wary bird (a rock creeper), size and shape of a nuthatch, with long curved bill. It was hard of approach and not clearly seen. It built a cone-shaped nest of clay on the face of a cliff. The cracks and crevices of the cliff for a yard or more round the nest were stuffed with feathers, and the nest itself, in addition to feathers, had a collection of beetles and various insects and the head of a redbreast stuck on it. The inside of the nest was full of feathers and a ball of them at the mouth in the evenings. Unfortunately our observations of this curious bird were cut short by some Turk, who, observing we were interested, promptly destroyed the nest. When the very hot weather in the autumn came on, the swifts which had been breeding in the Crater all disappeared, presumably to a cooler clime. As soon as the thunderstorms towards the end of August broke over us, the storks departed, this being doubtless a sign to them of suitable conditions farther south, as the storms all came from a southerly direction.

(*C*) *Geology*.

Geology was a hobby pursued only by one or two officers: most of the work was done by Major Rybot. In Kastamuni, field work would have been almost impossible had it not been for the concession granted to Colonels to walk out occasionally with their own *postas;* Colonel Moore frequently took out one of the geologists with him, and by this means a rough geological survey of the neighbourhood was made, a collection of typical fossils got together, and diagrammatic sketches of all the principal exposures of strata drawn.

In Kedos work was easier, and the country being less intricate than that round Kastamuni the main geological features were soon mastered.

The fossils from both places, as well as all the sketches, were taken into safe keeping by M. Menten when he visited us in June, 1918; they were handed back when we met him again in Smyrna, and are now awaiting the attention of the geologists at the South Kensington Museum.

At Kastamuni a green-grey schist is the oldest rock visible; it is overlaid by a fresh-water deposit of clays (containing lignite beds) and of gravels, and these are topped by a thick series of sand and limestones, largely fossiliferous and of sea origin. These sedimentary deposits appear to be of the Eocene Age.

At Kedos a basalt is succeeded by a fresh-water series composed of

clays (with lignite), sandstones, limestones (with banded flint), conglomerates, and gravels. Fossils were not as numerous as at Kastamuni and point to the Miocene as the period of the deposition of the strata.

The lignite which occurred both in Kastamuni and in Kedos was burnt experimentally in kitchens and in braziers: it gave off a very strong smoke with a smell generally described as more than damnable. Thin seams only were found, and the supply would soon have failed had necessity compelled its serious use.

(*D*) *Anthropology*.

Diligent search was always being made for relics of early man, but without much success. River gravels and caves yielded nothing, and the few flakes and worked flints found on the surface were of no great interest.

Savage as the Turk is, one was surprised to find him still using some Palæolithic implements, the most notable of which is his chaff-cutter, a sledge fitted on its under surface with rows of flint "knives." The Armenian too is not altogether out of the Stone Age, and the lumps of rock he employs as weights in his shop are without a doubt far more to his advantage than the metal standards of the Government!

(*E*) *Archæology*.

At Kastamuni there was but little of archæological interest—at least, little obvious to our limited chances of research. In the cliff face behind "Spangle Alley" and in the rock below the large mosque on the way to the football ground there were some rock tombs and (in the latter spot) what seemed to be a votive niche; the type of tomb, with side pillars and pediment, decorated in two instances with orientalised animal forms (now almost obliterated), dates the work probably to the late seventh or sixth century B.C. Of the classical period the only distinctive remains were two marble consols outside a house west of the Castle Mound, a poorly carved bearded head in marble, of the late second century A.D., which was produced for our inspection by the interpreter, a lead statuette, and a number of coins of no great interest. The castle probably dated from the tenth century, but had been much patched and repaired; it was more picturesque than interesting, and effectually covered any earlier building that had occupied the site. Such officers as had antiquarian interests had to fall back upon old local embroideries, French and English watches made for the Turkish market towards the end of the eighteenth century, and open-cased brass clocks of the same period and make.

At Changri we were not even allowed to visit the castle. At Angora, during our brief stay, the opportunity was taken of copying a few inscriptions built into the old inner or outer walls, of the Acropolis which, hidden before by the modern houses, had been laid bare by the great fire of 1916. They were not of any great interest. Ouchak was certainly

the richest place of any which we visited in the number of antiquities visible. Most of the many fountains in the streets were decorated with Greek inscriptions or with slabs of marble carved in the form of panelled doors, taken from some ancient cemetery near the town; close to the station there had been set up two headless statues and two inscribed altar tombstones found when digging the foundations of houses by the roadside, and everywhere fragments of columns and cornices bore witness to the old city, Temenos Orithyiæ, of which Ouchak is the degenerate offspring.

At Kedos very little remained of the Greek town of Kadoi, whose name was duly recorded on two or three bronze coins of the first and second centuries A.D. secured by Major Saunders. The ancient Acropolis was built on the now unoccupied hilltop, west of the gorge, and the town probably extended to the plateau north-west of the barracks. The former site had later been occupied by a medieval fort which, like its predecessor, had been razed to its foundations by searches after cut stone wherewith to build the Turkish village. The barracks was the last building for which the old Greek town had served as a quarry, and many blocks in the steps and lower parts of the walls clearly betrayed their classical origin; a fragment of carved cornice and a broken tombstone in front of the first block of the barracks were, however, the only pieces of any interest. In the masonry of the bridge below the barracks were embedded two marble statues, one of a warrior in armour, and one of a woman wearing long drapery; a fair number of capitals and carved fragments were to be seen built into the other bridges and houses of the town, and two fountains were decorated with old tombstones: one of these mentioned a shrine of a local god (Dicharactos) which may have stood on the hill just beyond the main washing-place of the lower town where the fountains of a temple are still to be traced. Two inscriptions were copied at Akchalan and one in a village cemetery on the way to the bathing-pool in the main river.

2. The Chapel

Before the arrival of the Chaplain on July 28, services at Kastamun had been taken on Sundays by one of the senior officers. When he did come it looked as though he would be unable to carry out any of his duties,

as he was at once placed under all sorts of restrictions. While other officers might be allowed to go out for walks, to play football, or to shop in the town several days a week, the Chaplain was only allowed to visit the bazaar once a week under a special guard, and was prevented from joining the others for walks or on the football field. No doubt the Turkish authorities compared English Chaplains to their own mullahs and expected that they would spread unrest amongst their brother-prisoners by preaching sedition; only when experience proved this not to be the case was the Chaplain allowed to carry on in the same way as the rest, and by carefully thought out tactics was able to obtain certain small liberties.

At first the only place wherein services could be held was some corridor, bedroom, or messroom, and as the Upper and Lower Houses were not allowed to come together separate services had to be conducted for each. It took, of course, some time every Sunday to clear and prepare the various rooms lent as chapels, but the officers spared no pains to get them ready and prepare them as suitably as was possible in the circumstances. There were no such things as prayer-books or hymn-books or ornaments for the altar—in fact, there was no altar, and an ordinary table, covered generally with a towel, had to serve the purpose. A Greek priest, however, presented us with a pair of brass candlesticks and a small cross of carved wood encased in silver. One of the officers had managed to bring a typewriter along with him, and he set to work and typed hymns for each Sunday's use, and others copied them out by hand and made themselves little hymn-books. These rather informal bedroom services were well attended, and everyone joined in the singing and did their best to make things cheerful.

All this time great efforts were being made to induce the Turkish authorities to set apart a special room for a chapel, but it takes a Turk a long time to think and a longer time still to do anything, and we had to persevere for over a month before our request was granted; in the end, however, we carried our point, and on October 8 used our new chapel for the first time. It was a room in a Greek house capable of holding fifty or sixty persons, lighted by windows at the east end: it was, of course, quite bare, but thanks to the energetic help of many officers not many days passed before it was ready for use and looking really like a chapel. The carpenters set to work and made benches, an altar, and a small reredos; one officer made a very beautiful cross and two candlesticks of beechwood and presented them to the chapel, and had no sooner finished these than he turned his hand to a lectern and reading-desk; a gifted Field Officer embroidered an altar frontal with gold thread on red plush and worked crosses on the altar linen and afterwards made two embroidered offertory bags. A special fatigue of officers sewed up hassocks, made of red cotton cloth and stuffed with hay, and Colonel Cummins presented

a fine Turkish carpet for the sanctuary; a strip of killim was laid down in the aisle and two hanging lamps were provided for evening services.

All this made, of course, a tremendous difference, but not less important was the fact that we were now all allowed to come together in one place. A long-felt want had been made good; the benefits of a proper chapel and of combined services were quickly recognised, and more and more turned up every Sunday. Special thanks are due to the officer who volunteered to play the part of verger. He did not stick to verging, but just did everything—cleaned out and dusted the chapel, rang the bell, took charge of the books when these arrived from Constantinople, and acted as sidesman: in the last capacity he found his 6 feet 8 inches a most useful asset, as he was able to pass the bag almost anywhere from where he stood.

We were fortunate enough to have with us a choirmaster who ran our choir and spared no pains to make it a success. Choir practices were held twice a week. We had basses, tenors, even altos, and when the American Ambassador sent us from the British Embassy chapel at Constantinople psalters and hymn-books with tunes (as also a new altar frontal) the choir made great strides; favourite hymns and chants were always chosen (the former generally " by request "), and the singing was always vigorous and bright. We had a piano; we paid a Turk £25 for it, and when we left Kastamuni it reverted to him again, so that he made a good bargain; but it was invaluable to us and well repaid its cost. Later on, two violins and a 'cello were added to the church music, and at Changri (where there was no piano) Parsons got up a small chapel orchestra for us.

Besides the regular Sunday services, attendance at which numbered from fifty to seventy during the day, special intercession services were held every Thursday at 11 a.m. with an average attendance of about twelve. On big festivals, such as Christmas and Easter, the little chapel was crowded out, and so it was on All Saints' Day, when we commemorated those who had fallen in the war, and there were over sixty communicants.

Besides services, several Bible-study classes were held, and one officer gave a series of lectures on Old Testament history, when the lecture-room was always crowded.

It was very evident that many were taking the opportunity of thinking out for themselves the things that really matter; the services, continued month after month, became more and more a source of help and comfort, and are not likely to be forgotten by those who attended them.

H. S.

The choir is a great success, but I think it only fair
To say we'd like it none the less if somebody sang the air.
Several weeks ago
The verger hit on it once—
But I don't suppose he'll sing it again for months and months and months!

(Xmas Gaff.)

3. The Cemetery at Kastamuni

It was very soon after our arrival at Kastamuni that the first deaths occurred. The spot chosen by the Turkish officials for the graves was on a bare hillside about three-quarters of a mile beyond the town, just above the large Greek cemetery. The place was not enclosed or marked in any way, so we determined to set this right.

In May, 1917, the Chaplain, two R.E. officers, and a Greek contractor went up together, drew out a plan, and arranged for the work to be done by native labour; Greek women were employed to carry stones and Greek masons to build the wall. But it soon became clear that this method was too expensive, and that at the rate work was going on the wage-bill alone would run into hundreds of pounds; consequently the contract was annulled and we decided to do the job ourselves. The Chaplain called for volunteers, and practically every officer came forward to help; fatigue parties about fifty strong from the upper and lower houses turned out on alternate days and worked like niggers. Rocks had to be quarried out from the hillside with picks and crowbars and carried in on stretchers, often for a distance of three or four hundred yards; some officers collected small stones for the rubble and concrete foundations, others dug out the foundations for the walls, others mixed mortar or carried water, while experts of the R.E. and Indian Pioneer regiments did the actual building. When enough large stones and rubble had been dumped down close to the site it was only necessary for about a dozen officers to go up each day. Work went on thus regularly for months. Progress was slow because, though the cemetery itself was small, the enclosure was on a massive scale: the walls measured only fifteen by eighteen feet, inside measurements; but they were over three feet thick, and the lower wall, which was heavily battered, was seven feet high and six feet wide at the base. The amount of material required, therefore, was very large, and as it all had to be fetched from a distance, and that over very rough ground, it entailed much labour. Then, too, concrete foundations had to be made for the gravestones. These had been cut by a Greek stonemason from designs by Major Rybot and bore suitable inscriptions: they had to lie flat on the graves as the Turk seems to dislike the standing memorials of another faith than his own and shows this by smashing them, or at least by throwing them over.

After three solid months of work the cemetery was beginning to look like something when on August 9, owing to the escape, everything was brought to a standstill, and until September 8 no one was allowed out. Then Zia Bey gave permission for the work to go on, provided that it was finished within a fortnight—*i.e.*, before our removal to a new camp.

In spite of the fact that most of our tools had been stolen, and so the labourers were severely handicapped, work went forward splendidly; but still, when on September 27 the Upper Houses moved to Changri,

much remained to be done and it seemed almost impossible to finish it, especially as we were warned that no more work would be allowed after September 30. On that day we worked without stopping from 10 a.m. till 4. Guards stood all round us with fixed bayonets and magazines charged, while officers were using their hats and coats to carry up pebbles and mortar, plastering the wall with their hands (we only had one trowel !) or pointing it with bits of stick. In spite of everything, by the time we knocked off all was finished. The wall was built, pointed, and coped, the gravestones were firmly embedded in position, the spaces between them were neatly turfed, and a border of gravel edged with flint ran round between them and the wall.

It was not a very pretentious cemetery, but enough, one hopes, to safeguard the graves of the six Britishers who lie there; the Greek priests, too, promised that they and their people would do all they could to protect the place and keep it decent. If our work was rough, even if it prove less lasting than we hope, it shows at least that we honoured duly the resting-places of our dead. *Requiescant in pace.* H. S.

MOUNDS

Nebuchadnezzar, the king of the East,
Stamped his bricks with the sign of the beast,
And his wives were a hundred dames at least,
  With a thousand slaves to mind them.
And of all that glory and lust, they say,
The sign that abides to the present day
Is mound upon mound of dust and clay,
  If you know the place to find them.

Now slaves are a perilous seed to sow,
And mounds are a curious crop, I know,
But mounds are all that the soil will grow,
  Whoever does the sowing.
We, too, have sowed the desert ground,
Blood of our blood we sowed; and found
Its only fruit the cross and mound,
  And still the fruit is growing.

APPENDIX I

PRICES

SO much has been said parenthetically about the rise in prices of foodstuffs, etc., during our imprisonment that the following table may be of interest as exemplifying this in the case of the main items of our domestic economy. Prices are given in piastres because, owing to the variable rate of exchange, it would be misleading to give any one general equivalent in English money. Pay was always at the rate of about 108 to 113 pts. to the pound sterling; cheques cashed in Constantinople through the Embassy and money orders from home varied between 102½ and 184 (once); cheques cashed locally rose from 130 to 180 at Kastamuni, ranged from 100 to 120 at Kedos, and from 150 to 160 at Smyrna.

	Christmas, 1916.	*June*, 1917.	*October*, 1917.	*December*, 1917.	*June*, 1918.
	Pts.	*Pts.*	*Pts.*	*Pts.*	*Pts.*
Mutton .. per oke	12	16	18 to 19	35	45 to 60
Beef (or buffalo) ,,	(7 to 8)	(10 to 15)	(12 to 13 to 20)	20 to 30	40 to 60
Dripping .. ,,	30	50 to 60	100	140	200
Butter .. ,,	30 to 40	70	120 to 150	200	200 to 250
Sugar .. ,,	45 to 50	240	240	240 to 300	300 to 400
Sultanas .. ,,	30	50	70	60	80
Figs .. ,,	30	45	70	80	80
Potatoes .. ,,	2½	15	20	12	30
Eggs .. each	½	2	2 to 2¼	2½ to 3½	2 to 2½
Rice .. per oke	25	30	50	40	80
Flour .. ,,	10	20	unobtainable	25 to 30	25
Honey .. ,,	30	60 to 80	120	120	200
Tea .. .. ,,	300	420	600	1,200	2,000
Coffee .. ,,	80 to 130	400	unobtainable	—	—
Mastik .. ,,	25 to 30	60 to 90	110 to 150	120	200
Wood per donkey-load	6	15	30 to 35	50 to 140	25 to 35
Oil .. .. per tin	600	1,500	1,600 to 1,900	?	1,750

APPENDIX II

NOMINAL ROLL

IT was intended that this list should give the record of everyone—officers and men—who were at any time prisoners in any one of the three camps with which this book deals. As the list was compiled only at the very end of our time at Kedos, when many changes had taken place and those who had been together were already scattered; when, too, some of the records had been destroyed in the fire, so that one had to rely largely upon memory: a good many details could not be recovered; this was particularly the case with the men, some of whom had only been with us for a short period and had then gone to other camps.

The Editor must apologise, therefore, for the incompleteness of the roll, expressing at the same time his thanks to Captain Atkins and others who spent much time and labour in its compilation.

BRITISH OFFICERS

Name and Rank at Time of Capture.	*Regiment.*	*Place and Date of Capture.*	*Camps and Date of Arrival.*
Aird, Flt.-Lt. H. R.	R.N.A.S.	Suvla Bay, 1.10.17.	Kedos, 3.11.17.
Alcock, Flt.-Lt. J. W., D.S.C.	R.N.A.S.	ditto	ditto
Andeen, Lt. W. B. ..	Field Post Office.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Anderson, Maj. H. J.	Rangoon V. Batty.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Annesley, Col. H. R.	S. and T. Corps.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Broussa.
Appleby, Lt. W. R...	Field Post Office.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Armitage, Capt. ..	Imp. Camel Corps.	S. Syria.	Kedos, 2.1.18.
Armstrong, Lt. R. H. C.	67th Punjabis.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Afiun Kara Hissar.
Askin, Lt. A. C. ..	8th Hants.	Gaza, 19.4.17.	Kedos, 6.7.17.
Atkins, Capt. R. F...	67th Punjabis.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Baird, 2 Lt. R. V. ..	I.A.R. att. S. and T. C.	ditto	Kastamuni, 17.8.16; Changri, Kedos.
Baillon, Lt. E. N. ..	R.F.C.	Tekrit, 25.9.17.	Kedos, 2.11.17.

Name and Rank at Time of Capture.	*Regiment.*	*Place and Date of Capture.*	*Camps and Date of Arrival.*
Ball, Maj. T. L. ..	S. and T. Corps.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Ballin, Lt. T. ..	S. and T. Corps.	ditto	Kedos, 4.10.17; A. K. Hissar.
Bampton, Lt. R. N.	I.A.R. att. 2/7 Gurkhas.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Barker, Maj. J. S. ..	R.E.	ditto	ditto
Beazeley, Lt.-Col. C. A.	R.E.	Mesopotamia, 2.5.18.	Kedos, 29.5.18.
Begg, Lt. M. G., M.C. with bar	R.B. and R.F.C.	Tekrit, 25.9.17.	Kedos, 2.11.17.
Bell-Syer, Lt. L. ..	I.A.R. att. 104th Wellesley Rifles.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Bishop, Lt.	I.A.R. att. 66th Punjabis.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16. *Escaped.*
Blake, Lt. J. W. ..	60th Rifles and R.F.C.	Kirkuk, 4.10.17.	Kedos, 14.11.17.
Booth, Bt.-Maj. F. ..	K.O.R. Lancs. Regt.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16. Changri, Kedos.
Brabazon, Lt. J. H. T.	1 Connaught Rangers.	Beit Aiesa, 17.4.16.	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Brickman, Capt. F. I. O., M.C.	119th Infantry.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Brierley, Lt. R. ..	112th R. att. 23rd Cavalry.	ditto	ditto
Bronson, Flt.-Lt. C. R.; *Croix de Guerre*	R.N.A.S.	Gallipoli, 28.1.18.	Kedos, 3.5.18.
Brown, Lt.-Col. W. H., C.B.	108 M.L.I.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Browne, Lt. H. ..	I.A.R. att. 24th Punjabis.	ditto	ditto
Burroughs, Lt. G. H. C.	I.A.R. att. S. and T. C.	ditto	ditto
Challis, 2 Lt. F. G. ..	1/1 Herefordshire Regt.	Gaza, 27.3.17.	Kedos, 8.5.17.
Channer, Capt. G. O. de R.	2/7 Gurkha Rifles.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Cheshire, Lt. H. S. ..	I.A.R. att. S. and M.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Clark, Lt. A. M. ..	I.A.R. att. 2/7 Gurkha Rifles.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Clarke, Capt. V. S. ..	2nd R.W. Kents.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad. *Escaped.*
Clifton, Lt. H. A. ..	8th East Surrey Regt.	ditto.	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Cook, Capt. W. K. ..	S. and T. Corps.	ditto	Kastamuni, 17.8.16; A. K. Hissar.
Corbett, Capt. R. D.	48th Pioneers.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri. *Died.*
Cox, Bt.-Lt.-Col. C. E. S.	67th Punjabis.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Cox, Lt. H. A. ..	1/8 Hants.	Gaza, 19.4.16.	Kedos, 6.7.16.
Crabtree, Cmdr. S. ..	R.N.; H.M.Y. *Zaida*	Ayas, 17.8.16.	Kastamuni, 29.9.16. *Died on arrival.*
Cramer-Roberts, Bt.-Lt.-Col. W. E.	2nd Norfolk Regt.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Cummins, Bt.-Col. H. A.	24th Punjabis.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.

Name and Rank at Time of Capture.	*Regiment.*	*Place and Date of Capture.*	*Camps and Date of Arrival.*
Davies, Maj. H. W. ..	S. and T. Corps.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Dooley, 2 Lt. ..	I.A.R. att. S. and T. C.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Drake-Brockman, Lt. F. T.	7th Hariana Lancers.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Dunlop, Asst. Paymaster H. W.	R.N.R.; H.M.Y. *Zaida*	Ayas, 17.8.16.	Kastamuni, 29.9.16; Changri, Kedos.
Duxbury, Lt. E. L. ..	I.A.R. att. 24th Punjabis.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Ellis, Lt. F. R. ..	D.C.L.I.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad. *Escaped.*
Elston, Lt.	A.E.F.	Gallipoli.	Kedos, 1.6.18.
Elton, Lt. G. ..	2/4 Hants.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Farbrother, Lt. E. S.	I.A.R. att. A.V.C.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Floyd, Capt. A. B. ..	2nd Norfolk Regt.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Floyer, Lt. E. H., M.C.	I.A.R. and R.F.C.	Gaza, 5.3.17.	Afiun Kara Hissar, Kedos.
Forbes, Lt. A. G., M.C.	1/4 Hants.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Forbes, Lt. C. A. ..	I.A.R. att. 7th H. Lancers.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Fowles, Lt. A. ..	S. and T. Corps.	ditto	Kedos, 4.10.17; A. K. Hissar.
Fox, Capt.	120th Infantry.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad. *Died.*
Galloway, Lt. W. ..	I.A.R. att. 99th Deccan Inf.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Gayer, Lt. J. H. ..	I.A.R. att. S. and T. C.	ditto	ditto
Greenwood, Lt. ..	R.E.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Broussa.
Grant, Capt. R. A. P., M.C.	112th Inf. att. 67th Punjabis.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad. *Escaped.*
Guise, Capt. V. R. ..	104th Batty. R.G.A.	ditto	A. K. Hissar, 25.9.16; Kedos, 11.4.18.
Gunn, Capt. A. D. ..	120th Infantry.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Hackman, Flt.-Cmdr.	R.N.A.S.	Gallipoli, 22.2.18.	Kedos, 3.5.18.
Haig, Capt. A. B. ..	24th Punjabis.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad. *Escaped.*
Halliley, Lt. W. S., M.C.	I.A.R. att. 7th Rajputs.	ditto	ditto
Harris, Lt. J. H. ..	1/4 Hants.	ditto	ditto
Heathcote, Sub.-Lt. G.	A.F.C.	Gaza, 27.3.17.	Kedos, 8.5.17.
Herapath, Capt. C. B.	S. and T. Corps.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Heron-Jones, Lt., M.C.	I.A.R. att. 120th Inf.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Hill, Maj., D.S.O. ..	110th Infantry.	ditto	ditto

Name and Rank at Time of Capture.	*Regiment.*	*Place and Date of Capture.*	*Camps and Date of Arrival.*
Horwood, Lt. J. C. ..	I.A.R. att. S. and T. C.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Huddleston, Lt. G. R. G.	I.A.R. att. 22nd Punjabis.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Hungerford, Capt. S. A. H.	116th att. 117th M.L.I.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4. 7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Ivey, Capt. T. ..	Oxf. and Bucks. L.I.	ditto	Kastamuni, 17.8.16; Changri, Kedos.
Jenkins, Lt. T. M. ..	4th S. W. Borderers.	Ahmed Lyah, 29.4.17.	Kedos, 7.6.17; Changri, Yuzgad.
Johnston, Maj. W., M.C.	2/7 Gurkha Rifles.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Johnston, 2 Lt. G. B.	Royal Sussex.	Gaza, 27.3.17.	Kedos, 14.5.17; Changri, Yuzgad *Died.*
Johnston, Capt. M. A. B.	R.G.A.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad. *Escaped.*
Jones, 2 Lt. A. B. ..	8th Cheshire Regt.	Ahmed Lyah, 29.4.17.	Kedos, 7.6.17.
Kearney, 2 Lt. P. W. B.	2/4 D.C.L.I. att. Norfolk Regt.	Kut, 29.4.16.	A. K. Hissar, Ras el Ain, Kedos, 29.8.17.
Keeling, Lt. E. H. ..	I.A.R. att. 119th Inf.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; *Escaped.*
Kiernander, 2 Lt. O. G.	I.A.R. att. 76th Punjabis.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Kirkwood, Capt. C. H.	23rd Cavalry.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Lacy, Lt. R. S. ..	1/4 Hants.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Laing, Capt. S. v. B., M.C.	76th Punjabis.	ditto	ditto
Lander, Capt. J. ..	R.F.C.	Mesopotamia.	Kedos, 29.5.18.
Lang, Lt. A.	S. and T. Corps.	Kut, 29.4.17.	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, A. K. Hissar.
Lecky, Lt. R. ..	I.A.R. att. 120th R. Inf.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Leigh-Bennet, Lt. P.	I.A.R.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Le Patourel, Lt. A., M.C.	I.A.R., att. 119th Inf.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Lesmond, Lt. C. A. ..	I.A.R. att. S. and T. C.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Lock, Lt. A. C. ..	I.A.R. att. 104th W. Rifles.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16. *Died.*
Lowndes, Capt. R. C.	R.A.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
MacRae, Lt. J. D. E.	Seaforth H. and R.F.C.	Kirkuk, 4.10.17.	Kedos, 14.11.17.
Macfadyen, Lt. A. ..	I.A.R., att. S. and T.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Manners, Capt. C. M. S., D.S.O.	104th W. Rifles.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Martin, Capt. J. ..	I.M.S.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.

Name and Rank at Time of Capture.	*Regiment.*	*Place and Date of Capture.*	*Camps and Date of Arrival.*
Mayo, Lt. F.	att. Simoor Sappers.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
McDermott, Lt. ..	I.A.R. att. S.T.C.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Mears, Lt. H. ..	I.A.R. att. 22nd Punjabis.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Mellor, Lt. J. S. P. ..	att. Oxf. and Bucks. L.I.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Middlemass, Maj. R. W. N.	S. and T. Corps.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Miles, Capt. W. H. ..	Dorset Regt.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Milford, Maj. E. ..	76th Punjabis.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Miskin, Capt. W. L...	120th Rajputana Inf.	ditto	ditto
Moore, Lt.-Col. A. ..	66th Punjabis.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Morrell, Capt. H. G...	119th Infantry.	ditto	Kastamuni, 17.8.16; Changri, Kedos.
Mousley, Lt.	R.F.A.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Broussa.
Mullen, Rev. J. ..	R. C. Chaplain.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; A. K. Hissar.
Munroe, Lt. C. H. C.	I.A.R. att. 33rd Cav. att. R.F.C.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Napier, 2 Lt. Sir J. W. L.	4th S. W. Borderers.	Ahmed Lyah, 29.4.17.	Kedos, 7.6.17.
Naylor, Lt. G. ..	1st Oxf. and Bucks L.I.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Neumann, Maj. C. W.	48th Pioneers.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Nicholson, Lt. S. ..	R.N.; H.M.Y. *Zaida*	Ayas, 17.8.16.	Kastamuni, 29.9.16; Changri, Kedos.
O'Donoghue, Lt. P. E.	Sub. I.M.S.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Palmer, 2 Lt. C. V. ..	R.F.C.	Gaza, 5.3.17.	Kedos, 5.5.17.
Parsons, 2 Lt. R. G.	104th Heavy Batty. R.G.A.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 17.8.16; Changri, Kedos.
Patmore, Lt. F. J. ..	1/4 Hants.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Pearson, Maj. D. H...	1/7 Essex Regt.	Gaza, 28.3.17.	Kedos, 13.5.17.
Phillips, Lt. W. A. P.	I.A.R. att. 24th Punjabis.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 17.8.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Piper, Obs.-Lt. T. H.	R.N.A.S.	Gallipoli, 22.2.18.	Kedos, 2.5.18.
Pocock, Lt. J. A. ..	R.E. Signal Service.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Pocock, Maj. P. F., D.S.O.	120th R. Infantry.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Potter, Lt. L. R. ..	I.A.R. att. 22nd Punjabis.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Powell, Lt.-Col. W. B., C.M.G.	2/7 Gurkha Rifles.	ditto	ditto
Price, Maj. H. W. ..	S. and T. Corps.	ditto	ditto
Punchard, 2 Lt. F. N.	I.A.R. att. 104th Wellesley's Rifles.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Rae, Capt. G. R. ..	S. and T. Corps.	ditto	ditto

Name and Rank at Time of Capture.	*Regiment.*	*Place and Date of Capture.*	*Camps and Date of Arrival.*
Raynor, Capt. C. A., M.C.	48th Pioneers.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Reyne, Capt. G. v. R., D.S.O.	76th Punjabis.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Reynolds, Lt. A. B...	103rd M.L.I.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; *Died.*
Rich, Capt. H. H. ..	120th Infantry.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Roberts, 2 Lt. W. S.	1/8 Hants.	Gaza, 19.4.17.	Kedos, 14.5.17.
Rogers, Lt. G. N. ..	I.A.R. att. 76th Punjabis.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Rybot, Maj. N. V. L., D.S.O.	76th Punjabis.	ditto	ditto
Saunders, Maj. P. C.	S. and T. Corps.	ditto	ditto
Sheridan, 2 Lt. F. S.	2/9 Gurkha Rifles.	Bagdad, 19.3.17.	Kedos, 11.5.17; Changri, Yuzgad.
Smith, Lt.	I.A.R. att. 7th Rajputs.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Snow, Capt.		Palestine.	Kedos, 3.5.18.
Spackman, Capt. W. C.	I.M.S.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Mosul, Kedos, 28.4.17.
Spooner, Rev. H. A., M.C.	C.F.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Bor.
Staples, Lt. E. G. ..	4th S.W. Borderers.	Ahmed Lyah, 29.4.17.	Kedos, 7.6.17.
Stapleton, Lt. H. E.	I.A.R. att. 24th Punjabis.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Stearns, Lt.	I.A.R. att. 119th M.L.I.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Stewart, Maj. A. F...	S. and T. Corps.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Stockley, Capt. C. H., M.C.	66th Punjabis.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Sutherland, Maj. A. O.	22nd Punjabis.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Sweet, Lt. R., D.S.O.	2/7 Gurkha Rifles.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Angora, Yuzgad. *Died.*
Syer, Maj. H. H. ..	S. and T. Corps.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Tallent, Lt. G. H. L.	Att. 1/5 Norfolk Regt.	Gaza, 28.11.17.	Kedos, 1.1.18.
Taylor, Lt.-Col. A. Neufville, C.M.G.	2/7 Gurkha Rifles.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Taylor, Lt. A. T. ..	I.A.R. att. 117th Inf.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16, Changri, Kedos.
Tebbs, Lt. A. ..	R.N.	Marmora.	A. K. Hissar, Kedos, 11.4.18.
Thompson, Capt. A. R., M.C.	7th Rajputs.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Thompson, Capt. P. G.	2/4 W. Kents.	Gaza, 28.3.17.	Kedos, 12.5.17.
Thorne, Maj. A. C. O.	103rd M.L.I.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Tipton, Lt.	R.F.C.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16. *Escaped.*
Tregear, Maj. F. C. ..	7th Rajputs.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.

Name and Rank at Time of Capture.	*Regiment.*	*Place and Date of Capture.*	*Camps and Date o Arrival.*
Trevor, Capt. A. C. H.	24th Punjabis.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Ubsdell, Lt. A. R. ..	I.A.R. att. 66th Punjabis.	ditto	ditto
Wallace, Capt. C. W.	22nd Punjabis.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; A. K. Hissar, Yuzgad.
Warner, Capt. C. T...	22nd Punjabis.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Wells, Capt. T. R. ..	33rd Punjabis, and R.F.C.	ditto	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad.
Welman, 2 Lt. ..	R.F.C.	Mesopotamia.	Kedos, 29.5.18.
White, Capt. G. ..	S. and T. Corps.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, A. K. Hissar.
Wilson, Capt. N. M., D.S.O.	2/7 Gurkha Rifles.	ditto.	Kastamuni, 4.7.16; Changri, Kedos.
Wise, Lt. S. J. ..	R.N.A.S.	Dardanelles, 1.10.17.	Kedos, 3.11.17.
Woolley, Capt. C. L., *Croix de Guerre*	R.F.A.	Ayas, 17.8.16.	Kastamuni, 29.9.16; Changri, Kedos.
Wright, Rev. A. Y...	Wesleyan Chaplain.	Kut, 29.4.16.	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; A. K. Hissar.
Yearsley, Lt. K. D...	R.E.	ditto	Kastamuni, 28.7.16; Changri, Yuzgad. *Escaped.*

NATIVE OFFICERS

Name and Rank.	*Regiment.*	*Place and Date of Capture.*	*Camps and Date of Arrival.*
Askar Ali Khan ..	Jem. 105th Cav.	Bagdad, 6.3.17.	Kedos, 26.6.17.
Hamza Khan ..	Jem. 105th Cav.	Bagdad, 19.3.17.	Kedos, 11.5.17.
Toman Singh ..	Sub.		Kedos. *Died.*
Umar Khan	Sub. 105th	Bagdad, 19.3.17.	Kedos, 28.4.17.

LIST OF ORDERLIES

Name.	*Regiment.*	*Place and Date of Capture.*
Abbott, Pte.	Dorset Regt.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Abdulla, Tel. Coolie	Army Sig. Co.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Adley, 363 Trpr. F. G. ..	14th Hussars.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Allaper	Pte. Follower.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Arrulapan, R.A.	Pte. Follower.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Ariss, 2 Gnr.	Vol. Art. Batty., Rangoon.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Barker, Pte.	—	—
Bassett, Pte.	—	—
Bennett, 8480 Pte. D. ..	1st Ox. and Bucks L.I.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Bird, 55897 Drvr.	76th Batty. R.F.A.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Beswick, Pte.	—	—
Birtwhistle, 1375 Trpr. W. ..	14th Hussars.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Blamire, 156091 Pte. O ..	11th Lt. Am. Motor Batty.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Booth, 2449 Pte.	8th Lanc. Fus.	Dardanelles, 7.8.15.
Bradley, 9 Pte. W. B. ..	A. Vet. Corps.	Katia, –.4.16.
Britton, St.-Sergt. H.	S. and T. Corps.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Brookes, Pte.	—	—
Brotherton, Pte.	—	—
Cannon, 2896 Sapper J. L., *Médaille militaire.*	Royal Engin.	Suez, 23.5.15.
Cherrett, 1341 Pte. G. F. ..	1/7 Hants Regt.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Clark, 203359 Pte.	2/4 R.W. Kent Regt.	Gaza, 4.11.17.
Compton, Pte.	—	—
Connor, 50732 Bmdr. ..	63rd R.F.A.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Cooper, Pte.	—	—
Corey, 1484 L.-Corpl... ..	1/6 Hants Regt.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Crees, 2985 Pte. A. E. W. ..	1/4 Hants Regt.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Crocket, Pte.	—	—
Cullum, Pte.	—	—
Cushion, Pte.	—	—
Dack, 200815 Pte.	1/4 Norfolk Regt.	Gaza, 19.5.17.
Dadds, 8483 Cpl.	2nd R.W. Kent Regt.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Daulman, 2200 L.-Cpl. ..	Warwick Yeo.	Katia, 5.8.16.
Diffey, 8884 Pte. W. C. ..	2nd Dorset Regt.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Duthie, 6486 L.-Cpl.	A.C. Sig. Co.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Dyer	—	—
Elliott, 9844 L.-Cpl.	2nd R.W. Kent Regt.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Evans	—	—
Fencott, 2357 Trpr. J. A. ..	Worcester Yeo.	Katia, 23.4.16.
Finch, 8660 Pte. W. S. ..	1st Ox. and Bucks L.I.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Firman	—	—
Forshaw, K18513 Stkr. ..	H.M.S. *Greenfly*.	Mesopotamia, 25.4.16.
Foster, 892 Pte. E. C. ..	15th Aust. Inf.	Dardanelles, 8.8.15.
Fox	—	—
Francis, Servant	76th Punjabis.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Fredericks, St.-Sgt. P. A. ..	S. and T. Corps.	ditto
Furmage, 6289 Sgt. W. ..	2nd Dorset Regt.	ditto
Handsley, 1590 Trpr. G. W. ..	2nd Aust. L.H.	Sinai, 4.8.15.
Haydon, 2959 Pte. P. ..	Worcester Yeo.	Katia, 23.4.16.
Harding, 782 Drvr.	5th Hants How. Batty.	Kut, 29.4.16.
Harrison, 520 Pte. J.	6th Hants Regt.	ditto
Henry, 1774 Pte. A.	4th Border Regt.	ditto
Hogan, 6573 Pte.	3rd Connaught Rifles	Mesopotamia, 11.3.15.
Holland, 1429 Pte. R. S. ..	1/1 Hereford Regt.	Gaza, 28.3.17.